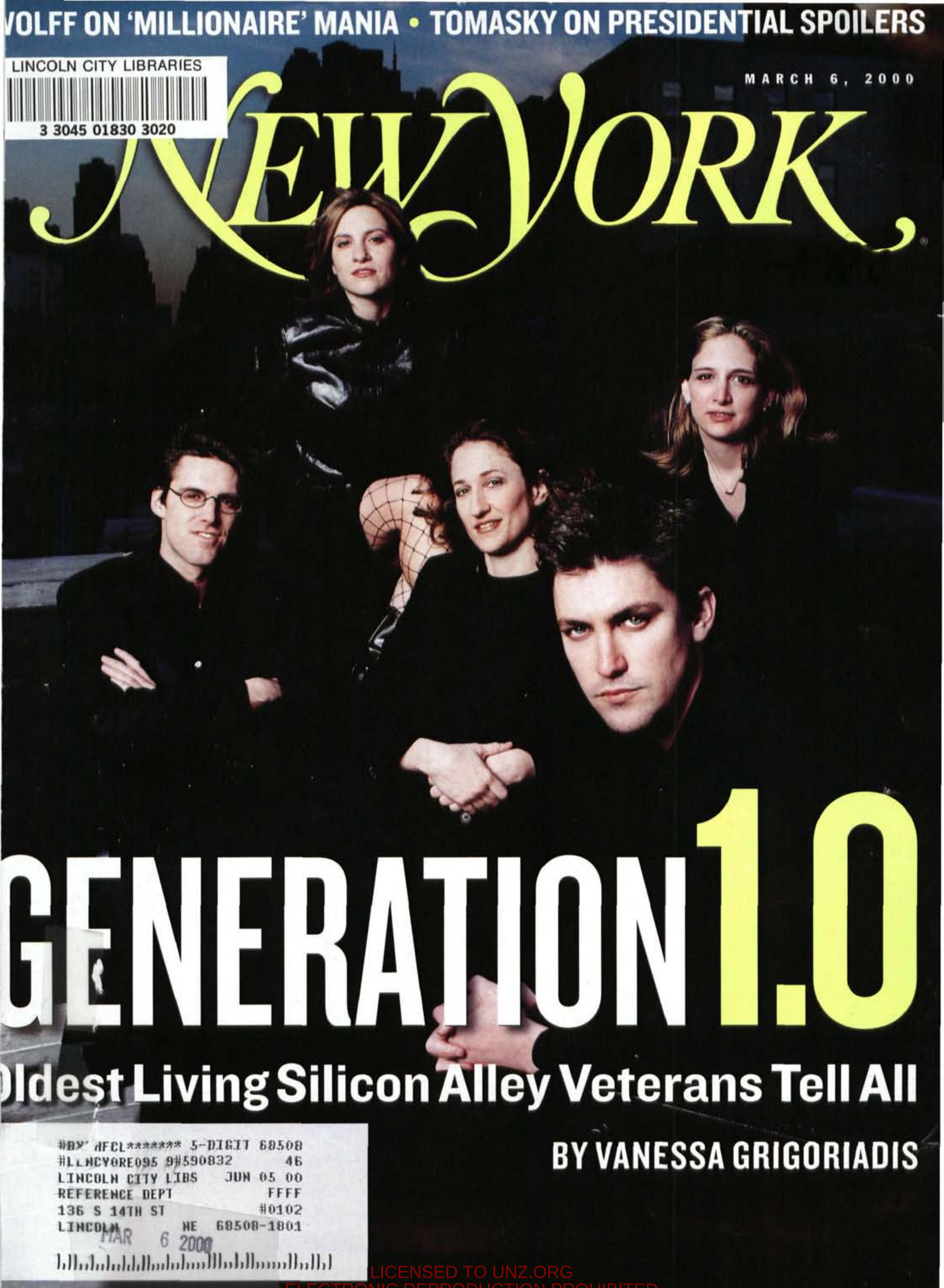
WOLFF ON 'MILLIONAIRE' MANIA • TOMASKY ON PRESIDENTIAL SPOILERS

LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01830 3020

MARCH 6, 2000

NEW YORK



GENERATION 1.0

Oldest Living Silicon Alley Veterans Tell All

BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

#BX' HFCL******* 5-DIGIT 68508
#LLNCYORE095 9#590832 46
LINCOLN CITY LIBS JUN 05 00
REFERENCE DEPT FFFF
136 S 14TH ST #0102
LINCOLN NE 68508-1801
MAR 6 2000

Photo: Danny Clinch © 1999 RUG LTD.

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

LYRICS BY
Tim Rice

MUSIC BY
Andrew Lloyd Webber

PREVIEWS BEGIN MARCH 23
TICKETMASTER (212) 307-4100
OR ONLINE AT TICKETMASTER.COM

FORD CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS
ENTRANCES ON "THE NEW 42ND STREET" AND 43RD STREET

212-307-GOLD

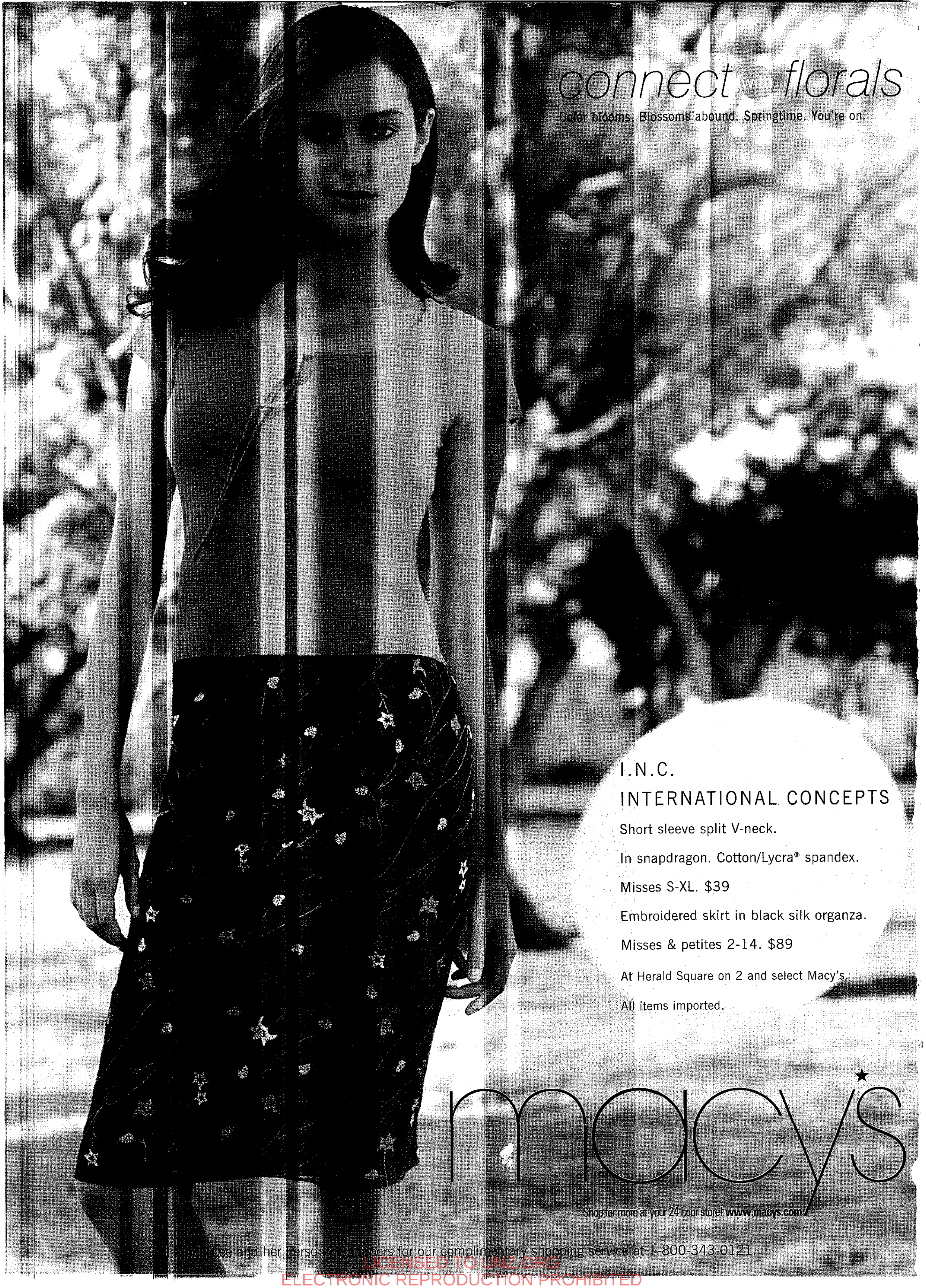
PHILIP BOSCO BLAIR BROWN MICHAEL CUMPSTY

COPENHAGEN

A NEW PLAY B
MICHAEL FRAY

DIRECTED B
MICHAEL BLAKEMOR

PREVIEWS BEGIN MARCH 2
TICKETS AT THE BOX OFFICE OR CALL TELECHARGE 212-239-620
COPENHAGENBROADWAY.COM ROYALE THEATRE 242 WEST 45 S



Color blooms. Blossoms abound. Springtime. You're on.

I.N.C.
INTERNATIONAL CONCEPTS
Short sleeve split V-neck.
In snapdragon. Cotton/Lycra® spandex.
Misses S-XL. $39
Embroidered skirt in black silk organza.
Misses & petites 2-14. $89
At Herald Square on 2 and select Macy's.
All items imported.

Shop for more at your 24 hour store! www.macys.com

Call Cindy Lee and her Personal Shoppers for our complimentary shopping service at 1-800-343-0121.

the DONKEY SHOW
OFF-BROADWAY'S ULTIMATE DISCO EXPERIENCE

"IT'S A COOL PARTY."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"ANYONE WHO HAS FANTASIZED ABOUT BOOGEYING AT STUDIO 54 SHOULD LINE UP FOR THE DONKEY SHOW"
TIME OUT NEW YORK

CLUB EL FLAMINGO
547 W21ST BTWN 10TH & 11TH
PRESENTED BY M·A·C
TICKETMASTER
212.307.4100

THURSDAY & SUNDAY AT 8
FRIDAY & SATURDAY AT 8 & 10:30
thedonkeyshow.com

"THE MAN IS FLAT-OUT FUNNY."
-THE NEW YORK TIMES

"THE GUY'S A HOOT! YOU'LL ROAR WITH LAUGHTER."
-NEW YORK POST

"IT DOESN'T GET MUCH BETTER THAN THIS."
-DAILY NEWS

"HILARIOUS MATERIAL, EXPERT TIMING AND DEVASTATING IMPERSONATIONS."
-NEW YORK MAGAZINE

Jackie Mason

All New!
MUC
AD
ABOU
EVERYTHIN

Special Performance Monday, April 1

Call Telecharge (212) 239-6200 · (800) 432-72
telecharge.com · jackiemason.com
Tuesday through Saturday at 8, Sunday at 3
Golden Theatre 252 west 45th street

Contents Mar. 6, 2000

> *"There was Wall Street and Bret Easton Ellis, and that was a Moment in Time. Now there's the Internet—me, us, this—and it is a Moment in Time."*
>
> RAZORFISH CO-FOUNDER CRAIG KANARICK, PAGE 28

28 The Alley Cats
By Vanessa Grigoriadis

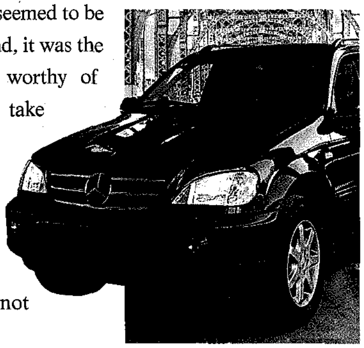
Back when Silicon Alley was still lower Broadway, a small group of friends drank together, dated one another, and dreamed about making media work on the Web. They grew into a new Establishment, the intellectual center of New York's new economy. One of them is worth more than $80 million. Another lives with two roommates in the East Village.

36 The Spoilers, and the Spoiled
By Michael Tomasky

On the court, Bill Bradley favored a subtle elbow to the ribs. If he'd campaigned that way against Al Gore, next week's primary might look like more of a nail-biter. John McCain, on the other hand, has been anything but subtle. Can the pro-Bush state party keep the faithful in line?

42 Just Say *Nyet*
By David D. Kirkpatrick

The day *Times* reporter Tim O'Brien broke the Bank of New York money-laundering story, he met what seemed to be a dream Russian source. Instead, it was the beginning of a relationship worthy of Dostoevsky—one that would take months to untangle.



48 Drive Time
By Joe Banks

Three SUVs that prove "utility" and "luxury" are not mutually exclusive.

Gotham

13 The NYPD's new post, West Africa; McCain as Bulworth

20 Gotham Style
The lifestyle-boutique boom on Orchard Street

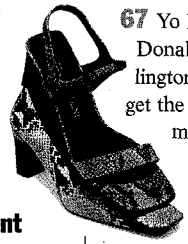
Departments

11 Intelligencer
Beth Landman Keil

22 Media
Michael Wolff
Fed up with class, the networks go mass, with game shows for the silent majority of losers

26 Real Estate
Peggy Edersheim Kalb
Brokers are going all-out on their Websites—driving the market to an even higher state of frenzy

Marketplace



52 Best Bets
Corky Pollan
Louis Vuitton travel guides; smart dumbbells

54 Smart City
Rose-Anne Clermont
Beyond man-with-van: the city's best moving resources

56 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel
Affordable alternatives to snakeskin, the season's hottest leather

The Critics

57 Movies
Peter Rainer
Michael Douglas delivers a hilarious rendition of the lit life

59 Theater
John Simon
After 50 years, *The Time of the Cuckoo* still enchants

61 Classical Music
John Simon
The Met makes an unhappy mess of *The Merry Widow*

62 Dance
Tobi Tobias
BAM salutes black contributions to modern dance

64 Pop Music
Ethan Brown
Three new albums expand the frontiers of pop

65 Restaurants
Hal Rubenstein
Hamming it up at Douglas Rodriguez's latest restaurant

Cue

67 Yo La Tengo at Town Hall; Donald Byrd and Duke Ellington; Fiona Apple; where to get the best kangaroo steaks in midtown

Misc.

Letters......................6
***New York* Competition**
by Mary Ann Madden...111
***Guardian* Crossword**................112
'Cue' Crossword
by Maura B. Jacobson.............112
Classified..................................99
Strictly Personals...................107

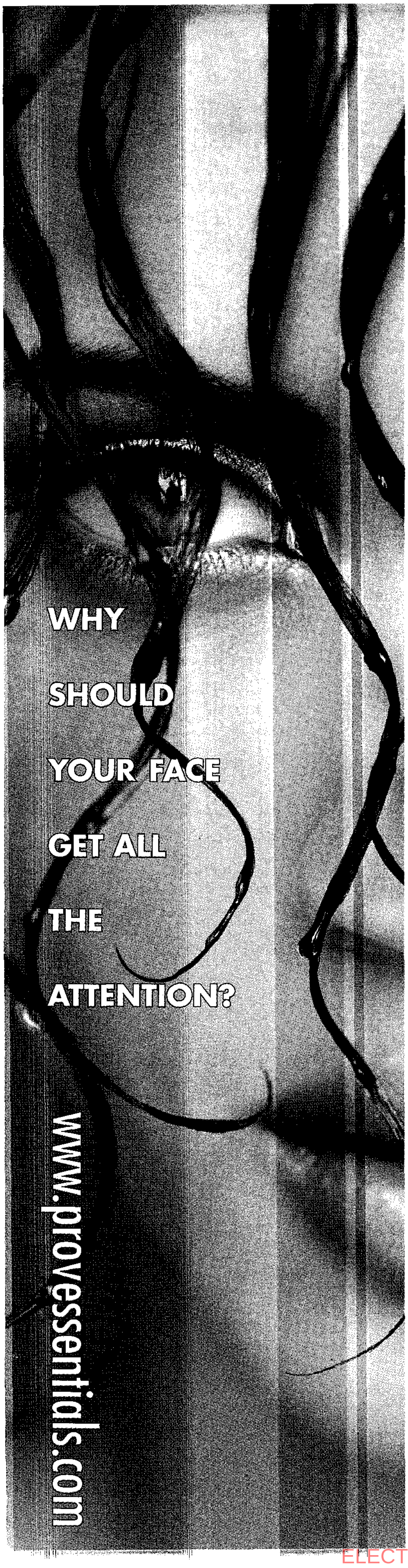
Visit newyorkmag.com

Attention, shoppers: Check out "Best Bets Online" at our Website. Our site exclusives include "The Surf Report" and an extensive archive of critics, columnists, and "Smart City." Also, search for savvy answers to the city's most perplexing problems.

MARCH 6, 2000—VOL. 33, NO. 9 Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Photographs, clockwise from top left: Nicole Bengiveno/NYT Pictures; Davies + Starr; Karen Kuehn/Matrix.

Cover: Photograph by Mark Arbeit. Hair and makeup by Michele Kelling/Daniele Forsythe; styling by Marie-Josee Henault/Daniele Forsythe. Marisa Bowe's dress by New York Industrie; Rebecca Odes's clothing by Rugby North America; Rufus Griscom's clothing by Rochester Big & Tall.



NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Caroline Miller

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Jewler

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
John Homans

DEPUTY EDITOR
Maer Roshan

DESIGN DIRECTOR
Michael Picón

PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR
Chris Dougherty

FASHION DIRECTOR
Mark Holgate

FEATURES EDITORS
Phoebe Eaton, Jeremy Gerard
Mark Horowitz, Marion Maneker

SENIOR EDITORS
Meredith Kahn, Robert Levine
Jessica Lustig, Matthew Weingarden

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Nina Burleigh, Douglas Anthony Cooper, Peter G. Davis
Simon Dumenco, Nikki Finke (West Coast Editor)
Ralph Gardner Jr., Meryl Gordon, Gael Greene
Vanessa Grigoriadis, Tony Hendra, Craig Horowitz
Mark Jacobson, Maura B. Jacobson, Peggy Edersheim Kalb
George Kalogerakis, Peter Kaminsky, Beth Landman Keil
David D. Kirkpatrick, Walter Kirn, Eric Konigsberg
Alexandra Lange, John Leonard, John Lombardi
Mary Ann Madden, Lawrence O'Donnell Jr., Peter Rainer
Hal Rubenstein, Nancy Jo Sales, Kate Sebbah (Fashion)
Jennifer Senior, John Simon, Christopher Smith
Mark Stevens, Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky
Sheila Weller, Alex Williams, Michael Wolff
BEST BETS EDITOR: Corky Pollan
CULINARY EDITOR: Gillian Duffy
INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR: Wendy Goodman
PRODUCER, SPECIAL PROJECTS: Jordan Schaps
FASHION MARKET EDITOR: Shyama Patel
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR: Robert Patronite

STAFF WRITERS
Sarah Bernard, Ethan Brown
Robert Kolker, Ariel Levy, Edith Newhall
Robin Raisfeld, Ethan Smith, Carl Swanson

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Christopher Bonanos, Michael Steele

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Susan Avery, Maura Egan, Logan Hill
Boris Kachka, Brett Kelly, John Kline, Claire Perrault

REPORTERS
Rose-Anne Clermont, Tim Hodler
Rachel Orvino, Anna Rachmansky
EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS MANAGER: Amy Boshnack

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Suzanne D'Amato, Laura Georgio
Jod Kaftan, Tara Mandy
ART DIRECTOR: Michele Parrella
ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman
ACTING PHOTO EDITOR: Stephanie Heimann
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTORS: Petros Petrou, Jessica Power
DESIGNER: Amy Helin
PHOTO RESEARCHER: Lauren Reichbach
ART DEPARTMENT MANAGER: Catherine Crosby
ART STAFF: Josh Bernstein, Noah Dreier
Gerald Echevarria, John Markic
COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez
INFORMATION SYSTEMS DIRECTOR: Daniel J. Smith
SENIOR DESKTOP SYSTEMS ANALYST: Jerry Sabatino
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler
ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Jennifer Diedrickson
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Catherine M. Davey
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Raymond Yang
CLOSING COORDINATOR: Sean M. Griffith

newyorkmag.com
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Marion Maneker
ASSISTANT PRODUCER: Luisa Colón

PUBLISHER
Alan Katz

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Ginger Sutton

BUSINESS DIRECTOR
Betsy Cronen

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Ron Stern
ACCOUNT MANAGERS: Chad Carr, Gayle Faust
Jennifer Fishman, Kristin Grossnickle, Michelle Imbrogno
Caryn Ormsten, Cara Rubin, Stacia Thiel, Leslie Weiss
SALES ASSISTANTS: Kimberly Bloomer, Alisa DeJoseph
Kristen Mell, Jodi Patrich, Marnie Roth, Jack Tippett
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Jennie Cook
MIDWEST MANAGER: Jill Dryer, 312-832-6840
DETROIT: Traci Lorio, 248-353-2537
WESTERN STATES AND TEXAS: SD Media, 310-264-7575
SOUTHEAST: Robert H. Stites, 770-491-1419
FRANCE: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-02-31-16-62
ENGLAND: 1492 Media, 011-44-20-7409-2616
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Sharon Y. Quinn
COORDINATORS: Kathy Ferguson, Maribel Mejia
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
PROMOTION DIRECTOR: Michelle Lord Rago
SPECIAL EVENTS DIRECTOR: Gerry Napoli
SPECIAL SECTIONS DIRECTOR: Christy Casamassima
MERCHANDISING: Sarah K. Ellis, Alissa R. Smith
ART DIRECTOR: Ilene Segal
DESIGNERS: Naomi Kushman, Stephen Sandlin
COORDINATOR: Stefanie Shore
ASSISTANT: Angel M. Fischer, Jules Horowitz
RESEARCH AND MARKET DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
Eileen P. Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ANALYST: Lisa Quartin
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Sarah Seroussi
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow
Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan, Kristen Cappadona
Tim Hyde, Wendy Pusey, Alexandra Singerman
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Heather Schultz, Greta Turken
CIRCULATION
DIRECTOR, CONSUMER MARKETING: Irene Berkowitz
DIRECTOR, FULFILLMENT: Michael Zyskowski
MANAGER, AGENCY: Nona Gilmartin
MANAGER, PLANNING: Dino Minelli
MANAGERS, CONSUMER MARKETING: Ray Dryden, Susan Nolan
ASSISTANT MANAGER, CONSUMER MARKETING: Michele Manno
ASSISTANT MANAGER, AGENCY: Jamie Beskow
COORDINATORS, CONSUMER MARKETING:
Adam Coppleman, Katherine Rossini
CONTROLLER: Michele Mausser Venero
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Steven Bonfiglio
STAFF ACCOUNTANTS: Vivian Fan, Pranita Sarabjit
ACCOUNTS PAYABLE: Sally Rampersaud
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Evelyn Rivera
STAFF: Maribel Lopez
OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER
Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Gary Dickler, Esther Gillyard, Priscilla Hood
Robert Lisbon, Joseph Markfelder, Sarah Wigfall

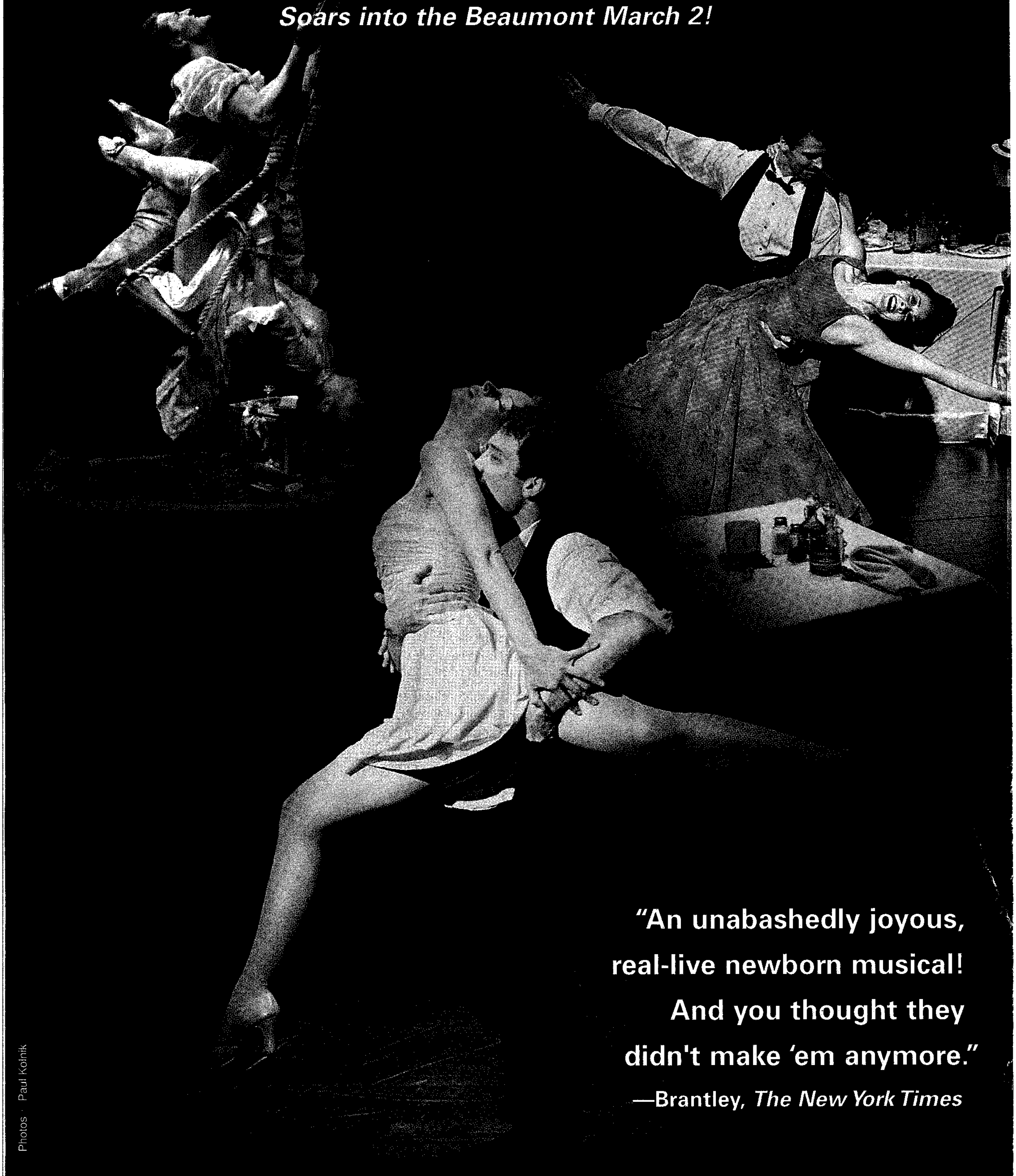
PRIMEDIA INC.
CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: Tom Rogers
PRESIDENT: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell

PRIMEDIA CONSUMER MAGAZINES
PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: David Tanzer
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKETING
AND BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT: Robert A. Cohen
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER: Daniel E. Aks
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT AND CFO: Linda C. Jenkins
VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: David G. Algire
VICE-PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings
VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Craig Donado
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore
VICE-PRESIDENT, BUSINESS MANAGER: Judy A. Safir

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, Smart City, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. **Copyright © 2000 by PRIMEDIA Inc. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of PRIMEDIA Inc.: Charles G. McCurdy, President; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman and General Counsel.

contact is back!

Soars into the Beaumont March 2!



Photos · Paul Kolnik

"An unabashedly joyous,
real-live newborn musical!
And you thought they
didn't make 'em anymore."

—Brantley, *The New York Times*

lincoln center theater call telecharge 212 239 6200 groups 212 398 8383 www.lct.org

Wronging a Wright?

Two academics stick up for science writer Robert Wright; Fernando Ferrer toots the South Bronx's horn; the ethics of animal cruelty revisited.

IN HIS ARTICLE "LOOK WHO'S STALKing," Ethan Smith never assesses whether Robert Wright's criticisms of Stephen Jay Gould's arguments and tactics are well grounded ["The Culture Business," February 14]. Read his book, *Nonzero: The Logic of Human Destiny,* and see for yourself. It is a fine antidote to a variety of murky p.c. shibboleths that have perpetuated themselves in recent years, thanks in part to Gould. Wright's analysis is clearheaded, imaginative, informed, and—so far as I know—original. I do think Wright's desire to refurbish the reputation of Teilhard de Chardin is a folly, and he is seriously confused about the current consciousness wars (but then, who isn't?), but his critique of Gould's arguments and methods is right on target.

Daniel Dennett
Director, Center for Cognitive Studies
Tufts University
MEDFORD, MASS.

SHAME ON YOU FOR PRINTING THAT VICIOUS and vulgar attack on a fine journalist and scholar, Robert Wright. Stephen Jay Gould may be a best-selling Harvard professor, but he is not the pope, and his ideas can be evaluated and criticized just like anyone else's. If Gould and his defenders think that Wright's analyses are incorrect, they are free to rebut them. Calling him a stalker and a young punk with penis envy is trash talk, unworthy of anyone who takes ideas seriously.

Steven Pinker
Department of Brain and Cognitive Sciences
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Hollywood Justice

AFTER VIEWING *THE BEACH,* WE WERE UNable to describe the film to friends who hadn't seen this $100 million epic. However, Peter Rainer's review ["Movies: Paradise Glossed," February 21] summed up our feelings perfectly. I now believe that the motion-picture industry should have a film supreme court and that producers should be brought to justice for gross mishandling of money. Hollywood could have solved the homeless problem for at least a year if the film had not been made and the money spent on it had been donated to a worthy charity instead.

Hiram Peterson
MANHATTAN

Back From the Brink

ROBERT KOLKER'S ARTICLE "IN THE ZONE" ["Gotham," January 31] discussed the progress of the Upper Manhattan Empowerment Zone (UMEZ) but did not mention an important component of the city's Empowerment Zone initiative—the South Bronx. During the seventies and eighties, the Bronx, especially the South Bronx, was portrayed as a center of urban blight and decay. Today this borough is a national example of urban renewal. The Bronx portion of the New York Empowerment Zone has served as a magnet for new and expanding businesses, creating more than 10,500 jobs both directly and indirectly since the zone's inception in 1994. To date, nearly $15 million in business loans made by the EZ have resulted in more than $30 million in private-sector investment in the South Bronx. EZ businesses have committed to hire 502 residents over the next five years. Companies big and small are flocking to the South Bronx to start up or expand their businesses.

Fernando Ferrer
Borough President
THE BRONX

True and Advertising

SIMON DUMENCO'S ARTICLE ON BUDWEISER'S buzz-creating "Wazzzup?!" ads didn't really tell the campaign's true story ["Advertising: Ad Lib," February 7]. Mr. Dumenco wrote that Goodby Silverstein & Partners is Budweiser's lead agency. Not true. DDB Worldwide is the lead agency handling Anheuser-Busch's advertising business in 23 countries. The article asserted that DDB "helped broker the deal" with Charles Stone III. This thought is incomplete. Stone's short film was the basis for the campaign. But while Stone directed the spots and co-wrote the first one, *True,* he closely collaborated with DDB Chicago to write and art-direct the subsequent four spots. The infrastructure of "big agencies" did not hinder the creative process here. Rather, it was DDB Chicago's appreciation for the power behind Charles Stone III's work that brought his "universally appealing" creativity to a larger audience.

Keith Reinhard
Chairman and CEO, DDB Worldwide
MANHATTAN

Cruelty in Kind

WHILE I WAS GLAD TO SEE THE TRAGEDY OF animal abuse addressed ["Cruelty on the Couch," by Elizabeth Hess, February 21], the article itself aptly demonstrated why animal exploitation is committed not only outside the law but within the bounds of what is considered acceptable behavior (this includes eating and wearing animals and using them as laboratory apparatuses, as well as outright abuse). The article points out that animal abuse is being taken seriously by law-enforcement agencies because it is now recognized as a reliable indicator of future violence against humans, the latter being the "real" crime. As long as cruelty against animals is considered only in relation to its effect on humans, there will be no profound change in the violence that plagues all animals, human and nonhuman.

Susan Gordon
NORTH PLAINFIELD, N.J.

CORE Concern

MICHAEL TOMASKY ASKS WHY ROY INNIS continues to exist as a public figure ["The City Politic: CORE Issue," February 14]. He should ask the family of James Byrd, and the sheriff, the prosecutor, and other officials in Jasper, Texas. Roy Innis went there after the heinous killing of Mr. Byrd to help prevent rabble-rousers on both sides from having their way. He showed that justice can be achieved and people brought together, despite those who would throw gasoline on a fire to suit their own agenda.

Jon Messmann
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

on march 5th

HBO®

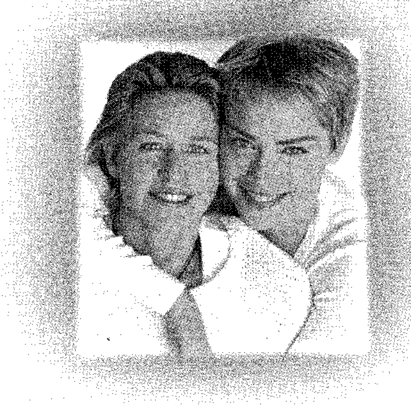
proudly presents

an original movie event...

women.

love.

women.



vanessa **redgrave** chloë **sevigny** michelle **williams** ellen **degeneres** sharon **stone**

if these walls could talk 2

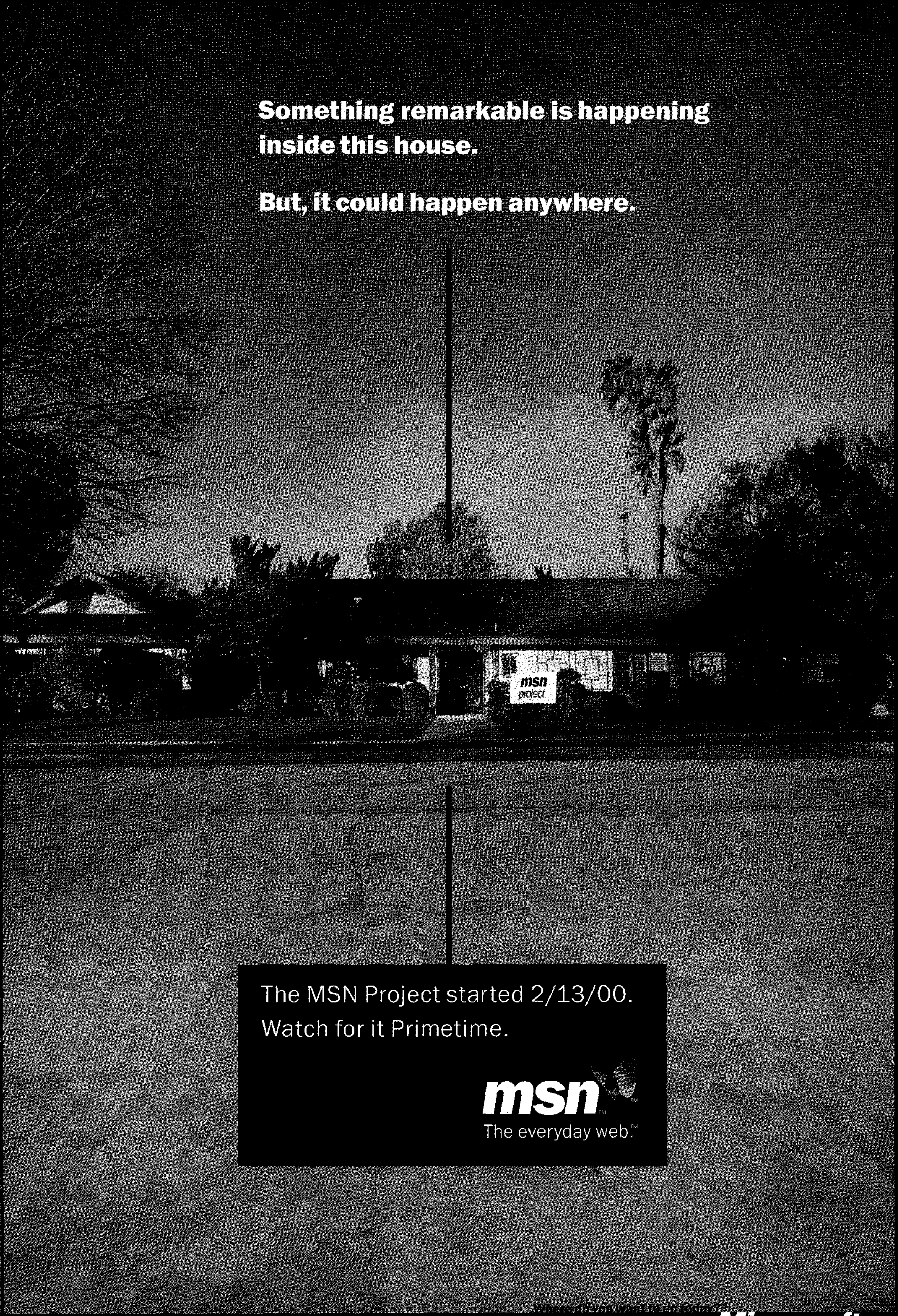
HBO FILMS PRESENTS A TEAM TODD PRODUCTION VANESSA REDGRAVE CHLOË SEVIGNY MICHELLE WILLIAMS ELLEN DeGENERES SHARON STONE "IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK 2" MUSIC BY BASIL POLEDOURIS PRODUCTION DESIGNER NINA RUSCIO PRODUCER MARY KANE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ELLEN DeGENERES EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SUZANNE TODD JENNIFER TODD "1961" PAUL GIAMATTI ELIZABETH PERKINS MARIAN SELDES WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JANE ANDERSON "1972" TELEPLAY BY SYLVIA SICHEL STORY BY SYLVIA SICHEL & ALEX SICHEL DIRECTED BY MARTHA COOLIDGE "2000" WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ANNE HECHE

sunday, march 5, 9pm/8c

HBO®

IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.®

www.hbo.com ©2000 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ® Service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.



Something remarkable is happening inside this house.

But, it could happen anywhere.

The MSN Project started 2/13/00.
Watch for it Primetime.

msn™
The everyday web.™

Where do you want to go today?®

Microsoft

© 2000 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, MSN, the MSN logo, MSN Project, and Where do you want to go today? are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. Other product and company names mentioned herein may be the trademarks of their respective owners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTELLIGENCER

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL

SUSHI KINGPINS HIT A RAW NERVE

obert De Niro:
one fishing

Has the very profitable partnership between **Robert De Niro** and **Drew Nieporent** hit a rough patch? According to industry insiders, the two nabobs behind Nobu have been feuding and are abandoning plans to open two new Nobu restaurants together—one in London's Canary Wharf and another in Miami. Nieporent insists that the two new Nobus will go ahead as planned. "I get along with everyone, and I stand behind what I've done," he says. "There are all kinds of projects under the Nobu mantle. Nobu [Matsuhisa, the restaurant's part owner and acclaimed chef] controls those decisions, not Robert De Niro." Meanwhile, De Niro has met with **Ian Schrager** about restaurants for his hotels in London's St. Martin's Lane and in New York's upcoming Astor Place hotel.

BIG SPLASH OVER HAUTE WATER

It may still be winter, but the residential wars in the Hamptons are already heating up. If Georgica Pond residents get their way, outsiders may soon be strongly discouraged from canoe trips and crabbing sessions on the pond. According to the East Hampton *Star*, East Hampton Village mayor **Paul F. Rickenbach Jr.** and the Department of Transportation recently fired off a letter to the owner of a nearby surf shop demanding that he stop sending canoeists to the pond. The order has infuriated the populist Town Trustees, who argued that the pond should be completely open to the public and that monied residents—like **Steven Spielberg**, **Martha Stewart**, and **Calvin Klein**, who all live on the water—should learn to put up with paddlers in their midst. Not surprisingly, as in most Hamptons controversies, **Ronald O. Perelman** has come in for special scrutiny. The *Star* claims that the trustees suspect that the Revlon chairman and Georgica dweller used his considerable clout to influence the government's actions. According to **Steven Gaines**'s book *Philistines at the Hedgerow*, Perelman is so dedicated to keeping the pond private that he reportedly once tried to rent *every* kayak and canoe from the surf shop to prevent oglers from spying on him in his 57-acre "Creeks" estate. When that failed, he unsuccessfully attempted to buy the surf shop in order to shut it down. But Perelman insists that this time his hands are clean: "This comes as a complete suprise," he said through a spokesman. "We are not a party to this dispute in any way."

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS: Paul Thomas Anderson may be used to having final cut on his movie shoots, but to the producers of *Saturday Night Live* he's just another semi-funny writer. The Oscar-nominated director of *Magnolia* was put to work writing sketches for the recent *Saturday Night Live* hosted by **Ben Affleck**, and NBC confirms that Anderson will return to work on the March 11 show. Television sources say that when *SNL* producers approached Anderson's girlfriend, **Fiona Apple**, to perform, the pouty singer asked whether she could bring Anderson along. He ended up directing a pre-filmed MTV parody and contributed to other skits, but insiders say his work was edited like everyone else's, some of it landing on the cutting-room floor.

WORDS AWRY: William Safire didn't have to search very far recently to discover errors in print—the *Times* embarrassingly misspelled the wordsmith's name as "William Saire" above his column. Eagle-eyed *60 Minutes* correspondent **Morley Safer** didn't help matters; he dashed off a tongue-in-cheek letter to the "new" columnist, welcoming "Mr. Saire" to the Paper of Record. Despite the ribbing, Safire insists he isn't upset about the error: "Considering all the times copy editors have saved my neck, this doesn't bother me a bit," he says.

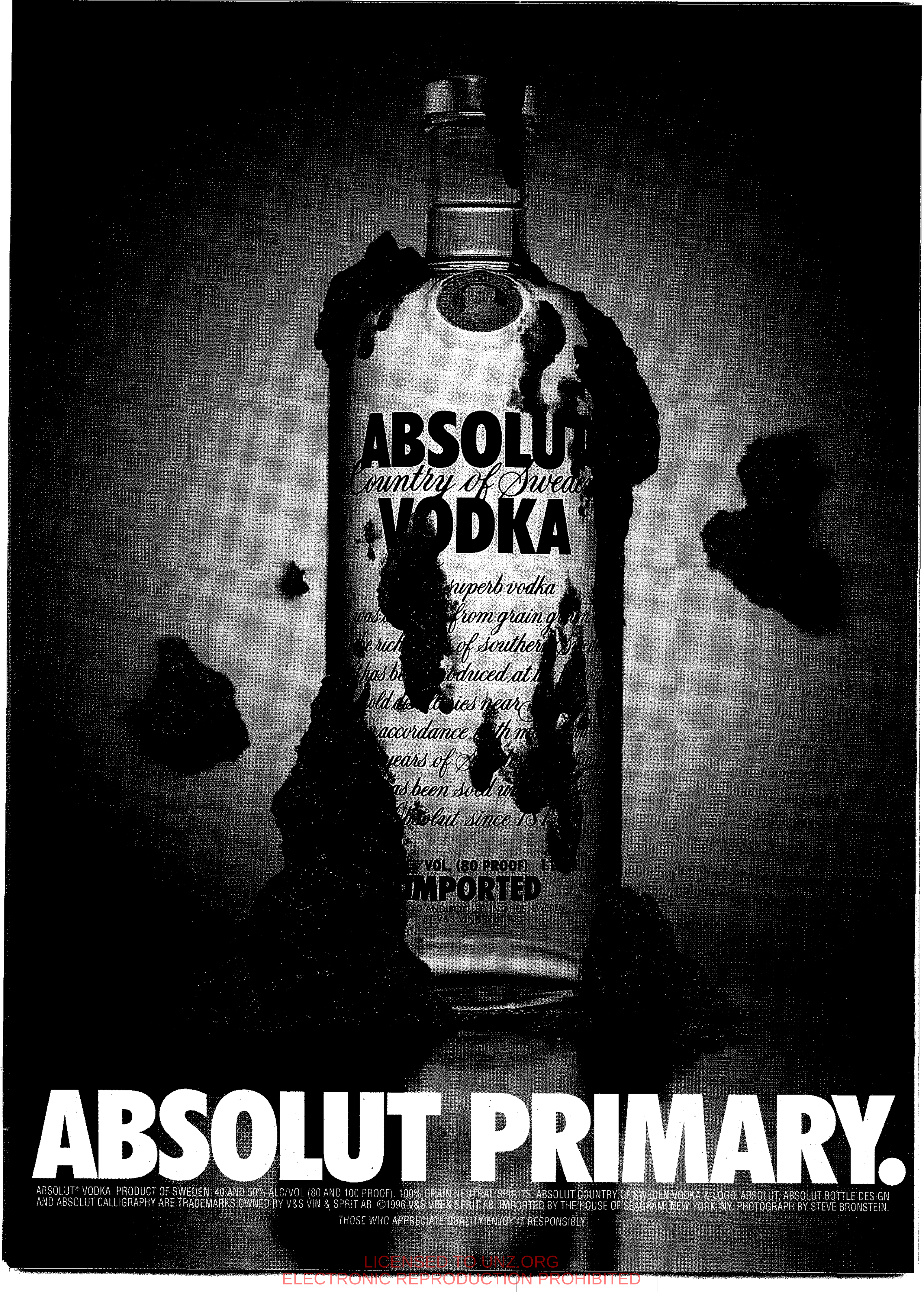
CAT'S MEOW: Are felines falling out of favor with the radically reconstructed **Jocelyne Wildenstein**? Sotheby's is planning to auction off 40 pieces of jewelry from the Lion Queen's extensive cat-themed collection, including a diamond-and-onyx tiger brooch from Cartier valued at nearly $100,000.

KYLIE SWIMS OFF WITH A PRIZE

Though **Kylie Bax** partied hearty last week at the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit soirée, it seems the real fireworks took place later that evening. After arriving at the Lava Lounge with a few New Jersey Devils hockey players in tow, the Barbie-esque supermodel huddled with the likes of **Heidi Klum**, **Evander Holyfield**, and **LL Cool J** over magnums of champagne. But just as the party took off, Bax booked . . . with *New York*'s Singles issue cover boy **Marcus Schenkenberg** very close behind. A fellow reveler says Bax grabbed the chiseled model and whisked him out the door. Bax's rep declined to dignify reports that the two are dating: "They *are* neighbors," she sniffed. "They live across the street from each other."

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

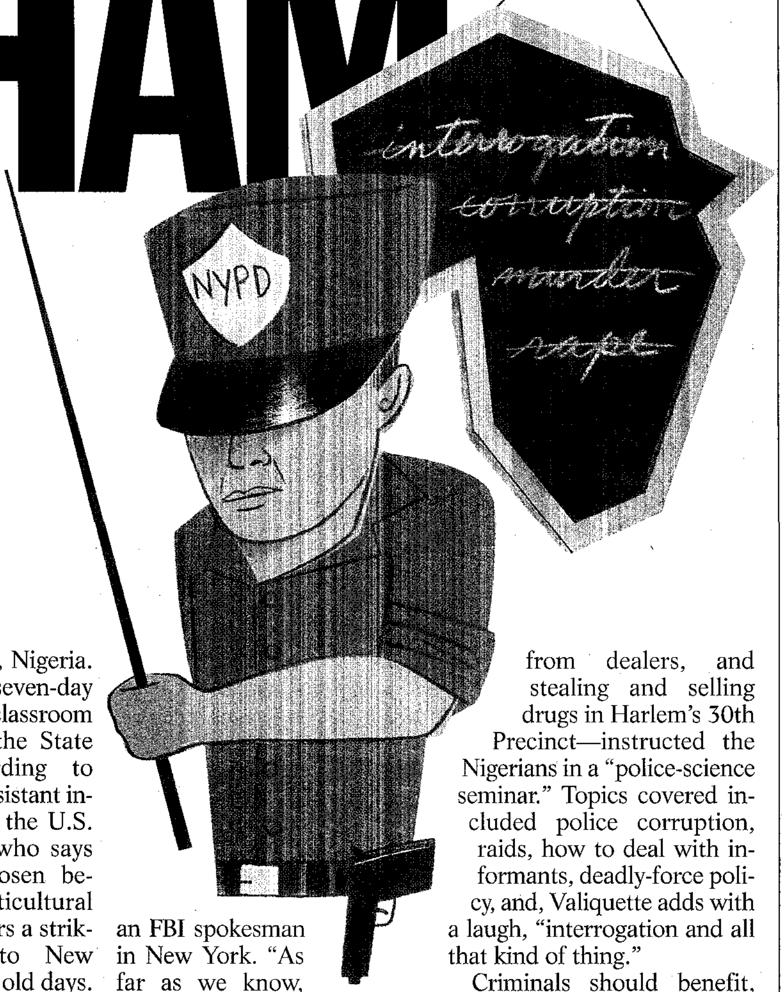
Photographs: clockwise from top left,
Robin Platzer/Twin Images (2); Patrick McMullan.


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA
IMPORTED
ABSOLUT PRIMARY.

ABSOLUT® VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1996 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

GOTHAM


NYPD
~~interrogation~~
~~corruption~~
~~murder~~
~~rape~~

External Affairs

The NYPD sends its officers out on a new beat—Nigeria.

WITH CRIME DOWN 55 percent over the past six years and the streets of New York sufficiently scrubbed of squeegee men, street vendors, performers, aggressive homeless, prostitutes, porno shops, protesting cabbies, and protruding newsstands, good arrests are mathematically harder to come by. Perhaps that's why the NYPD has now turned its efforts abroad—to a city that resembles New York before quality-of-life crackdowns became commonplace.

Earlier this month, NYPD deputy chief of personnel Tom Sweeney and Inspector Thomas Belfiore, commanding officer of the Upper East Side's 19th Precinct, were transferred to Lagos, Nigeria. The cops went on a seven-day tour of duty—albeit classroom duty—paid for by the State Department, according to Nicole Theriot, an assistant information officer at the U.S. embassy in Lagos, who says the NYPD was chosen because Lagos, a multicultural city of 8 million, bears a striking resemblance to New York—at least in the old days. "You have a lot of similar crimes," she notes. "Theft, carjacking, armed robbery."

"We got a communication from FBI headquarters saying that we should provide two FBI agents and two NYPD people to conduct a school in Lagos for approximately 30 Nigerian law-enforcement people," explains Joe Valiquette, an FBI spokesman in New York. "As far as we know, this was the NYPD's first foray abroad." The NYPD refused to comment on the trip.

Sweeney and Belfiore—who was selected for the mission because of his experience as an internal-affairs officer in 1994's notorious "Dirty 30" case, in which 33 cops were found guilty of making illegal arrests, perjury, taking bribes from dealers, and stealing and selling drugs in Harlem's 30th Precinct—instructed the Nigerians in a "police-science seminar." Topics covered included police corruption, raids, how to deal with informants, deadly-force policy, and, Valiquette adds with a laugh, "interrogation and all that kind of thing."

Criminals should benefit, says Karl Maier, a former Nigeria-based correspondent for *The Independent* of London and author of the forthcoming *This House Has Fallen: Midnight in Nigeria.* "There are a lot of drug and crime syndicates, and Nigerian interrogation generally consists of beating the crap out of somebody," he observes. "Nigerian police don't know how to investigate—they just lock you up, as in *Casablanca:* 'Round up the usual suspects.' It makes New York's Finest look pristine."

"Right now," agrees Theriot, "the Nigerian police have free rein to do what they will." In that light, even recent events in New York might have a place in the seminar. According to Theriot, a course in the "emotional survival of officers" is already part of the curriculum.

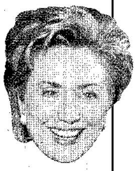
JOEL ROSENBLATT

POLITICS

Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Ring cycle: *Daily News* juxtaposes two pics—Rudy last December, wearing wedding band; recently, not wearing it. Don't ask. Silly. Political. Irrelevant. Pathetic. Nunna yer beeswax. Got it? ○

Rudy, jeered in Queens? Seems St. John's neighbors don't want minor-league ballpark. But Rudy does. And what Rudy wants . . . By the way, making fun of the way Mets fans drive *really* helped matters. Real team player. ●



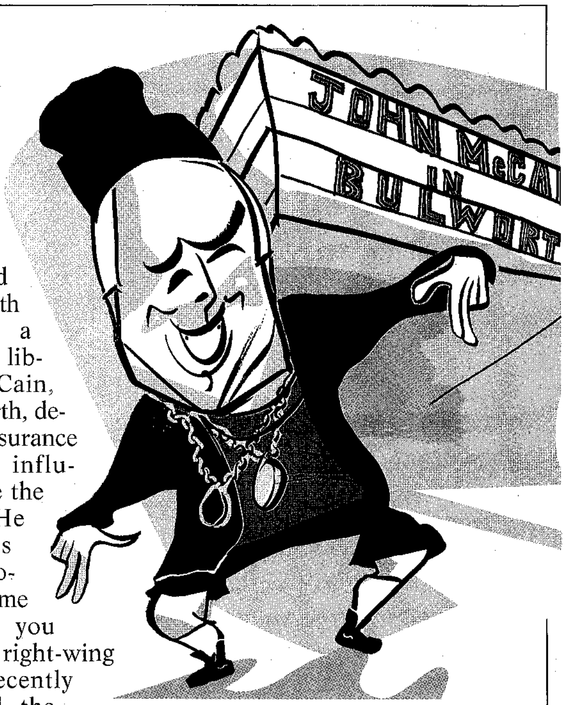
Hill proposes series of debates around state. Fine. But doesn't Rudy have to say he's a candidate first? And please, don't do as many as prez candidates. We've already seen too much of those guys. ○

Welcome to the neighborhood, says GOP's Sue Kelly, Hill's representative in Congress, adding: "There isn't a neo-socialist cause she won't shove down our throats!" But if Bill has pension trouble, who's he s'posed to call? ◍

Illustrations: top, Edel Rodriguez; bottom, Ingo Fast. Photographs: left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Richard B. Levine.

Frank, Incensed

Is this *Bulworth II*? At least McCain isn't rapping—yet.



ELECTION 2000

MAYBE WE DIDN'T NEED Warren Beatty to run for president after all to make 2000 the year the *Bulworth* Effect finally propels a candidate into the Oval Office. While populist darling John McCain will likely never resort to busting mad rhymes on his whistle-stop tour, he seems to have capitalized on the more potent, if subtler, message of Beatty's 1998 political satire: America seems ready to fall in love with a candidate suffering from a Bulworthian case of political Tourette's syndrome.

In *Bulworth,* Beatty's California senator is a fallen idealist who overdoses on Capitol Hill cynicism, goes mad, and plots his own murder. On the way down, however, he decides to be the one candidate to finally serve up his political diagnoses raw and uncut. "Put down that malt liquor and chicken wings and get together behind something other than a running back who stabs his wife," he instructs a stunned South Central church congregation, before going on to tweak Hollywood's power Jews in their very own brocaded living rooms about the cultural bilgewater they churn out. Butchering sacred cows with distinctly flava-free raps, Bulworth becomes a grassroots sensation but finally meets his doom trying to push the special interests out of Washington—which just happens to be the Arizona senator's real-life agenda.

Lose the beat box, and the similarities don't end there (never mind that Bulworth ended up a born-again liberal). McCain, like Bulworth, decries the insurance industry's influence inside the Beltway. He even takes on Big Tobacco. "Come on down, you jerks," the right-wing McCain recently challenged the right-wing National Smokers' Alliance. "You're the guys who addicted our children."

McCain has also shown a bit of his big-screen alter ego's jaw-dropping lack of racial sensitivity. In the South Carolina debate, McCain—fawningly!—referred to his friend Colin Powell as "the 800-pound gorilla." Now the candidate's handlers are assuring the press that he will back away from his favored term for his North Vietnamese torturers. "I hated the gooks and will continue to hate them as long as I live," McCain blithely told the Boys on the Bus only two weeks ago.

Like Bulworth, McCain has inspired no shortage of speculation that the Straight Talk Express in his head might have jumped the rails a few stations back, perhaps during the former Navy aviator's 2,000-night stay at the psyche-straining Hanoi Hilton. Fellow Republican Arlen Specter wondered aloud last fall what might happen if he "gets access to the red telephone." In November, McCain was prompted to answer the whispers by releasing a 350-page cache of medical files *proving* his sanity—to the degree that proof of sanity is necessary in these politician-weary times. As McCain himself likes to say, "you have to be half nuts to run for president." And this year, in a country crying out for a Bulworth, you might have to be at *least* half nuts to win. ALEX WILLIAMS

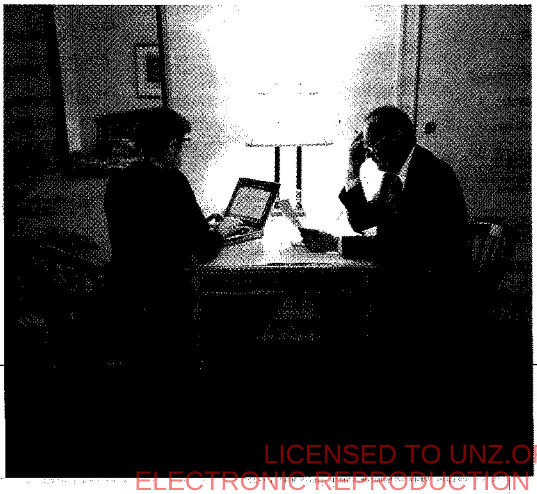
POLITICS

Voice of the Knick

WHEN RICK STENGEL WAS COVERING THE '88 AND '96 presidential races for *Time* magazine, he often tried to imagine what was going on behind closed doors. Now, as Bill Bradley's speechwriter and senior adviser, Stengel has had an intimate minute-by-minute view as last year's jubilant jump-start has given way to the frustrating free fall of recent weeks.

"We're trying to rekindle the love affair between New York and Bill Bradley and show people that Al Gore isn't the man he says he is," says Stengel, an Upper West Sider and Scarsdale native. But with Bradley getting minimal press coverage and just one week to go before the March 7 primaries, the most stirring rhetoric in the world can't prevent the ex-Knick from playing Don Quixote.

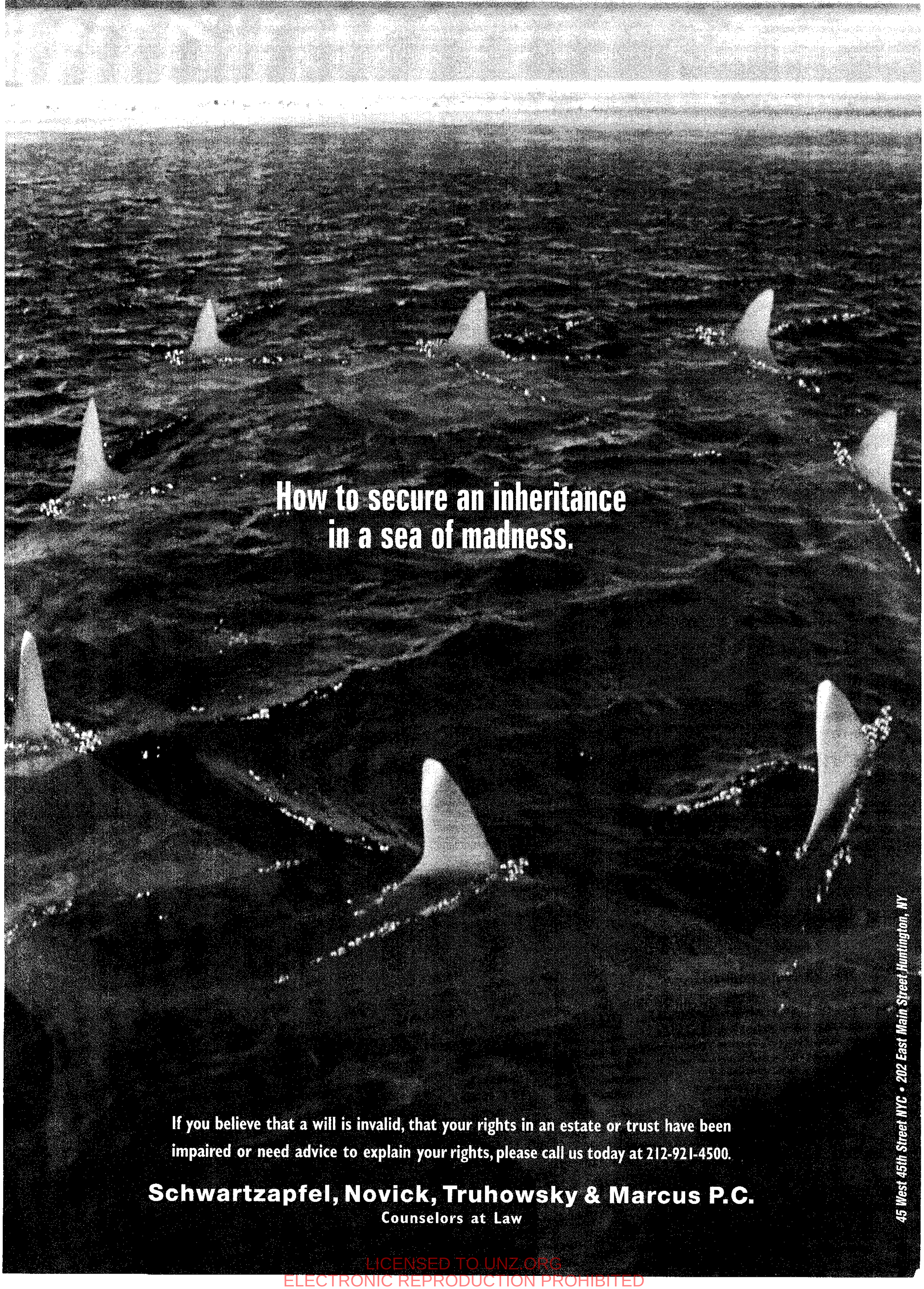
Stengel, who's been flying around the country for months with the former New Jersey senator, spent last Monday writing quips and rehearsing with Bradley for his slash-and-burn debate with Gore at the Apollo Theatre. "My role is helping him make his answers punchier and pithier," says Stengel, 44, who like Bradley played basketball at Princeton and was a Rhodes scholar. "I'm Bradley lite," jokes the former *Spy* contributor.



"I have a default key in my brain by now for what he wants to say on issues," says Stengel. "Bill always wants to talk about 'the goodness' of the American people. But a guy can't always talk about goodness when running for president." Particularly when he's up against a take-no-prisoners opponent like Gore. These days, Stengel provides as much mood as message. "Rick has a way of injecting a lighthearted comment in a tense situation," says Richard Wright, Bradley's fund-raising chief.

Stengel, who ghost-wrote Nelson Mandela's autobiography, *Long Walk to Freedom,* has another book coming out this spring on a topic that should resonate with New Yorkers: the art of sucking up. *You're Too Kind,* a history of flattery from Aristophanes to Eddie Haskell, is a humorous and erudite look at how people use and abuse flattery to get ahead. Deconstructing the current campaign rhetoric, Stengel says that "Bill is the candidate of frank speech, a truth-teller. Al Gore's catch phrase—'I'll fight for you'—is the ultimate political flattery, pandering to each and every voter." Alas for the Bradley campaign, flattery can get you far in life. MERYL GORDON

Illustration by Tom Bachtell. Photograph by P. F. Bentley/*Time.*


How to secure an inheritance
in a sea of madness.

If you believe that a will is invalid, that your rights in an estate or trust have been impaired or need advice to explain your rights, please call us today at 212-921-4500.

Schwartzapfel, Novick, Truhowsky & Marcus P.C.
Counselors at Law

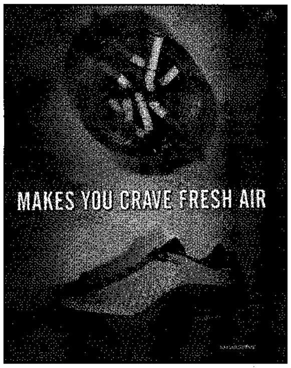
45 West 45th Street NYC • 202 East Main Street Huntington, NY

BRAND X

Smoke Signal

BRAND: Nike AGENCY: Goodby, Silverstein & Partners ART DIRECTOR: Margaret Johnson

POOR NIKE. THE ONCE INVINCIBLE megabrand has depressed sales, a depressing stock price, and a way-overexposed logo. It's hard to think of a major marketer that's more under siege, except maybe any one of the big tobacco companies. So what's Nike doing to bounce back? Oddly enough, it's taking a cigarette break. A new campaign serves up one of the most unappealing visuals in recent ad history: a filthy ashtray. The image is paired with an Air Nike product shot and the punch line MAKES YOU CRAVE FRESH AIR. And that's all, folks. No other text (save the requisite Website address), no athlete endorsement, no inspirational incantation. Certainly Nike doesn't think the sight of cigarette butts—even used as a joke—will prompt anyone to run out and buy pricey athletic shoes. So what's going on here? Nothing less than Nike's wholesale rejection of its once-groundbreaking, now tedious "Just do it" pretensions, a style of advertising so often mimicked it became cultural white noise. This is a conscious shift away from quasi-religious theatrics—sports as deliverance, NikeTown as temple—and a not-so-subtle embrace of good old-fashioned irreverence. It used to be that Nike wanted the imagery in its advertising to get you a little choked up; now it doesn't mind if all it does is make you choke. As long as you're paying attention. SIMON DUMENCO


MAKES YOU CRAVE FRESH AIR

SPORTS

Shvitzing to the Oldies

Why is this gym different from all other gyms?

YOU EAT KOSHER FOOD. YOU HAVE KOSHER sex. And now you can work out at the Kosher Gym. The recently opened 7,000-square-foot fitness facility in Midwood, Brooklyn, is filled with rows of cross-training and elliptical machines, treadmills, and exercise bikes. Jennifer Lopez's dance beats and the biblical warblings of Orthodox Jewish singing star Dedi blast from the aerobics area. The gym's Hebrew motto, painted on the walls, preaches "a healthy body and a healthy soul."

But those hoping to start a romance beside the adductor machine à la Seinfeld and Sklar will be disappointed to learn that separate hours for men and women prevent intergender mingling. The floor-to-ceiling windows of the former garage on Coney Island Avenue between Avenues N and O have been frosted to prevent any peeping Shmuels from sneaking a peek—even though the more modest among the women work out in wigs, head scarves, and knee-length skirts anyway. Men pump iron in yarmulkes and tank tops.

According to owner David Moshe, the approximately 700 members come from nearby Borough Park and as far away as Lakewood, New Jersey, and range in age from 14 to 80. Waiting near the kosher juice bar, his black fedora on the table beside him, Simcha Sussman, a fellow at a local *kollel,* or Talmudic academy, says he joined (a single annual membership is $550; married couples get an $899 deal) because he wanted to get in shape. So why the Kosher Gym instead of, say, Bally down the street? "The manner of dress during gym hours isn't appropriate," the 23-year-old Flatbush resident explains. "We're not supposed to see women in that way."

Moshe says he decided to open the gym because "when I used to walk into the synagogue, people would ask me what I did to work out. A lot of Orthodox Jews are out of shape," he says cheerfully, "and they don't look healthy." ZLATI MEYER

FINANCE

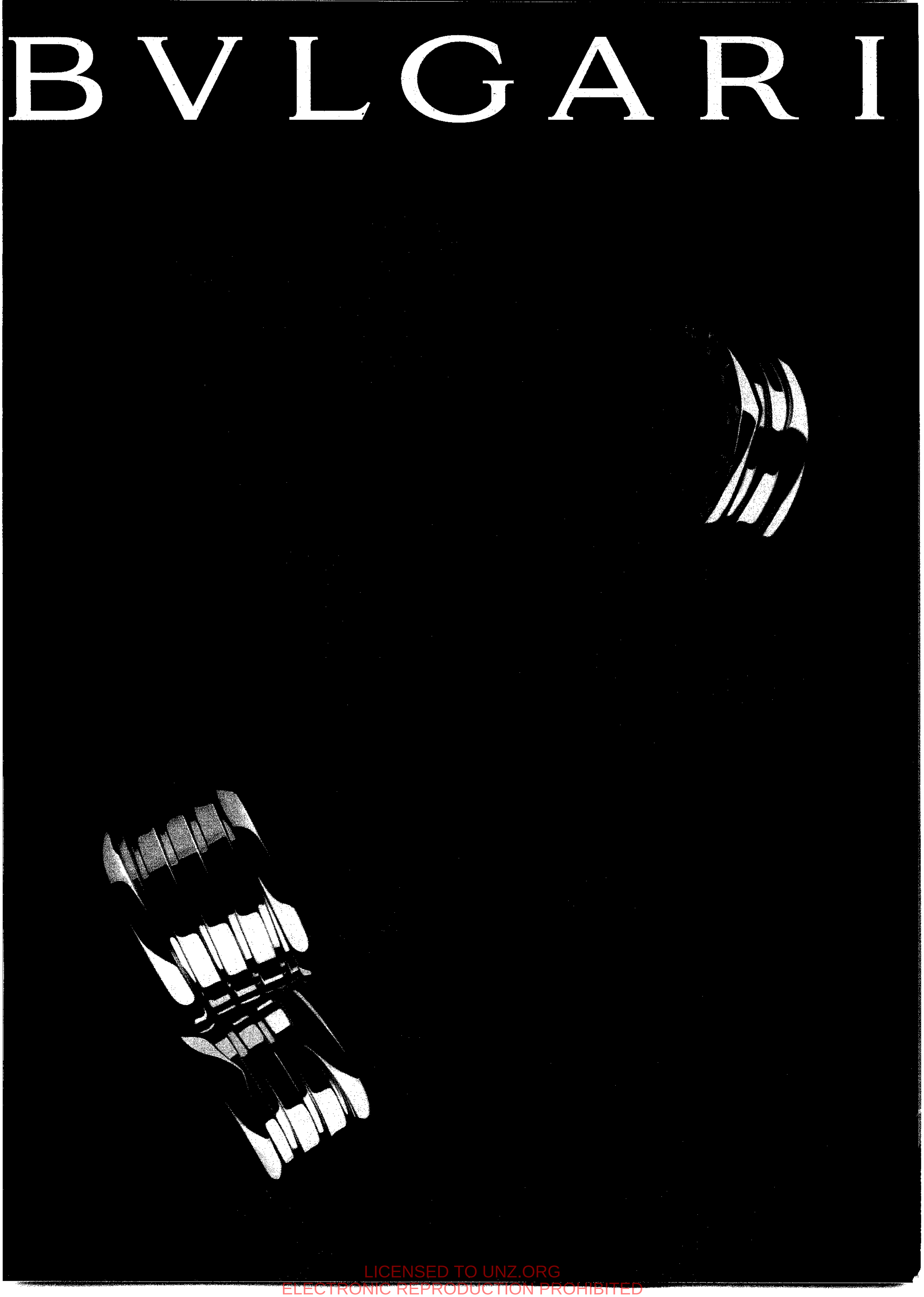
Day Traders Turn Up Volume

PITY THE DAY TRADER. AS MARKETS BECOME INCREASINGLY electronic, and the New York Stock Exchange considers extended hours, traders must spend entire days glued to their computer screens, liable to miss an important transaction if they blink once. Worse, they must do it in the pin-drop silence of their living rooms, without the jockeying and shouting that motivates traders in the pit. Until now.

Using the actual recorded sounds of a trading floor, Wade Vagle, Brad Fishman, and Larry Gazette have come up with MarketSound, a kind of "squawk box" for computers that reads a live data feed to comment on market activity in real time. The bigger the trade, the louder and cockier the "Buy 'em!" When the market goes wild, the pit noise builds; when the traders go to lunch, it quiets down to a murmur. Gazette, a baby-faced man in his late thirties, demonstrates his patent-pending toy by toggling different "audio immersion" elements on and off: the verbal commentary on the market (a disembodied voice announces, say, "Large seller joins offer"), the exclamations of the traders as they buy and sell, the background noise of the pit. The CD-ROM software costs $300 a month for one person (it expires after one month). "If you have several screens up at once, you're in visual overload," says Gazette. "Now you can listen to one market while looking at and trading in another—two senses are better than one, right?"

Not everyone is convinced. "MarketSound is good for a retail investor who is working at home and wants to convince his wife that he has a real job," scoffs a trader at a large investment bank who recently saw a demo of the product. "When she wants him to take out the garbage, he can turn up the volume so that everyone's yelling and screaming and say, 'Honey, I'm busy.' " Ah, the sweet sound of success. LAURIE SANDELL

Photograph by Michael Sofronski.


BVLGARI

1

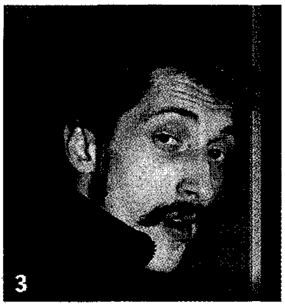
THE SCENE

Boy Zone

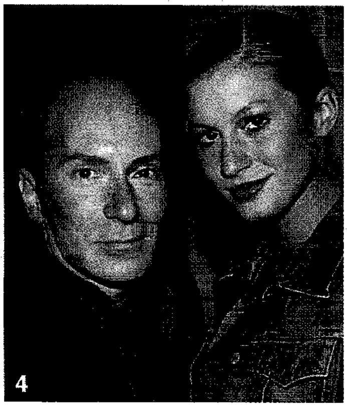
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

FACING CHALLENGES FROM *MAXIM*, THE NEWLY LAUNCHED *FHM*, and even that damn swimsuit thing, *Details* held a party with cinéBlast! Productions on February 22 at Chaos to celebrate its March issue—and position itself as the artsy, even tasteful, alternative. Serena Altschul, Harmony Korine, and Tina Louise mingled with a film-geek crowd as beauties-for-hire roamed the floor in bunny costumes that consisted of fishnets and cottontails paired with floppy-eared cableknit hats. "Thank God I'm not in that outfit!" cried a tipsy Aida Turturro from *The Sopranos*. Lest the getups look like just another men's-mag stunt, cinéBlast!'s Gill Holland explained that they were really an homage to Greg the Bunny, a sock puppet with his own TV show on the Independent Film Channel. "He's a fabric American who believes he has certain inalienable rights," said Holland as Liev Schreiber gamely posed with a few of the bunnies. Near the bar area, *Details* editor Mark Golin held up the new issue, featuring Liberty, his latest bikini-clad cover girl. "She's actually looking classy!" he insisted. "You know why? She's not leaning forward." SARAH BERNARD

2



3



4

5

6

of the Dolls

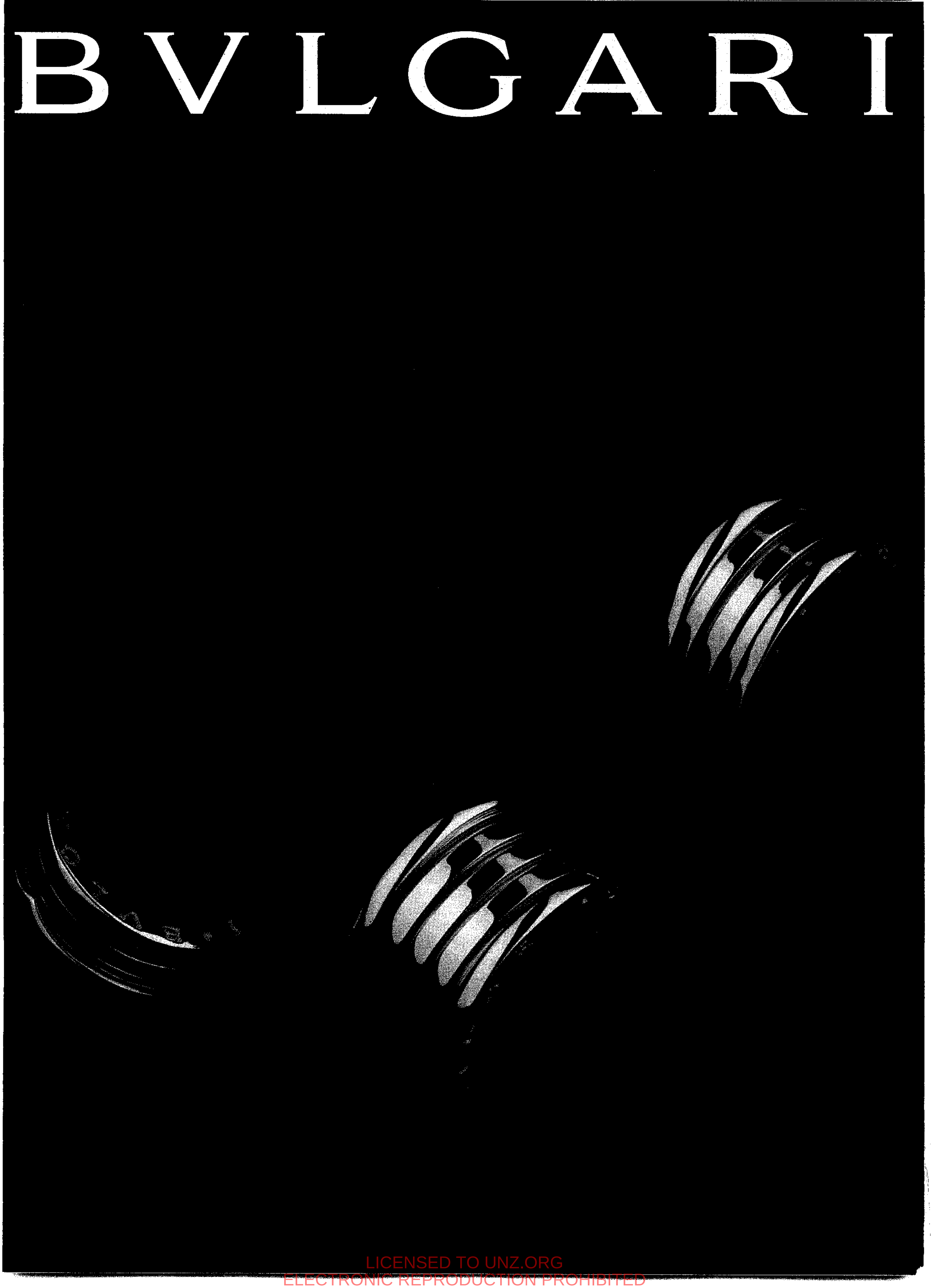
7

MY GENERATION

8

9

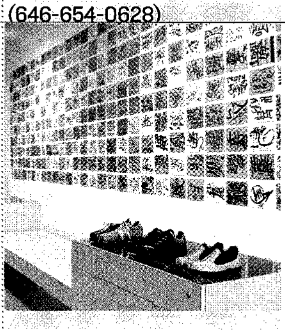
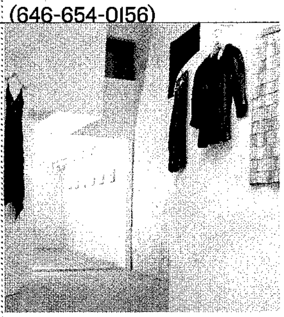
1. Liev Schreiber and Naznin Homa at the cinéBlast!/*Details* party at Chaos. 2. Marie-Josée Kravis, Libby Pataki, and Jo Carole Lauder at the fourth annual David Rockefeller Award ceremony at MOMA. 3. Eugene Hutz at *index* magazine's fourth-anniversary party at the Angel Orensanz Foundation. 4. Garren and Gisele Bundchen at Henri Bendel for the launch of Garren's debut hair-care line. 5. Carolina Herrera, Blaine Trump, and Nan Kempner toasting Bill Blass for his Lighthouse 2000 Lifetime Achievement award at the Waldorf-Astoria. 6. Barbara Parkins, Lee Grant, and Patty Duke at a screening of *Valley of the Dolls* at Clearview's Chelsea Cinemas. 7. Matthew Modine and Michael Gross at a party for Gross's new book, *My Generation*, at the Globe. 8. Brian McKnight at the Lovable Intimate Apparel runway show at the Hammerstein Ballroom. 9. Ben Younger, Ben Affleck, and Suzanne Todd at the premiere of *Boiler Room* at the Ziegfeld Theater.

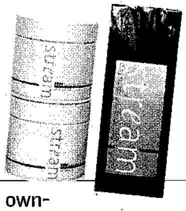

BVLGARI

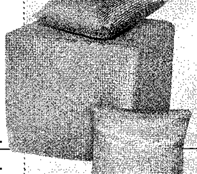
GOTHAMSTYLE

Market Surge

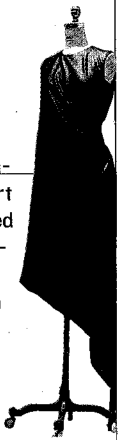
Now that downtown's been conquered with a Kmart on Astor Place and a Gap on every block, the malling of Manhattan continues with an army of lifestyle boutiques rising up south of Houston. Orchard Street, once *shmatte* central, has become ground zero for avant-garde fashion as industry refugees open their own hipper-than-thou versions of Paris boutique Colette. Following the same philosophy behind the hyperedited selection at Kirna Zabête, these stores aim to woo the international style tribes with Japanese gadgets, asymmetrical garments from brooding Belgian designers, and back-room art galleries. You won't find any blue-light specials here. MAURA EGAN

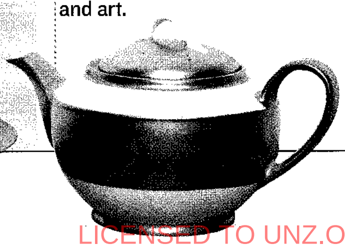
	ALIFE	STREAM	ZAO	SEVEN
STORE	178 Orchard Street (646-654-0628) 	69 Mercer Street (212-226-2328) 	175 Orchard Street (212-505-0500) 	180S Orchard Street (646-654-0156) 
VISIONARIES	Former *Sportswear International* editors and art designers and a carpet wholesaler.	A former brand developer for Dries Van Noten, an interior designer, and a fashion merchandiser.	A former fashion stylist and a Paris-based curator and color forecaster (currently advising L'Oréal); clothing company Tahari provides financial backing.	The group, called Eye in the Sky, includes a finance manager, a graphic designer, a marketing specialist, an interior designer, and a merchandiser.
STORE POLICY	Street credibility: shoes and accessories for those who consider Kenneth Cole too bourgeois but can't afford $400 shoes.	According to the store owners, "it's a new concept influenced by the need of all beings to be nourished."	In ancient Greek, *zao* means life; creative director Assaf Ziv says the store serves as "a meeting point between art and design."	The outside is designed to look like a military bunker; the quintet's spokesperson, Joseph Quartana, says the store aims "to defend creativity."
INVENTORY CONTROL	Ergonomic footwear from Camper, Snipe, and Tsubo ($95–$160), Belton spray paint from Germany ($7), Suckadelic's Stormtrooper action figures ($500 for a set of three).	Troter collapsible motor scooter ($2,000), turquoise tufted-chiffon Hang Feng duster ($900), powdered green matcha tea ($6.50), Fuji "Cheki" Polaroid-type camera ($125).	Eve France chain-mail ottoman ($2,100), Jeremy Scott muscle sweatshirt ($170), Japanese Xiao camera ($70), Maurizio Galante silk-organza jacket ($9,000).	Mark Kroeker gold-foiled suede skirt ($1,000), People Used to Dream About the Future T-shirts ($200), *aire,* the group's own visual-arts magazine.
BACK-ROOM BONUS	More than 350 tags by hip-hop and graffiti artists line the walls.	Yet-to-be-opened second-floor gallery will show photography and art.	Gallery currently houses a fashion-photography tribute to Liz Tilberis with works by David Bailey, Patrick Demarchelier, and Karl Lagerfeld to be sold on eBay next month.	Gallery will showcase a photography collaboration by brothers Tom and Jim Jarmusch, paintings by Donald Bachler, and photos by David LaChapelle.





belton
belton
RAL





Photographs by Lenora Gim.

BVLGARI

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN JEWELLERS

© BULGARI 1999 Ogilvy&Mather

B.zero1

The unexpected ring

In 18 kt yellow or white gold. From $ 580

Available in New York at Bvlgari, 730 Fifth Avenue - Tel. (212) 315-9000
and 783 Madison Avenue - Tel. (212) 717-2300

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Queen for a Day

Why does network television suddenly seem to be back in the fifties, with ‘Millionaires’ and wannabes on every channel? Welcome to TV for losers.

OVER THE PAST DECADE, NETwork TV went from the generally puerile to the often intelligent. Disdainful households (like mine) were suddenly saying “What’s on tonight?” with some anticipation. For several years running, there were many not-so-secret prime-time pleasures. This big leap forward occurred because of the competition from an expanded cable dial and because the networks began to target audiences in a much more precise fashion—younger, urban, educated audiences got younger, more urban, more intelligent shows.

So, like, what happened?

Here’s my theory about why we’re getting this millionaire stuff and why *Law & Order,* with its clones and repeats, seems to be the only other thing on this season (okay, those divorced fortysomething people and *West Wing,* but otherwise, nothing!).

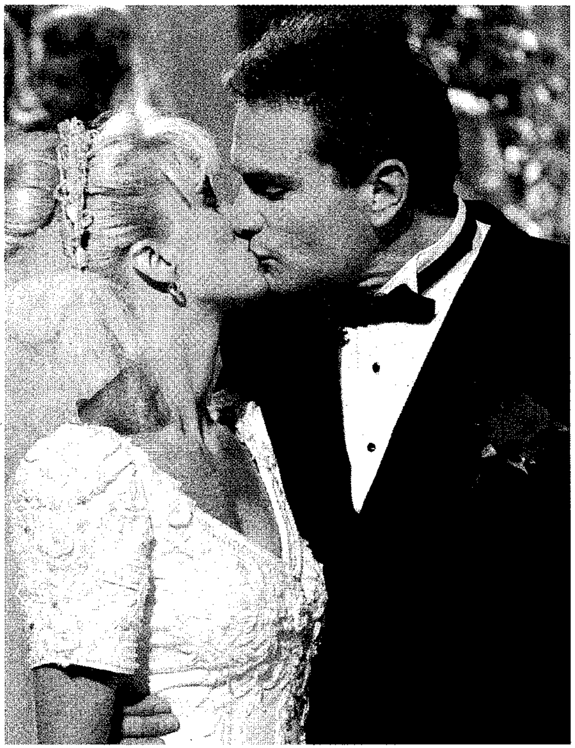
It is helpful to this theory to first consider Bob Iger. Corporate desperation is a profound thing. Powerful forces align against you; people who used to be your friends scream at you; people who once praised you tell you you’re no damned good. Indeed, if Bob Iger failed at ABC, then Michael Eisner failed at Disney—in other words, the whole corporate hierarchy comes down on you. So you either totally freak and shortly get fired or you throw off all your ambitions, conceits, and pretensions (not to mention the respect of your children, neighbors, and the media that covers you) and do what needs to be done.

In Iger’s case, he went from the concept of running a major network—i.e., the most powerful force in American society—back to seeing television as a sort of novelty business. He went, in a season, from the front end of the culture—the Bochco-Kelly dramas and single-people’s-sitcom version of television—to the back end, that is, having a hit game show. It’s all so obvious (success always is, after you attain it). Those fancy, expensive shows were targeted at an informationally mobile market segment, while this cheap-to-produce game show is targeted at a going-nowhere-fast demographic.

And then there is Rick Rockwell.

Rockwell, né Balkey (didn’t the producers ask him his name?).

While his sketchy net worth derives from some beachfront houses in San Diego, his real professional interest is, apparently, in being a motivational speaker.



“There She Is, Miss America”: Darva Conger wins the prize.

Motivational speaking, like game shows, is a particular kind of entertainment genre—two parts desperation to one part salvation. Now, you might not think that motivational speaking and, for that matter, game shows, with their last-chance sensibility, their essential flimflam nature (Rick Rockwell’s dubious, reinvent-himself biography is perfect motivationalist stuff), would be boom businesses in prosperous times. Too tawdry. Too cheap. Too not-of-our-class.

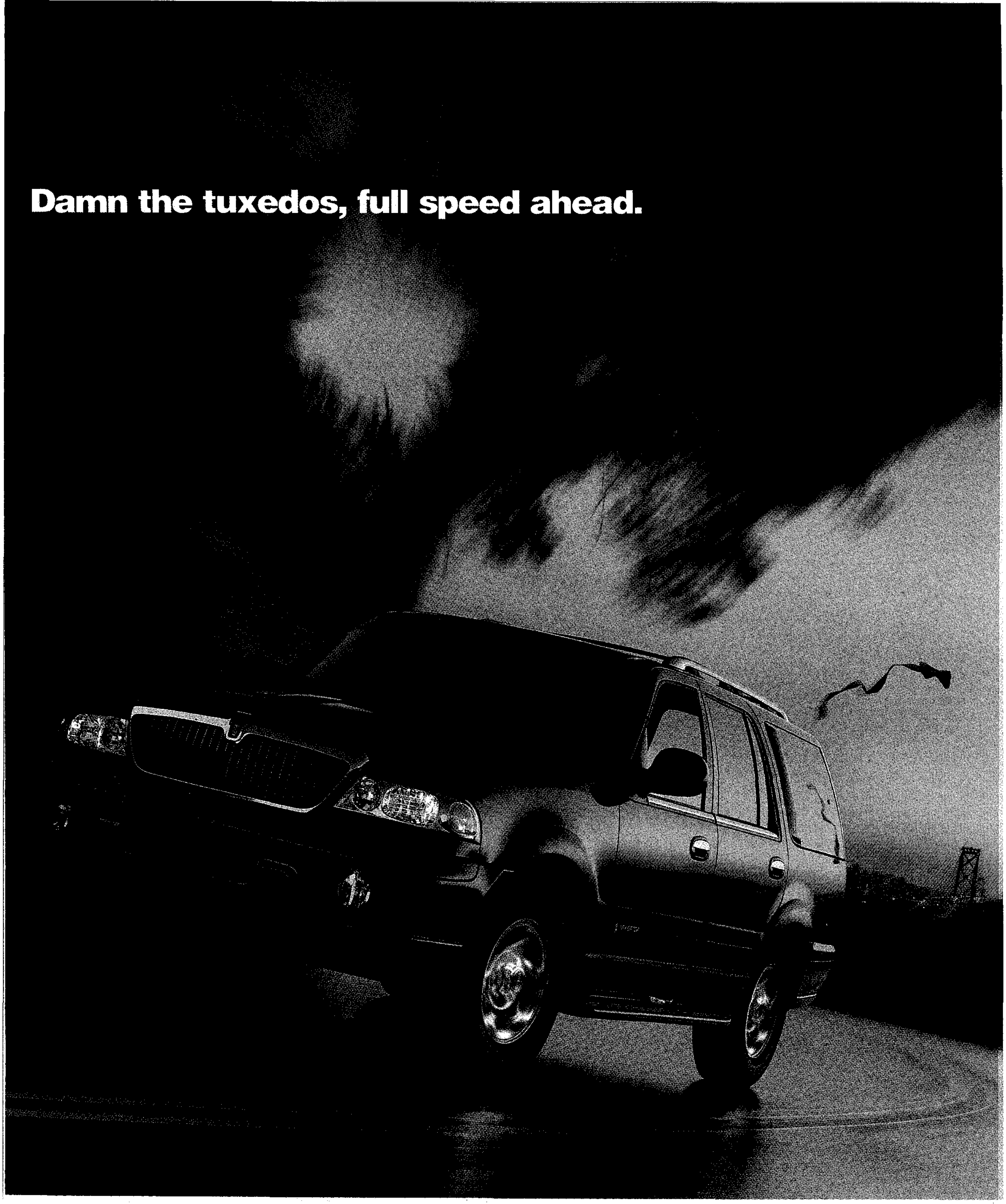
But in fact, the motivational business—from Dale Carnegie to Oprah Winfrey—flourishes best in eras of unprecedented expansion. The motivational speaker extols (and exploits) the belief that everyone is gaining but you. You’re motivated by your fear of failure, your fear of being left behind. Your concern is not, principally, to be a success (if that were your concern, you’d be working or in school or writing a business plan) but that you should not be a failure (your real concern is that you have already failed). The fifties were the great day of the motivationalists because prosperity was breaking out all over, and, conversely, the fear of failure, of not being part of a new America (the equivalent now is the new economy), had never been stronger. Game shows work similarly. You’re a contestant because you’re desperate. You’re here not because you want to make it but because you haven’t made it—and, indeed, have no other way to make it. This is pathos—or bathos. It’s *Queen for a Day.*

In the modern age, the target-marketing age, we tend to define our desired markets as functions of success—college-educated homeowners in great Zip Codes and desirable age brackets. Game shows, on the other hand, successfully target failures (or the failure in us all). Indeed, *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* is not just a game show but a dumbed-down game show.

When you focus on success, you necessarily narrow your audience; failure lets you open it—it’s truly inclusive.

My theory has to do with this basic aspect of audience aggregation. Bob Iger, and the me-too programmers at Fox, have stumbled back upon the mass-media principle that you build broad audiences through emotional rather than demographic targeting—and the strongest, most inclusive emotion, reaching across class and interest groups, is to make people feel their

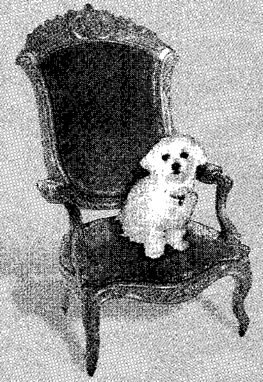
Photograph from AP/Wide World Photos.



Black tie is optional but a 300-horsepower V-8 is standard in the world's most powerful full-size luxury SUV. There's room for seven in three rows of leather-trimmed seats. And up to 8,900 pounds towing capacity. Call 800-688-8898, visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Lincoln Navigator. American Luxury.

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE.
(ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU STAY AT A HELMSLEY HOTEL.)



"Trouble," the Helmsley's favorite four-legged guest, recommends you call 1-800-221-4982, or in New York 212-697-8300 for reservations.

HELMSLEY PERFECT.

The Helmsley Park Lane
The New York Helmsley
The Helmsley Windsor
The Helmsley Middletowne
The Helmsley Carlton
HelmsleyHotels.com

fundamental wretchedness and to offer them redemption.

Obviously, it is an emotional note, and a weird one at that, that is being struck with this millionaire stuff—certainly, it's a note way beyond reason. I mean, the millionaire notion today seems to be resonating as powerfully as it did half a century ago. But then, when Michael Anthony, on TV's *The Millionaire,* was handing out weekly checks to various unworthies, the value in a million dollars was 20 to 50 times greater than it is today. Even the squirrelly attachment of *multi-* to *millionaire* only, officially, ups the ante by one. The producers guaranteed that Rick Rockwell was worth at least $2 million (Larry King characterized him as a "legitimate multimillionaire"), and people were willing to fall for that. Never mind that, even if true, his $2 million would merely put him among a not-unsizable portion of California homeowners. If you feel like a failure, you believe in almost anyone else's declaration of success. That $1 million is chump change doesn't much matter when your target market is made up of chumps.

> *"Television turned out to be* **a viable common experience.** *If the Internet makes us lonely, we have only to turn to TV to see people more desperate than we are."*

MY DAD, AN ADMAN IN THE SIXTIES, WAS A terrific fan of game shows (although I'm sure he never watched one). First, they had a formula. That was good, because they could be endlessly replicated. And then it was a formula that reinforced the advertiser message: success and failure, winning and losing, gain and loss. It was perfect: There was one person, whom you identified with, who would be a winner, and another person, whom you also identified with, who would be a loser. For some reason, the kind of anxiety this created really made people buy stuff. Which door do you choose?

When I was 13, we went on a family tour of America culminating in Los Angeles, where my dad knew Monty Hall's partner. After touring his mansion in Bel Air, we got to sit in special seats on *Let's Make a Deal.* We were the VIP civilians surrounded by the desperate (although energized) citizenry who came from across the land in outlandish costumes, which, if outlandish enough for Monty's taste, would get them on the show.

This, my father whispered to me, making a business point, is America. (Being an employee or family member of an employee of a network, advertiser, or agency precluded, by federal law, my being fully an American, I felt.)

BUT NETWORK TELEVISION, OR AT LEAST PRIME-time network television, got yuppified. The networks blithely followed the path of their own collapse. As the nation seemed to become more sexually and politically and personally adventurous, the networks tried to create programming that reflected this. Clearly, people who work in the network business, especially people who work in the prime-time business, are as upwardly mobile as anyone else. They created programming that reasonably educated people could talk reasonably about. Indeed, over the past few years, the place for writers to work has been in television. Network shows have attracted not only many of the best comedic and dramatic writers but the most well paid. A sure way to be a multimillionaire was to be a television writer. The programming theory was that if you produced higher-end, edgy shows, even though the network pie was shrinking, you'd still grab the lion's share of key demographic groups.

Obviously, there were two flaws to this logic: The lion's share got smaller and smaller, and the cost of holding this lion's share got higher and higher. (The success of *ER,* the most expensive television show ever produced, is a watershed moment in the failure of the networks.) Briefly, the answer was to create more newsmagazine shows with low production costs. But while news shows were relatively inexpensive, they still largely spoke to an audience that was less and less interested in, and certainly no longer dependent on, network television.

The prime-time audience just got smaller and smaller.

Year by year. Month by month. Networks were regressing. Moving back in time. Retracing their growth. Until suddenly, they were back with an audience that looked a lot like it might have looked in 1958 or '59.

You've got to wonder if anyone actually asked the question: How did they do it back when they had these kinds of numbers? How did they makes these numbers work?

Was there anyone who would even remember? (Where is Monty Hall now?)

As it happens, European television, with its smaller national audiences, resembles nothing less than U.S. television in the fifties. They don't have three-camera sitcoms and hourlong dramas (except when they're imported from the U.S.); rather, they let people who don't have to be paid very much do odd and embarrassing (or at least shameless) things—from dancing-girl variety shows to amateur hours to the new reality-based burlesque.

Cheap is the thing. Cheap and broad. Cheap and dumb.

Hence, desperately trying to make the numbers work, Bob Iger imported the so-you-want-to-be-a-millionaire concept.

Sandy Grushow of Fox, perhaps suddenly worried about the respect of his children and neighbors, canceled the rebroadcast of his marry-a-millionaire show (it was as though this whole replay of the fifties was compressed into a week, from the rise of game shows to the ensuing scandals and disrepute). But more likely, he's just trying to avoid some *shocked, shocked* outrage that might get in the way of the flood of other cheap, sideshow, spectacle-ish shows on their way here from the television laboratories of Europe.

IT FITS MY THEORY OF THE RETURN TO THE early days of the medium that sociologists are now applying the *Lonely Crowd* critique to the new-media world. In a lonely, atomized world, people had to turn to the mass media for their identity, which compounded their loneliness because of all the Queen-for-a-Day desperation you saw on television. This analysis faded during the great 30-year heyday of television. Television turned out to be a viable common experience (we may have been lonely, but we had things to talk about). But here we are again. If the Internet makes us lonely, we have only to turn on the TV to see people more desperate than we are.

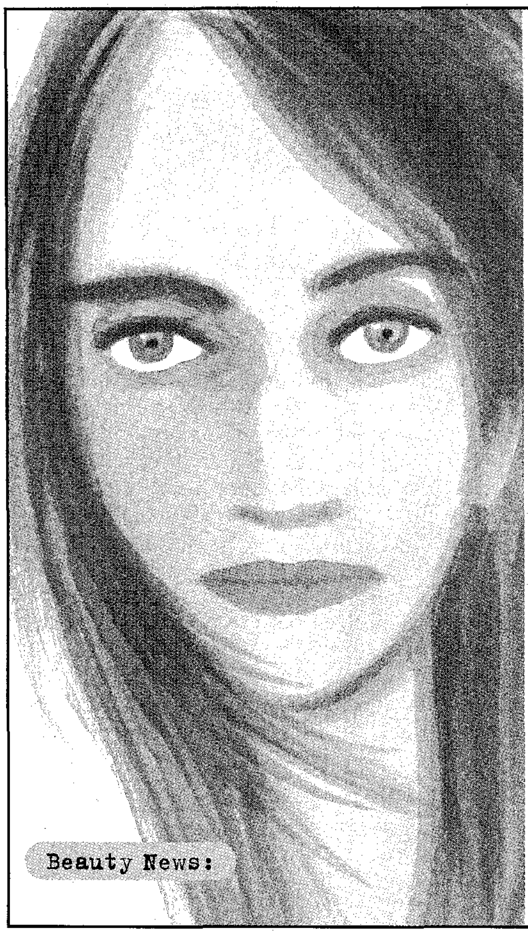
That's a formula.

And here's another: Somewhat more than 30 percent of the country doesn't have cable and, apparently, never will (and, it's reasonable to assume, will never be Internet homes either). Now take away the small slice of the audience served by satellites and what you have left is a not-so-small forgotten-in-time part of America subsisting on not much more than a diet of network television.

The other America ("Alex, I'll take nonfiction of the fifties for $200"). If you're in the network business, that's who your real customers are.

The upshot of this is that Bob Iger, with wife Willow Bay, gets to move to Los Angeles and with a little luck becomes Disney's chairman. And running the network becomes someone else's rotten job. ▬

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com



smashing
luscious
lips

POUT LIPGLOSS

smashbox
COSMETICS

MEET THE SMASHBOX
NATIONAL MAKEUP ARTIST
TEAM MARCH 5-11

Receive a Complimentary 8x10 Portrait
by Acclaimed Fashion & Beauty
Photographer Davis Factor with
Any SmashBox Purchase March 9-11

TO BOOK YOUR APPOINTMENT
CALL 212 373 6329
712 FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET

HENRI BENDEL
NEW YORK

Introducing A Kinder, Gentler Facelift.

At Constructive Surgery, we now offer face lifts that not only look better than ever before. They're faster. Safer. Longer lasting. With virtually no visible scarring.

And they're performed in a beautiful private carriage house by a caring, experienced Board-Certified Plastic Surgeon and his warm, dedicated support staff.

If it sounds too good to be true, make an appointment for a free consultation and ask about the new "Mid-face lift".

You'll be amazed to see what a pleasant experience looking younger can be.

Constructive SurgerySM
110 E. 66th St., New York, NY (212) 472-3300

© 1999 Office Management Systems, Inc.

REAL ESTATE **PEGGY EDERSHEIM KALB**

Screening Rooms

Baiting customers with myriad online listings, real-estate brokerages look to become the eBays of the city's limited apartment supply.

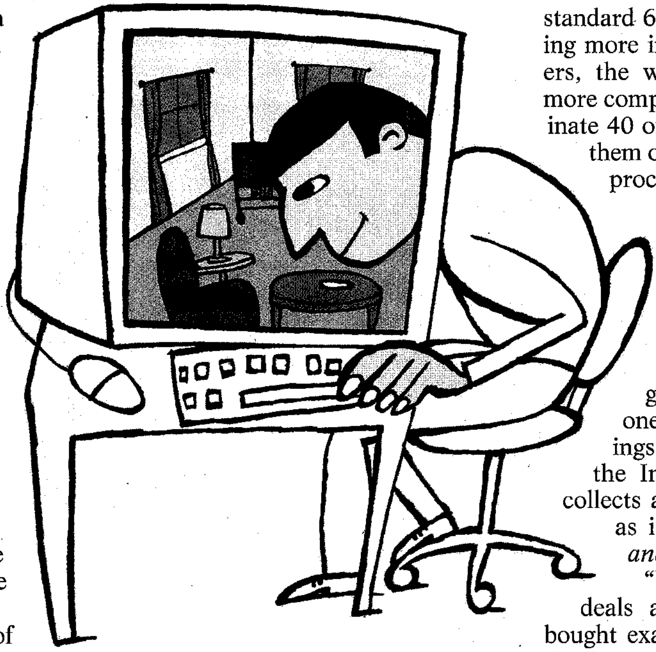
SANDRA CARLSON GOT OFF THE red-eye from Los Angeles at 7 A.M. on a Saturday in November, jumped in a taxi, and went to see her dream pied-à-terre. The 1,200-square-foot TriBeCa loft was listed at $429,000 on Corcoran.com just one day before.

But it sold long before she got back to California with Polaroids for her husband. Weeks later, Carlson saw an East Village condominium on the same Website—$448,000 for 1,200 square feet in an elevator building. Corcoran broker Stephen Perlo took digital photos and e-mailed them, along with a floor plan, to Carlson. She and her husband made a full-price bid, sight unseen, the next day. That was in early December. Their bid accepted, Perlo found Carlson a New York attorney, and within three business days, all the contracts were signed.

Carlson is still the exception to the rule: Most people want to see a home before they buy it. But brokers are wondering if Carlson's experience is a sign of things to come; every company in town has been grabbing a chunk of dot-com real estate as it prepares for the future. With inventory low and properties selling overnight, brokers know that people will do anything they can to have an edge on the next buyer.

There are already a number of places to look online for Manhattan and Brooklyn residential-real-estate listings: Jason Krebs, general manager of newyorktoday.com, the section of the New York *Times*'s Website containing the classifieds, says 20 percent of the site's estimated 1 million monthly visitors are specifically looking over the more than 2,000 real-estate listings for the tri-state area. The section also automatically searches the databases of the city's largest brokers, including Corcoran, Douglas Elliman, Halstead, and Brown Harris Stevens. It's hardly revolutionary, but in a city with no central listing service, it makes poking around a lot easier. The jury is out on the "virtual tour" videos offered by newyorktoday.com and agents like Douglas Elliman and Corcoran for some of their online listings—the technology is still slow and the footage is a little fuzzy—but they're better than nothing.

Phil Beer, head of NYRealty.com, dismisses traditional brokers' sites as "listings with pretty pictures," adding, "We have 250,000 pages, block-by-block maps, bios for buildings, mortgage information, and comparative sales information." The idea is that you get on NYRealty and say you want a two-bedroom condo with a marble bathroom in the East Sixties; Beer's site spits out listings that match your profile. His brokers will then make inquiries for you at those buildings. (Beer's exclusive listings tend to be condos.)



"When you look through the New York *Times,* you're going to see an ad and answer an ad. But most of the time, what you see in the ad is not what's purchased, ultimately," explains Beer. "In the end they're just lead generators, connecting a broker with someone who's in the market to buy." Having in-house mortgage brokers on hand helps speed things along. Beer says that these days, NYRealty.com gets 4,000 to 5,000 unique users, and 100 to 200 phone calls, daily.

Real-estate auctions are next on the agenda. NYRealty.com plans to begin online auctions some time this year for condominiums (co-ops are more complicated). "We'll e-mail buyers, give schedules of open houses, and prequalify up to a certain amount," says Beer.

Eventually, selling housing over the Internet could help bring down the standard 6 percent broker fee; by making more information available to buyers, the whole industry will become more competitive. "If you can just eliminate 40 of the 50 places by looking at them online, it'll be a more efficient process," says Clay Shirky, an Internet consultant and professor of new media at Hunter College. The sites make money for their companies by helping to generate fees. At Corcoran, when a broker makes a sale generated by the Internet on one of the firm's exclusive listings (only exclusives are listed on the Internet site), Corcoran.com collects a full 6 percent commission, as it represents both the seller *and* the buyer.

"Up to 30 percent of online deals are direct deals; the buyer bought exactly what was listed on our site," says Alfred Renna, head of DouglasElliman.com (and former Webmaster at Corcoran.com). One broker at a different firm recently lost a $2 million exclusive to Corcoran because the client decided he wanted to be listed on Corcoran.com. That same seller later bought a $3 million apartment through his Corcoran broker. Firm founder Barbara Corcoran says she's planning to spin off the online site in an IPO as soon as she can.

"We are planning on being the premier Internet site for luxury-home buyers and sellers globally," says Corco-

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

ran.com's new CEO, James Kim. Corcoran is attempting to build a database with worldwide affiliates that would allow a visitor on its site to see all of an affiliate broker's listings in Tokyo, Paris, or Los Angeles. DouglasElliman.com also offers overseas listings that are tied to its affiliates. Like NYRealty.com, DouglasElliman.com will connect you with mortgage brokers through its site; Corcoran does the same. Kim says his site gets 200,000 visitors a month. DouglasElliman.com's Renna puts his own firm's number of visitors at 150,000.

A few national Internet services have New York City listings. Yahoo!'s real-estate site offers the most in terms of local listings. Realtor.com's local listings are currently dominated by Coldwell Banker for Manhattan and Brooklyn. And Microsoft's HomeAdvisor.com local listings are still pretty skimpy (when you can even find them on the site).

But not everyone is galloping onto the Internet; cybershopping will assuredly prove far more useful for rentals and condos than for co-ops. Edward Lee Cave, founder of the eponymous Upper East Side firm, hasn't set up a Website and isn't planning to. "Most of our clients are people who are known to us or people who are recommended by people who are known to us," says Cave. "We tuck them into the right place, buildings that are vertical neighborhoods—private clubs, really. That's my business. As for people coming to us over the Internet, I'm not sure we could serve those people properly." Cave thinks it's unlikely that his well-heeled clientele will be buying $5 million properties over the Net. "When I started Sotheby's Real Estate a while ago, everybody was so excited about doing videos. But I said, 'You've got to get them into the house.' After all, this is a *home,* not a shopping center in New Jersey." ▬

> *"Eventually, brokering over the Internet would help bring down the standard 6 percent fee; by making more information available to buyers, the whole industry will* **become more competitive.**"

MORTON'S
OF CHICAGO

THE STEAKHOUSE

USDA PRIME AGED BEEF
EXCEPTIONAL WINES
PRIVATE BOARDROOM DINING

NEW YORK
MIDTOWN (212) 972-3315
WALL STREET (212) 732-5665

STAMFORD, CT (203) 324-3939

THERE ARE 500 "PLASTIC SURGEONS" IN NY

JOE HENSON

How do you choose?

With 20 years experience, Denise Thomas can be your personal shopper, answer your questions and recommend the best Board Certified Plastic Surgeons to meet your needs and your budget.

DENISE THOMAS (212)734-0233
COSMETIC SURGERY CONSULTANT

Visit my website **www.denisethomas.com** to see my fabulous offers!

12th Annual
Works on Paper
Old Master to Contemporary

MARCH 3 - 5
Friday noon - 9pm Saturday 11am - 7pm Sunday noon - 7pm

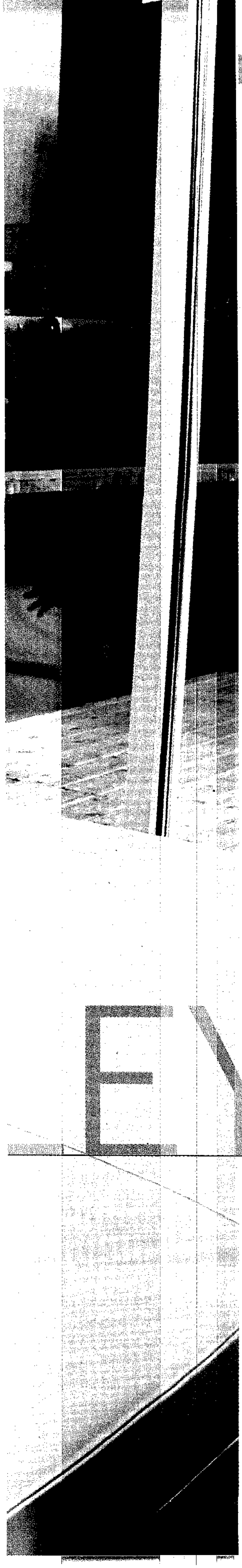
PREVIEW MARCH 2, 6PM - 9PM

PARK AVENUE ARMORY • Park Avenue & 67th Street, NYC

Info: 212.777.5218 info@sanfordsmith.com www.sanfordsmith.com

SILICON AL

NEW POWER GENERATION Clockwise from top, Rufus Griscom, Jaime Levy, Marisa Bowe, Steven Johnson, and Rebecca Odes.



EY 10003

LONG BEFORE THE SUITS LOGGED ON, A SMALL GROUP OF PREP-SCHOOL SLACKERS HAD FAITH IN THE WEB. NOW THEY'RE THE ALLEY'S ESTABLISHMENT.

BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK ARBEIT

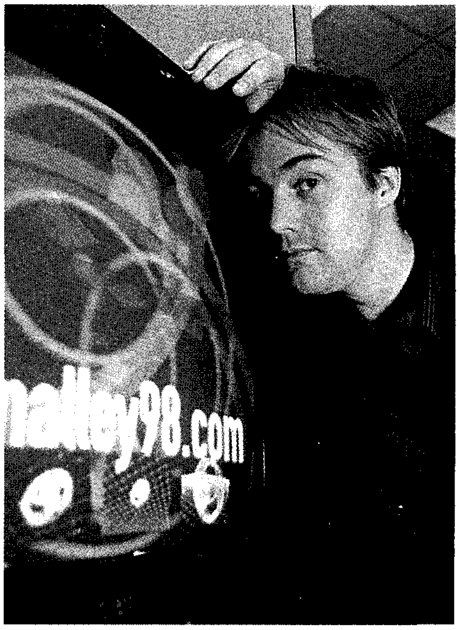
THE INTERNET IS THE MOST DEMOCRATIC OF MEDIA, BUT SILICON ALLEY, LIKE everything else in New York, has its own distinct hierarchy. Throwing a pricey Website launch party at The Four Seasons, with bodysuited models dancing behind a scrim and guests like Stephanie Seymour and Guy Oseary, as style365.com did three Sundays ago, does not make you cool. Hosting club nights with exclusive invitations and French D.J.'s, as Rockstar Games does every few months, does not make you cool. What makes you cool is when you got there. Nineteen ninety-five is cool. Nineteen ninety-six or early 1997 is all right. Anything after that is not. Two thousand makes you a real loser—a suit, a kid just out of college, a fiftyish businessman looking for one last hurrah and another $100 million. "It means you did not get it," says Jason McCabe Calacanis, editor and CEO of the *Silicon Alley Reporter.* "You did not believe. You did not have religion." • At the pinnacle of Silicon Alley cool is a clique of a dozen or so early adopters Calacanis and some other Alley residents call the "Early True Believers." The closest thing Silicon Alley has to an indigenous population, the Early True Believers aren't exactly businesspeople or programming geeks—they're brainy math-and-music types with impressive liberal-arts educations, mostly upper-crust backgrounds, and birthdays in or around 1966. They're not necessarily richer or more powerful than their colleagues, but they had faith long before this year's "hordes and hordes of carpetbaggers," as Word editor-in-chief Marisa Bowe puts it. And they're not about to let anyone forget it, whether or not they've participated in an IPO. "There's pride in saying you were around back then," says gURL.com's Rebecca Odes, a slim blonde who played bass in an alt-music band before she saw the light. "It was so new, so exciting. It was punk rock." • Back then, the cool kid the other cool kids looked up to was Jaime Levy, now a 33-year-old with dirty-blonde hair who chain-smokes Drums and rarely deviates from a uniform of flannel shirts and baggy jeans. "Jaime," says Bowe, "is a rock star." Long before every movie trailer included a Web address, Levy published a floppy-disk 'zine called *Electronic Hollywood* and provided the ETBs with their hangout, an Avenue A loft she lucked into one night after reuniting with a former lover. "I woke up the next morning in his huge-ass two-story loft," she says, "and I was like, 'Wow, you've got a rad place,' and he was like, 'Yeah, but I'm leaving the country—do you want it?' " Every few months, she threw "CyberSlacker" parties, where would-be new-media impresarios showed off HTML tricks, D.J. Spooky spun records, and skateboarding indoors wasn't a problem. "You know," says Levy proudly, "I had one of the first PPP connections in the East Village."

At the last CyberSlacker party, in November 1996, Levy asked Alley big shots like MTVi President and CEO Nicholas Butterworth and Feed co-founder Stefanie Syman to get on the mike. "The death of the Web as we knew it!" declared Butterworth over jungle music, starting a fifteen-minute rant. "It's over! And wasn't it good while it lasted? Who was there, who was there in 1995? Reaping it in—the money, the fame, the parties, all of it flowing in. They came to you—marketing directors, the executive vice-presidents, the general managers, they came to you and said 'We don't know what the fuck we're doing.' " He let out a soulful wail. "It was beautiful! Everyone here, all my friends, doing creative things with a capital C. . . . It wasn't about a database or a search engine . . . the dream was to be a media assassin, to be a guerrilla—and to be *paaaaaaid.*"

He shrieked again.

"Well let me tell you something: Now you have a choice. You can be a guerrilla, or you can get paid. You cannot do both." Throughout, he shouted, "Baby needs new shoes, and I'm a baby!"

"IT'S POWERFUL TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE ONE OF SEVENTEEN PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD."



IF MTVI SPINS OFF FROM ITS PARENT COMPANY and goes public in a few weeks as planned, Butterworth will be able to buy those shoes and have them dipped in 24-karat gold. Not every ETB who went to Levy's parties has any gold at all, but because they were there first with the picks and shovels, they've staked a claim as the intellectual and social heart of the nascent Alley Establishment. To the extent that the Internet business is a pyramid scheme, they're sitting at the top. Besides Calacanis (the yearbook editor of Silicon High), Odes (the riot grrrl), Levy (the snowboarder chick), Bowe (the cynical girl who sits in the back of class.), and Butterworth (singer for the school garage band), the crowd includes Razorfish co-founders Craig Kanarick and Jeff Dachis (the popular rich kids), Douglas Rushkoff (the underground newspaper guy), Feed founders Steven Johnson and Stefanie Syman (editors of the literary magazine), Pseudo.com Chairman Josh Harris (director of the drama club), StockObjects.com chairman and Rhizome.org executive director Mark Tribe (president of the fine-arts-appreciation society) and Nerve co-founders Rufus Griscom and Genevieve Field (the bookish types who smoke cloves, read Sylvia Plath, and have sex).

There are those in the Alley who are wealthier, like DoubleClick's Kevin Ryan and Kevin O'Connor, and those who are hotter, like Kozmo.com's Joseph Park and StarMedia's Fernando Espuelas. There are even leaders who inspire more devotion: When a deal is made at Jay Chiat's Screaming Media, someone hits a gong and the entire office starts screaming, and last month one of the programmers got a tattoo of the company logo the size of a Lender's bagel on his forearm ("I think the guy who did it messed up," he says, inspecting the tender red circle. "It looks a little infected"). But none of them are as well respected, as widely networked, or as interested in the social ramifications of their revolution as the ETBs. Others may be content to make a few million, but the ETBs want to reboot the world—Butterworth wants to change the music industry, Johnson and Syman want Feed to dethrone *The New Republic,* and Harris says that "Pseudo's competition is CBS." Even Kanarick, whose company designs Websites for firms like Schwab and Bank One, says "We will change the world."

Few of the ETBs have an extraordinary aptitude for programming, fewer still have Jeff Bezos's genius for envisioning a new kind of business. What they do have is ambition, ideas, and—perhaps most important—the kind of finely tuned pop culture antennae that unerringly lead one to the most exciting place at the most eventful moment. "We had amazing cultural timing," shrugs Griscom. "It's incredibly powerful to feel that you are one of seventeen people who really understand the world." Especially when the world is lining up to pay you top dollar to explain it back to them.

If there's hubris here, it comes from the fact that Griscom and his friends have been surfing the crest of the Zeitgeist for so long they've forgotten what it feels like to walk on land. "I'm arrogant, but I'm not arrogant enough to draw a parallel between what Einstein did and what I'm doing," says Kanarick, sipping a tall amber beer at the Soho Grand, the black cord of the earpiece for his cell phone clipped neatly at the collar of his rust-colored sweater. "But, you know, Jewish guy with a lot of guilt, trying to change an industry, slightly misunderstood, somewhat brilliant . . ."

"Somewhat brilliant" and also sort of handsome in an Elvis Costello kind of way, Kanarick is worth more than $80 million. Along with Agency.com and Organic, Razorfish is one of the top interactive agencies; it has a market valuation of $3 billion and its stock is currently cruising at $36 a share. Kanarick vacations in Mustique, wears Paul Smith, and dyes his hair different colors each month—white, red, pink, blue, green, and now purple. He's renovating the SoHo duplex—padded floor in one room, heated floor in another—that he purchased over the summer. He's articulate on hipster subjects ranging from the history of Amsterdam to the cult Japanese TV show *Iron Chef.* "You're making me sound like one big singles ad!" he complains, taking another sip of beer. "Though I'm certainly not getting any—how about: 'Very single, very smart, very successful, very nice, very stable, a little wacky, looking for someone good with hair dye, because I always miss that bottom part in back.'

"I'm arrogant, but not so arrogant that I'm going to take credit for revitalizing the city," says Kanarick, raising a silver-ringed finger and wagging it madly. "But, you know, first there was Kenny Scharf and Keith Haring, and that was a Moment in Time, and then there was Wall Street

Photographs: this spread, left to right, Micheal Sofronski; Nicole Bengiveno/NYT Pictures.

and Bret Easton Ellis, and that was a Moment in Time, and then for a while there was nothing—not because of David Dinkins but because of the economy. Now there's the Internet—me, us, this—and it is a Moment in Time."

Kanarick means to enjoy his Moment to the fullest. He gets around New York on Rollerblades, a battery-operated Zappi scooter, or in his new car, a sky-blue '65 Corvette Stingray. Silicon Valley has its teak mountain bikes and 200-foot yachts, but in the Alley, where flashy wealth just isn't cool, Craig's car is the most visible totem of success. "I bought the car because I thought it was beautiful, and I love beautiful things," he says. "The world is a beautiful place."

CRUISE CONTROL Above, Craig Kanarick and his '65 Corvette Stingray; opposite, Jason McCabe Calacanis at an internet convention.

WELL BEFORE THE ETBS HAD THE epiphany that they were living in a Moment in Time, several of the core members spent the late eighties studying at Brown's 'Modern Culture and Media' department. On cold nights when he didn't want to make the trek back to his off-campus house, Butterworth would crash on the couch of Johnson, who played with him in a band called the Lenny Kravitz ("Someone came up to us after one show and said, 'Dude! You know, there's a singer named Lenny Kravitz, too!" laughs Johnson). Some of their other college pals included Griscom, Johnsons's childhood pal from D.C. prep school St. Albans; Tribe, son of Harvard Law School professor Laurence Tribe; Funny Garbage co-owner J. J. Gifford; Feed contributor and novelist Sam Lipsyte; and gURL.com co-founder Esther Drill. "Continental philosophy, semiotics, whatever you want to call it, prepared us well for the digital economy," says Griscom. "We were comfortable with new lexicons—used both to intimidate and explain—and we were naturally suspicious of systems of power commonly assumed to be irreplaceable."

After diving into cultural studies when everyone else was pre-law, they became slackers—not in a lazy way but in a do-it-yourself kind of way—back when ambition was still the way of the world. "Anyone with half a brain who graduated when we did wouldn't have wanted to be part of that *Bright Lights, Big City* asshole-bankers-in-power-ties scene," says Tribe. "And when we graduated, it was that or nothing." So they chose nothing: Butterworth stayed in Providence to play bass for an arty punk band fronted by Lipsyte, Tribe tried art school in San Diego, and Johnson enrolled and then dropped out of Columbia's English literature Ph.D. program. Griscom followed a girlfriend down to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he worked in data entry and designed T-shirts he sold through an ad in *The New Republic.* "They had philosophical quotes, like Cicero's 'He does not seem to me to be a free man who does not sometimes do nothing.' " Tall and convivial, Griscom snorts at his folly. "I mean, who's going to buy that shirt? That's a triple negative." He was even featured in a local paper's Gen-X story: "I rattled off my little slacker screed," he says, shaking his head. "I believe one of my quotes found its way into the lead—'Ambition is a form of vanity.' "

After a respectable period of early-twenties indirection, the Brown clan all found their way to New York, where they began to mix with the pierced programmers and HTML installation artists starting to set up shop around Broadway in Greenwich Village and the Flatiron district. Butterworth met Odes through his girlfriend, who studied with her at the Art Institute of Chicago. Odes met Kanarick when she took a course he taught at NYU's Interactive Telecommunications Program. Kanarick met Levy at an event Echo founder Stacy Horn threw at P.S. 122. Levy met Bowe on Echo, Horn's influential electronic bulletin board, before they even saw each other in person. "We bonded over being punk-rock techie girls," says Bowe, "the only girls out there who loved nothing more than to be alone and online all night—especially when drunk."

By that time, Butterworth was executive director of Rock the Vote, and when he joined up with his buddy Tim Nye to build an early version of SonicNet, and Johnson grabbed the media's attention with Feed, Griscom realized his Brown buddies were on to something. They all knew there was money to be made on this digital frontier, but part of the ETB myth is that starting a business is as natural and casual—and hence as appealing—as taking up with a punk band. "We developed the idea for [the literary erotica site] Nerve in a few months and then talked about it in the presence of rich people," shrugs Griscom. "It worked, but not without their lawyers' beating the shit out of us." After all, ambition is a form of vanity.

THE ETBS MAKE IT LOOK EASY, BUT they went to great lengths to engineer the kind of companies smart, creative types like them would want to work for. Razorfish bought Aeron chairs for all of its employees, and SonicNet cleared space in its Broadway loft for a basketball net. "We worked on a principle that was more Apple than Microsoft," says Tribe as he gets jostled by the crowd at a recent net.art opening in a Williamsburg loft. "Web jobs are not like corporate jobs twenty years ago—they're not conformist or culturally or socially conserva-

Previous spread, hair and makeup by Michele Kelling/Daniele Forsythe; styling by Marie-Josee Henault/Daniele Forsythe.

SILICON ALLEY—THE NEXT GENERATION Clockwise from left, Red Filter's Steve Weiss; Kozmo.com's Matt Heindl; RedFilter's William O'Shea; Pseudo's Nicole Abramovici; Pseudo's Jess Zaino; and Syl Tang, founder of HipGuide.

tive. Look around," he exhorts, gesturing to the twentysomethings ogling a computer logged onto Yahoo! that's meant to be an artifact of the commonplace akin to Warhol's Brillo box. "These kids don't care about their 401(k). They want Special K."

They also created companies that reflected their take on the world. "We wanted to say, 'There are a lot of different ways to be cool and pretty and have a good life,' " says gURL.com co-founder Heather McDonald, ensconced in a narrow red banquette at the Astor Lounge. "And it does not relate to how you match your clothes together or what products you buy." Thanks to ironic animated games like Hairy gURL, which lets users draw body hair on a female image, gURL.com became one of the leading teen sites on the Web, snapped up by dELiA*s (which later made it part of the e-commerce site iTurf). gURL.com was there first, but Drill attributes their success to their *Weltanschauung*—"what you present on your site is a reflection of your culture and environment." Like many of the other ETBs, they established relationships with their first users, and they still talk about Moonstream and Krebstar79 with reverence. "One girl was in a wheelchair, and at the time I'd had an accident so I was too, and I wanted to say something—but what do I know about being a teenager in a wheelchair?" says McDonald. "That girl still logs on sometimes, and my heart starts racing because I love her."

When the ETBs weren't online or meeting with venture capitalists, there were parties at the Razorfish and Pseudo offices and monthly World Wide Web Artists Consortium meetings at the Sony building, where they would dabble in C++ or talk about race on the Internet. Social life was Bud-and-whiskey-only dinners at the Mulberry Street dive Mare Chiaro, Thai food over discussions about Foucault at their monthly book club, and shared houses in the Hamptons. Some of them paired off—Griscom and Field most famously, Kanarick and Odes most dramatically. "We were all treated to the Craig-and-Rebecca Show for a year or so," says Bowe. "They were the prom king and queen of the Internet." Odes is considered responsible for the restyling of Kanarick, whose original sartorial affect has been described as longhaired Ivy Leaguer. "But even then, he was Joe SoHo, and he still is," says Levy. "And I'm still the East Village chick, and Rebecca's still the gURL Girl and Marisa is still Miss Williamsburg. Things haven't changed that much, considering."

There was more than mere friendship at stake: Many of the ETBs invested in each other's businesses, and Johnson, Tribe, and Kanarick put money into Nerve early on. Calacanis helped by lionizing the group in his magazine: *The Reporter*'s monthly page of party photos once ran under the headline DIGITAL DIM SUM: THEY LEAD THE CHARMED LIFE SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO. A towheaded Brooklynite who has a black belt in tae kwon do and loves the Knicks, Calacanis has been accused of using the *Reporter* to shill for friends and advertisers, but his belief remains pure. "The metaphor for Silicon Alley is the people who reinvented film in the late sixties," he says. "It's the Dennis Hoppers and Scorseses and Coppolas—the people who didn't care about Hollywood and wanted to build something new."

Like Hollywood's players, some of the ETBs have a tendency to circle the wagons when it comes to the media. "Journalists are leeches," Dachis reportedly has said, "and I don't have time for remoras." Calacanis, especially, protects his friends. "Look, at *New York* Magazine, you're writing for a group of people who didn't get it early on," he said this month at his Union Square office. "These people don't understand how we're making all this money, and they're pissed. So now they've come up with SomeDumbIdea.com, and they're expecting to IPO with SomeDumbIdea.com. They're Johnny-come-latelys, they're posers, and they're resented." He pauses. "And you're here to write a story that makes the Early True Believers look like assholes so that your readers will feel better about the fact that we have more money than them."

IT COULDN'T LAST. HARRIS WAS THE FIRST TO exchange some of his dreams and options for cold, hard cash, in 1997, when the Gartner Group put $8 million into Jupiter Communications, the Internet research firm he founded. After that, what one ETB calls his "mind-blowingly offensive personality" became harder to swallow. He began a half-serious feud with Calacanis, who reported in his *Paper* magazine column that Harris's girlfriend was having a lesbian love affair he'd discovered when he developed a roll of film with incriminating photos. More recently, "Calacanis shellacked me on that last Silicon Alley 100 in the *Reporter*," Harris complains. "Running a picture of my ex-CEO and my name underneath his! No way is he getting near my court seats for the Knicks this season—certainly not for the playoffs. He can sit in his crap seats in the rafters."

Business intruded in other ways as well. Content was no longer king, and the smart money moved on to search engines, online communities, e-commerce, B2B companies. "You could hear the hoofbeats of the investors galloping from one to another, every six months," says Griscom. In late-'97 and early '98, gURL.com was bought by dELiA*s, Word by Zapata, and SonicNet by TCI—which even tried to drug-test the employees. In May of 1999, SonicNet became MTVi when it was bought by Viacom. Suddenly, the ETBs weren't trying to seize the means of media production from the folks who eat at Nobu—they were taking lunch with them.

But the divide between the ETB haves and the ETB have-nots—or more accurately, the don't-have-yets—became most obvious in the spring of 1998, when hundreds of Netheads crammed into Webster Hall for the first Silicon Alley Talent Show, a $30-per-head benefit to fund independent Web projects. Many of the ETBs performed in the spirit of supporting their less established colleagues, but some of the corporate high rollers—Kanarick, Harris, Butterworth—were noticeably absent from the roster. With Bowe, ITP chair Red Burns, and MIT guru Nicholas Negroponte officiating, Calacanis practiced tae kwon do, Odes and the gURL band sang a hard-rocking ditty called "The Technology Song," and Johnson and some Feed employees played a country tune about "building the brand, so high / Gonna rise like Chan Suh." But the real laughs came when Levy stepped on stage to rap:

Back in the day when new media was new
I could bullshit my employer 'cuz no one had a clue
I was making e-zines on my Mac II
I was totally wired not like the rest of you . . .
I'm the biggest bitch in Silicon Alley
I'm better than those nerds in Silicon Valley
Bill Gates calls me up when he needs advice

"THESE KIDS DON'T CARE ABOUT THEIR 401(K). THEY WANT SPECIAL K."

Photograph by Mark Arbeit. Hair and makeup by Suzanne Katz/Kramer & Kramer. Clothing: clockwise from left, raincoat by Burberrys (3); raincoat by A.P.C.; raincoat by Burberrys; raincoat by A.P.C.

'Cuz I'm Jaime Levy and I'm as cold as ice . . .
Now I'm a CEO running the show
I said: Now I'm a super HO running the show
Now I'm just waiting for that big IPO

THE IRONY OF LEVY'S SONG WASN'T lost on the crowd: When Kanarick offered her a third of the Razorfish partnership in 1995, Levy turned him down. "I just thought Jeff was an idiot," she says, dexterously rolling a Drum cigarette in her high-ceilinged Flatiron office. "I was like, 'What do we need this business dude for?' Was I ever wrong." Kanarick all but disappeared for two years to work day and night on Razorfish, but one night in late '97, she met up with him for dinner; afterward, Jeff showed her how to write a proposal to design a corporate Website. "It was depressing," says Levy. "Here I was, an early pioneer, and I didn't do the Razorfish thing, and I didn't do the Web TV thing—and I thought, *Jeez, what have I been doing?* It felt like shit. It took a year of therapy and someone to give me half a million dollars for my new company to recover."

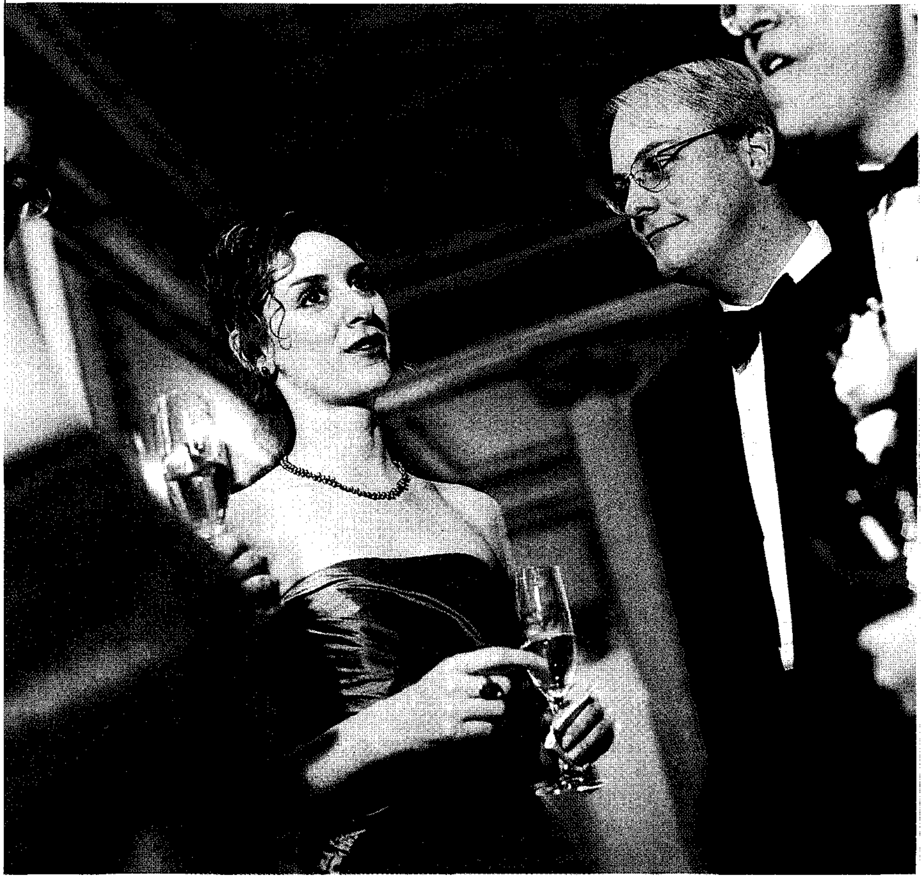
She sighs, stamping out her cigarette in a pewter ashtray. "I still live with two roommates in the East Village, and Craig is a billionaire who's building a penthouse in SoHo, and it's like, 'Fuck Craig!' " she says. "But . . . *aaaaaaaah!* What am I going to do? What am I going to do? I didn't want to do the boring shit Craig had to do, like bank Websites. And I will make it. I get it. It's not like I'm some loser from Buttcrack, Ohio, who just showed up."

WHEN LOSERS FROM BUTTCRACK, Ohio, do show up, their first stop is one of the monthly new-media mixers—CyberSuds or Cocktails With Courtney. With cash bars, epic business-card swapping, and sometimes raffles for an MP3 player from the party's sponsor, these networking events at lounges like Spy Bar and Veruka are as far from Levy's loft parties as Bleecker is from Ludlow. "These Cocktails With Courtney parties are like cocaine that's been cut so many times it's crap," says a dot-com CEO, gazing hungrily at the kitchen door for more of the promised pizza squares. "Still, the real players do still show up in the most random places."

The Courtney who hosts the Cocktails is 30-year-old Courtney Pulitzer, a distant relative to the fortune who has written a weekly online Alley society column since 1997. ("She's a Froot Loop, but you gotta love her," says one ETB.) "Although the Internet world is all about casualness, my parties represent a time when things were a little more dressy," says Pulitzer, who has the misty look of a thirties movie star and outfits herself like one as well. "A time when the butler took your coat at the door and offered you a martini."

This winter, Pulitzer organized Silicon Alley's first-ever black-tie party, a benefit for the Fresh Air Fund at the Metropolitan Club. She had a sweeping gown designed by her Russian seamstress just for the occasion and swept her hair up with pearl barrettes. "Unfortunately, it's not a dress you can eat in," she admits. To her glee, big-time moguls like Candice Carpenter of iVillage showed, and Bert Ellis of iXL even gave a toast: "All of us in this room have been in a moment in time that no one could've predicted," he declared. One of Rudy Giuliani's deputies read a note from the mayor: "I'd like to thank Manhattan's own breath of Fresh Air, Courtney Pulitzer!"

CLEANING UP NICE Internet social columnist Courtney Pulitzer and boyfriend at the Metropolitan Club for a black-tie party to benefit the Fresh Air Fund.



Photographed by Marc Asnin/Saba.

After a banquet dinner with flank steak and sushi, a slim blonde in pashmina chatted on a Nokia about how "TV advertising is so twentieth-century"; the gangly CEO of Corporategear.com was pitching himself as a "Bruce Lee kind of street fighter"; and when a red-faced, cigar-chomping interactive-services guy grabbed a passing woman and kissed her on her neck, she protested, "Whoa! Let's take that off-line!" At midnight, there was a spontaneous outbreak of swing dancing.

A middle-aged woman with spiky brown hair and a magenta *faux*-fur coat worked the room with the ferocity of a paparazzo, forcing her black-and-red card into every available palm. "I'm the central intelligence officer at Mayday Interactive," she said, about to introduce her client EVEO.com. "Here's your beta, babe: We're user-generated streaming video—brand-new, totally hot—with a former exec VP from ABC as our chief of content and one of the *Blair Witch* guys on our board. Think cross between Geocities and *America's Funniest Home Videos.*"

She downed her drink.

"So here's my deal," she drawled. "I was big in Hollywood in the eighties, did the CD-ROM thing in '90, and then in '92, someone asked, 'What do you think is going to be hot next?' And I was like, 'Bingo—it's the Internet!' " She grabbed another glass from a passing waiter. "So I get into the Internet business, and it's like I'm about to lose my house because I have this passion, and everyone including my mother thinks I'm crazy. And I'm borrowing money from her because I had the jones for the Internet, and really I was this close to losing my house—like three payments behind—and I was like, 'Yo, I don't want to get rid of my Mustang, you know?' " She smiled. "But I gotta say, fuck me with a chain saw, huh?"

THE ETBS CAN STILL LOOK DOWN ON those late to the gold rush, but now, more than ever, the ones who haven't scored yet want to get *paaaaaaid.* "As idealistic as myself or Rufus or Steven are, we still spend most of our days talking to investment bankers or VCs," says Tribe. "We really believe we're making the world a more interesting place, but nevertheless we've gotten the equivalent of our M.B.A.'s along the way."

This past July 4 weekend, when the ETBs who had already struck it rich were away at the beach, Calacanis organized a sushi dinner at Bond Street for the rest of the old posse—including Bowe, Levy, Johnson. "It was sweet, and I know Jason was trying to create a sense of camaraderie, but we were suspicious," says Rushkoff. "We felt there must have been something that he was trying to do for himself. Because everyone in this industry is so suspicious now."

"Look, we hang, but there was always an underlying competitiveness," says Harris, in a quiet yet gruff voice. "They're rallying you to beat them, and you're rallying them to beat you. Like with Butterworth's MTVi thing—you kind of root for him, but you kind of hope he doesn't do better than you. But let's face it: I'm at the top of the pecking order." He may be lonely up there: Not one of the others made it to Harris's two-week million-dollar millennial banquet—an 80-person sleepover with a firing range, Quake tournaments, and a live sex show. Kanarick: "Not interested." Levy: "Josh totally ripped off the idea of my CyberSlacker parties." Harris: "She's totally deluded. This is what I was put on earth to do."

"EVEN IF MY COMPANY DID TANK, I'D GET A SIX-FIGURE JOB AT SOME ENTERTAINMENT NETWORK."

He's not the only one with Warholian dreams: Kanarick, as you may have read on "Page Six," will soon open an Orchard Street burlesque club and restaurant called the Slipper Room. "Titties with tassels! Gotta have pasties!" he says. "We have a girl who does a feather fan dance, and a lot of former strippers doing silly things in fur bikinis. And we're doing a musical based on *Swiss Family Robinson*—I play a peg-legged pirate with an eye patch and I go *arrrrrrrrh* a lot. He runs a hand over his purple-for-January hair. "Oh, the whole place is tacky, but it's gorgeous, like Ivana's house meets Bugsy Siegel circa 1929."

"I'm certainly competitive in a social way with Craig, and it pisses me off when he's on 'Page Six,' " admits Harris. "But in Craig's heart of hearts, he wants to be in the New York social scene. I make scenes; he participates in them. But hey, he doesn't have time—he works for a living." He laughs manically. "Hey, Craig's a stud. He had a makeout session with my girlfriend once—she's been down the Alley. I can take it."

They've all come a long way. "I didn't grow up overly social in high school—I wasn't popular or anything of that nature," says Kanarick. "I wasn't a loser, but, you know, I was a freak! A nerdy little technology guy who also had this weird art thing going on. I was a freak, but I knew about this secret little world. I had e-mail in 1985, okay? Now, for me to walk down the street and hear dot-com this, app that, e-mail me this, there's a loss of innocence and a sadness. It's no longer the indie scene. It's the music industry."

And no one wants to get stuck at CBGB. "We're all tired of going to launch parties and getting oversize T-shirts," Levy says. "That being said, I hope that the party for my new CyberSlacker series will be a hit." Her animated cartoon about an East Village slacker who wears T-shirts with catchy phrases like GEN Y WILL DIE will be released on Centerseat.com next week. "We're having D.J. Spooky at the Angel Orensanz Center, which is on the Lower East Side, so it's cool, and there'll be free booze. Now, to have people look at your work, I guess you've got to talk the big talk and have suits and things." She sighs. "Even if my company did tank, I'd get a six-figure job at some entertainment network, because now I have high-level managerial experience. It's not all for naught."

ANOTHER WINTER NIGHT, ANOTHER Internet party—this time at the grotto at Tonic for MP3Lit.com, Insound, and RedFilter, the last of which hasn't yet launched. "It's bizarre going to parties and feeling like an elder statesman," admits Griscom, a head taller and nearly ten years older than anyone else in the room. Giant wine casks from a local kosher winery serve as banquettes in the chic new space, with room in them for half a dozen people each—just the perfect size for a small group of friends, most of whom are 23. "We're the Internet Brat Pack," announces Jess Zaino, host of an *Entertainment Tonight*–type show on Pseudo.com called *StarFreaky.* "It's kind of our . . . Moment in Time." ETBs—the next generation?

The dashing group includes Kozmo.com promotion manager Matt Heindl; Zaino's producer from Pseudo, Nicole Abramovici; and RedFilter's Steve Weiss and CEO William O'Shea, who was recently on the cover of the *Voice.* "Will is a star," shouts Zaino, who is working a Betty Boop kind of look, handing a bunch of drink tickets to a less Brat Packy friend. "Everywhere we go, everyone's like, 'Will! You rock!' " She reaches over to pinch his cheek. "Cutie!"

She squats down next to me and pulls up her sleeve to show me her tattoo. "This is a star, and it has a little J in the middle," she says. "Just to remind me that I *also* need to be a little superstar."

"Tattoos are everywhere," offers Abramovici, who is working a Daria kind of look. "There was this one guy who got into the VIP room at the last Pseudo party just because he had a henna tattoo of PSEUDO."

"That's nothing," says Syl Tang, a recent Cornell grad who is working a Daria's-friend-Jane kind of look. "I have a friend who has the name of every Internet company he's worked at and INTEL carved in his arm."

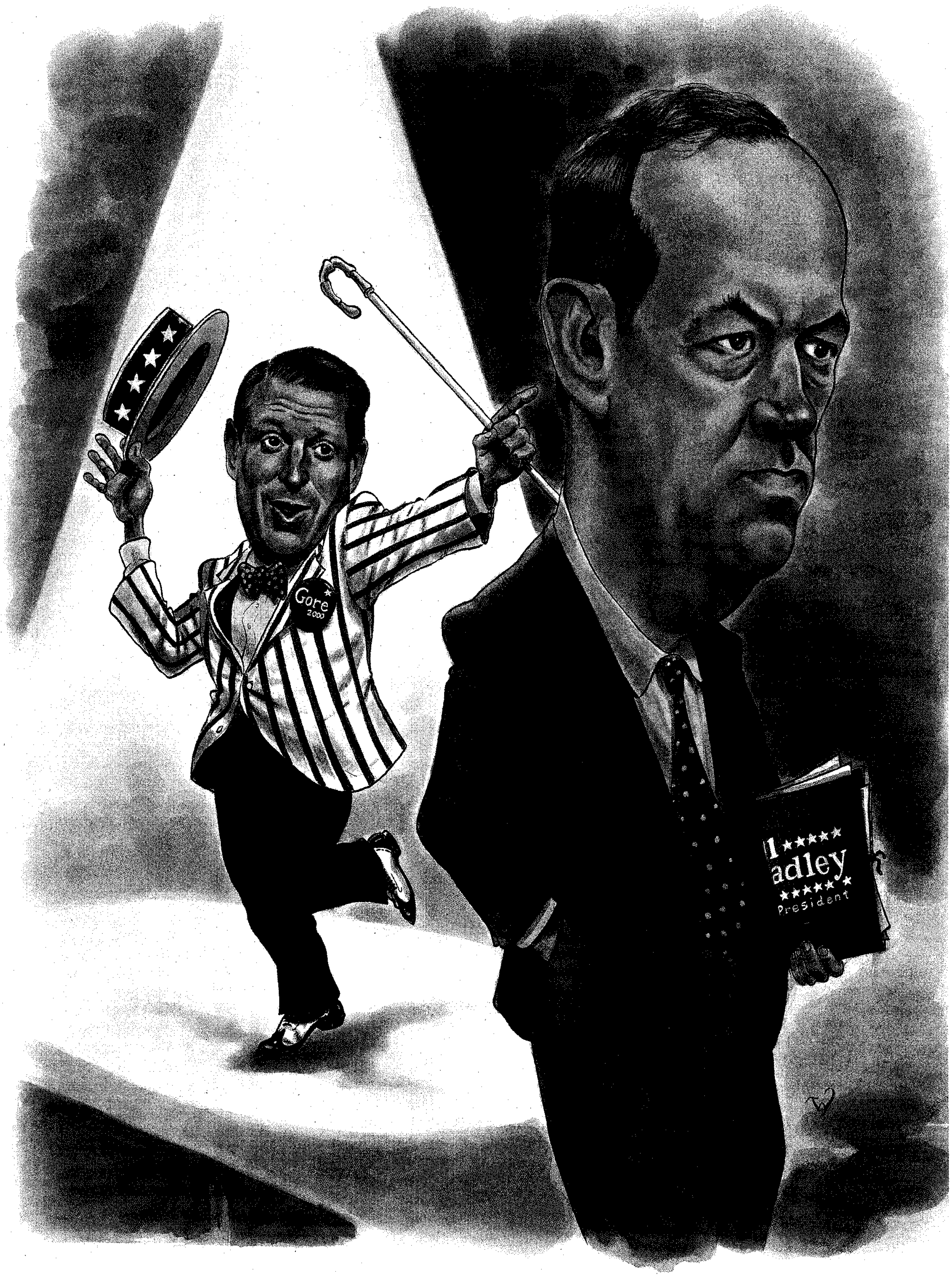
"You got to represent!" says a guy with spiky hair and angular glasses, working a Craig Kanarick kind of look. "This whole Internet thing is about faith!"

"It's about social Darwinism!" yells Betty Boop, puckering her full red lips. "It's Calvinism! I get paid shit right now, and it's not even an issue for me!"

"It's about opportunity over reward!" agrees Daria.

"Yes! Opportunity over reward!" exclaims the guy who looks like Kanarick.

"Look, I didn't graduate from college," says Betty Boop. "I could be on the streets of San Francisco right now, because I'm a free spirit." She pulls a cigarette out of a silver case. "And on a more shallow level, I just want to be a little superstar, hence my tattoo. Excuse me for cursing, but I will fucking kill you to get what I want. I will get what I fucking want." ■


Gore
2000
l ★★★★★
adley
★★★★★
President

Song And Dance

In the weeks leading up to the New York primary, Al Gore finally came to life in the spotlight as Bill Bradley, bright ideas and all, seemed to fade into the chorus.

By Michael Tomasky

SO I'M RIDING AROUND MANHATTAN WITH BILL BRADLEY IN his campaign van when to my surprise—and, it appears, to his, since he doesn't really talk about it all that much—I've somehow got him on the subject of his old Knicks days. The conversation courses over topics like where he and Ernestine used to live and what their favorite haunts were, until he finally gets to the heart of the matter. "When I was playing," he says, "I used to love to rebound. And I used to love to put my body up against guys, guys bigger than I was, and put my elbow into their ribs, and I used to love to hear that"—he makes a sound that's hard to translate into letters—"*Unghnfff!* That's what I wanna hear! I wanna hear that *unghnfff!*" • The story of his campaign, I guess, is that he's never managed to get that *unghnfff.* The Apollo debate was about as close as he'll get. He landed a few elbows, but Gore gave at least as good as he got. When Bradley said maybe some members of the Congressional Black Caucus weren't familiar with Gore's record, he said it, I felt, not arrogantly but innocently. Bradley's notions about race, like pretty much all his notions, are just too resistant to category for debate sound bites. But when the mock-humble vice-president managed to turn it around and say that the members of the caucus are smarter than Bradley thinks they are, making it sound as though Bradley was trying to be superior

Illustrations by S. B. Whitehead

again, that, I thought, put him ahead as the buzzer sounded.

Gore closed the deal with the crowd in a way that Bradley has never quite figured out how to do. "It's the weirdest thing," says one Democratic operative who's sympathetic to him. "Here's this guy, this great athlete, very competitive. But he doesn't seem to have the fight in him. It's very puzzling." Actually, it's not: The qualities that make Bradley an interesting person—his contemplative nature, his circumspection, his innate need to question assumptions and see all sides of an argument—are exactly the qualities that someone running for president can't have. It's just about that simple.

AL GORE IS GOING TO BE THE DEMOCRATIC nominee. He's changed in the last few months, and he's earned it. Underneath the shallow symbolism of moving his office to Nashville and changing into polo shirts, he does seem to have finally justified to himself why he ought to be president, beyond the facts that (a) he's the vice-president already and (b) he was born to be, which were more or less what he was running on last year. He even looks like he can win now—last fall, he and George W. Bush both looked like frat boys, and today, only Bush does.

But I still have this soft spot for Bradley. Or, to put it more precisely, I have this soft spot for his ideas. Universal health coverage. End of child poverty. Sexual preference as a civil right. These are things the Democratic Party just ought to be for, without equivocation. Gore dances around them, and Bradley just says them flat out.

And I thought, for a while, these ideas might put him over the top. In spite of his lack of support from the unions and pols. In spite of the fact that he didn't seem to hire real political professionals who weren't already working for him. In spite of his cactusy personality (I was in a green room not long ago with a famous liberal comic actor; he was intrigued by Bradley last year, he said, but Dollar Bill lost him with that "Let me explain how the private sector works, *Al*" business at one of the debates).

Well, they didn't put him over the top. Instead, John McCain sucked up all the outsider energy in this race. There's a reason that happened, and the reason is that Bradley made the mistake of trying to run on ideas. But regrettably, ideas don't matter. What matters is biography. Of course candidates have to present a few ideas. But what they really have to do, in the run-up to the primaries and during the early ones, is put themselves out there for everyone to see, touch, smell, take the measure of in every conceivable way. They have to become some metaphorical totem or other—the next-door neighbor we'd like to buddy around with, or the man we'd choose to lead us out of a foxhole.

Bradley had a core New York group—Nadler, Pat Moynihan, Ed Koch, former Cuomo aide Michael Del Giudice. But against the Gore machine they were like the Polish army of 1939, on horseback.

McCain, of course, did exactly that. But that's not Bill Bradley. In Des Moines, just before Christmas, I watched him make his pitch to employees of something called the Principal Financial Group. This event took place, oddly enough, in the very building, or renovated version thereof, where Bradley had competed for a Rhodes scholarship way back when. He said: "I'm running under the radical premise that you can go out, tell people what you believe, and win. Don't support me for me. Support me for those beliefs." I liked that. I circled it, which is how I signal to myself that I might want to use that quote. Unfortunately, it was exactly the wrong way to run this year.

He just couldn't open up. The following day, as he finished a press conference in a back room of a senior center, I managed to catch him one-on-one, and I asked him to name a few books that had influenced him. Books as character-enhancement prop were fairly fresh in the news then, W just having fished James Chace's Dean Acheson biography out of some fortunate memory hole as evidence that he did, in fact, read. We all know you genuinely do read, I said to Bradley; but what?

He smiled nervously, looked at the ground, shook his head, and fidgeted. "If I mention something," he said, "then that will get picked up, and that will become *the* book. So . . ." he carried on in that vein, but by this time three or four other journalists had gathered around, started gently teasing him. He had to say something now, so he came up with *The Unconscious Civilization* by John Ralston Saul. I vaguely know Saul (though I don't know this book) as a political philosopher from Canada whose notions about the Enlightenment are, well, resistant to category. But neither title nor author struck the slightest chord with the group. The conversation, no doubt to Bradley's great relief, went *pffft*.

That's who he is; it wasn't going to change. In 1978, during his first Senate campaign, staff and volunteers weren't allowed to pick him up at home. They met him at a nearby gas station. After he won, the Washington *Post* "Style" section—a D.C. tastemaker, and a place where people pay flacks thousands to try landing them a nice write-up—wanted to profile him, and he said no ("I wanted to be a U.S. Senator," he wrote in his memoir, "not a star"). This is reticence as eccentricity. The No-Talk Express.

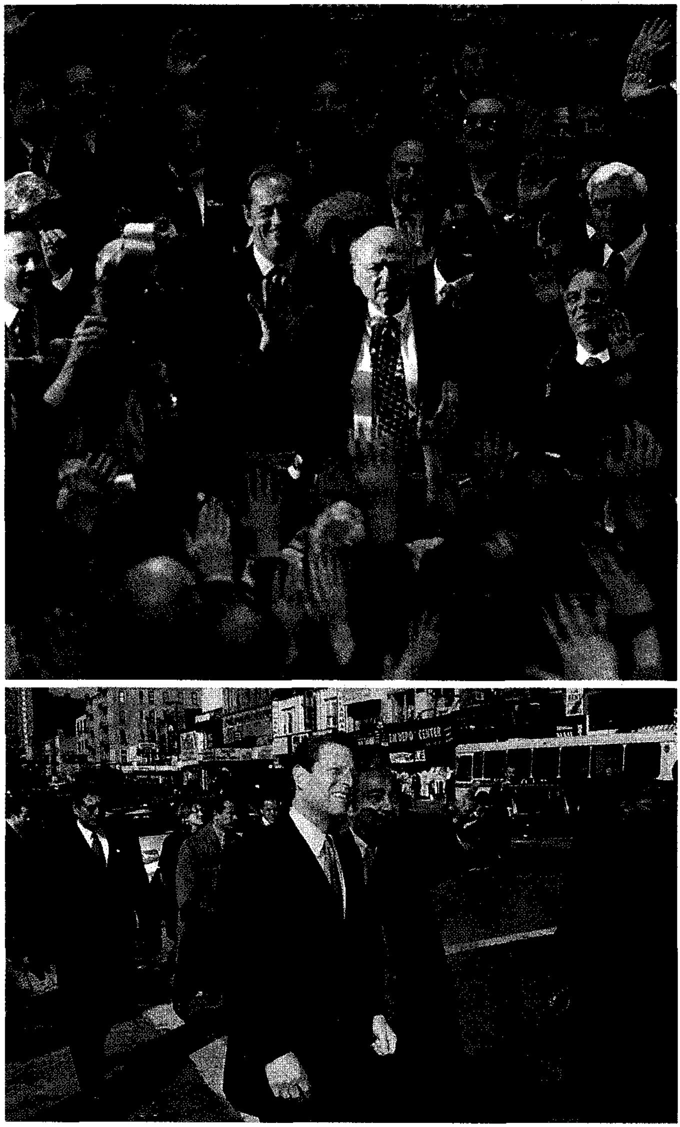
Ideas, especially Big Liberal Ideas, have limitations, because only about a quarter of the country really gives a fig anyway. And ideas kind of throw people, even, or perhaps especially, their endorsers—in a presidential race, to be too specific is to hand the foe ammunition, like letting the other army visit your gunpowder magazine. Bradley's health-care proposal is, as a matter of policy, a fine idea. But politically, it did a lot more for Gore, however dishonestly Gore represented it, than it did for Bradley, who was never able to defend it. The appeal of ideas—Bradley—is narrow, while the appeal of the personal confessional—McCain—is boundless. Some liberals love McCain, even though he votes for everything they detest, while the man whose ideas are the most liberal, they don't like so much. I guess it's what Bradley deserves, because he miscalculated, made lots of mistakes, came across as superior. But if you actually happen to believe in the things Bradley's been espousing, and suspect that he could be a better president than he is a candidate, it's a little depressing.

GORE UNDERSTOOD THIS. HE'S NOT MR. Personal Confessional, but he understood, and understands, that you don't win a political race with intellectual depth and abstraction. You win it by speaking at banquets, taking people's calls, and listening, just endlessly. That's what politics is, really. When Gore attacked

Bradley for being a quitter because he left the Senate, it was ridiculous, in one way, because obviously a man should be free to pursue his own path in life. But it stuck as a charge; people who pursue their own paths in life don't win a party's presidential nomination. Party animals do.

So when the vice president was stumbling last October, when Bradley was comfortably ahead of him in New York, Gore didn't put out a raft of policy proposals. He went and spent the night at Eliot Spitzer's farmhouse up in Columbia County. He and Spitzer went for a jog. "I had a couple of hours to talk to him alone," Spitzer says, "and he did say to me that they did not take the Bradley campaign seriously until early September. It shows that the Washington operation was out of touch." The next morning, Gore, Spitzer, Carl McCall, Sheldon Silver, and a few others strategized in Spitzer's living room, talked about how to put the pieces of the campaign together. Afterward, Spitzer hosted a meeting of 150 party leaders from around the state out in a tent in the yard. "He was great," Spitzer says. "It was clear that he had released himself from the emotional baggage of Washington."

Also in October, Gore's New York people—state director Eric Eve, communications director Peter Ragone, Karenna Gore-Schiff, others—took control of a campaign saddled with way too many chefs. "There were a lot of factions," says one Democrat. "Andrew Cuomo's group, Silver's group, McCall's group. Not them deliberately, but their supporters. If any one segment tried to dominate, the others would act out." The Gore operatives corralled everybody. They met with various local party leaders around the state, and saw that local activists had face time with the candidate to "make sure there was a connection between Al Gore and the activist base," in the words of Long Island Democrat Robert Zimmerman. They sat with other local leaders—for example, in Jerry Nadler's congressional district. Nadler had endorsed Bradley, and the Gore camp didn't want to see this virus spread any further. It didn't. Charlie Rangel got Harlem together. "We said, 'We've gotta turn this thing around,' " Ragone says. "We did."



POINT GUARDS **Top, Ed Koch, with Bradley, leads a rally at Judson Memorial Church in February; bottom, Congressman Charles Rangel escorts Gore to the Apollo debate.**

That, too, is what a campaign's about. Bradley had a core New York group—Nadler, Pat Moynihan, Ed Koch, former Cuomo aide Michael Del Giudice, a handful of elected officials. But against the Gore machine they were like the Polish army of 1939, on horseback. Naturally, it helps to be the sitting vice-president, and most of Gore's backers had already endorsed him months before. But give Gore credit for *going* to these people, asking for direction. By the time New Hampshire was over, Gore's New York people were able to watch their man fly into La Guardia after midnight and have more than 500 people there to greet him. Freezing-cold night, too. Let's face it, they weren't there because they adore Al Gore. They were there because he is the deal they've struck; they feel, all things considered, like he's earned it, and maybe he has.

THE DAY AFTER THE NEW HAMPSHIRE primary, Bradley spoke at the Judson Memorial Church, on Washington Square Park. He was fresh off his decent finish in New Hampshire—truth be told, coming within five points wasn't all that great; it seemed better because the networks didn't call it until nearly three hours after the polls closed, which gave the numbers a touch of drama they didn't quite earn. But it kept him alive, and it jazzed the crowd, which was huge. Ed Koch spoke, and he was great. Awfully impressive set of lungs for 75. He makes everyone raise their right hand, swear they'll "rush to the polls on March 7 *and bring ten friends*" to vote for Bradley.

Bradley himself has this unfortunate habit of going on about fifteen minutes longer than he ought to. Twenty minutes in, he's got 'em. He's talking about being on the Senate Finance Committee and seeing the hallway packed with lobbyists when the committee is writing the tax bill. He imitates a lobbyist calling a client, crouching and whispering: "Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones, I got your loophole through! You don't have to pay any taxes!" Then, three weeks later, the committee holds a hearing on child poverty, and of course, the only thing in the hall is dust. I've heard the speech more than a dozen times by now, and this is always the part that really sinks in.

Then he goes on for another ten, fifteen minutes; the rhetoric, about the "innate goodness of the American people" and "the untapped potential of the presidency," starts to go a little soupy. Imagine going to see Springsteen, watching him ripsnort his way through his five greatest hits, you think the show's ending, and then he decides to do side two of *Nebraska*. And why, in Greenwich Village of all places, doesn't he mention that he wants to protect sexual orientation under civil-rights law? "Well, maybe . . . Yeah. Fair point," says one supporter.

It's after this that I'm scheduled to ride with the candidate from the Village up to the Sheraton. Riding with a candidate is always complicated business, because you kind of don't want to let other reporters know you're doing it, but then you kind of do, because, after all, they aren't. And, as ever, this process involves lots of standing around and doing nothing. It turns out that after the event, Bradley went down to the church basement to give a speech that was being fed live to supporters gathered in hotel ballrooms around California and other March 7 states. Upstairs, press secretary Eric Hauser was holding a press conference with about ten reporters, straining to be heard above the clamor of metal chairs being folded up and carted off.

Finally, an hour and a half after the event ends, we climb in the van. Bradley, Ernestine, a couple of aides. I know writers almost always say this about politicians, but up close . . . you know. He's a nice guy. He's no different, really, than he is in public—he does not, in other words, gush warmth. But he's friendly enough, and he actually asks me a couple of questions about me, which I take as a sign of decency not only in politicians but in people generally. Of course we talk about New Hampshire and what it means and how he plans to proceed from here and so forth; then we get into the West Thirties, and even though we're going up Tenth, we're close enough to the Garden that I figure I can work it in. I tell him about taking a train to New York one night in 1966, alighting at Penn Station just after a Knicks game had ended, and winding up with his autograph. Window to the old days jimmied open, I ask about them.

"I lived at Eighth and 52nd," he says. "Well, my first year I lived on 57th between Eighth and Ninth, and then we moved a couple of blocks down to Eighth Avenue—888 Eighth Avenue. I took a taxi to the games. It became a ritual. My wife always used to joke that I was this great athlete but I'd take a taxi five blocks." (She chimes in: "Five blocks? Half a block!") They went to Gallagher's, and a place on 51st called Cheshire Cheese.

I hope, I'm thinking, that this New York that he clearly loves doesn't end up finishing him off. "Hope springs eternal," Koch told me last week, suggesting that Bradley's last best hope is a series of Perot-style infomercials. Bradley may win some states on March 7, in New England, but, unless lightning strikes, not New York, certainly not California. The better candidate, technically speaking, will have won. But in victory, Gore ought to note the millions who went with the other guy. In November, ideas will matter again, and Bradley has some good ones. ■

The Wizard of AZ

The state GOP is just feeling the true impact of John McCain's candidacy on the future of George Pataki, Rudy Giuliani, et al.

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A LOT EASIER THAN this. Flash back to, say, early October. Mayor Giuliani endorsed George W. Bush. Governor Pataki, who had already backed the Texan, joined both for a quick political jog around the city—out to Queens, up to Arthur Avenue. Smiles all around. Even Guy Molinari, back then, was on the team.

Flash forward to today. Pataki is fighting with State Senate leader Joe Bruno. Pataki and state GOP chair Bill Powers are reportedly at odds over who's running the Bush effort here. Pataki and Giuliani are fighting, of course, because they just always are, public pronouncements aside. Molinari is fighting with everybody. And the presidential choice of all of the above—except Molinari, who later peeled off and grumpily endorsed John McCain—has big problems.

Just weeks ago, the New York Republican Party was all Grant Wood—calm, decipherable, uncomplicated. Today it's a Pollock. Splat, all over the place.

Matters may right themselves. The polls show a neck-and-neck race between Bush and McCain, but the real-life edge still has to go to Bush. Two simple reasons: first, the support of Pataki and Powers; second, the fact that New York's primary is a closed primary—"a real Republican primary," corrects state party spokesman Dan Allen—in which Democrats and Independents can't vote. To which we might add a third reason, savored by insiders: New York's election rules, God bless 'em, stipulate that voters in a presidential primary do not actually vote for the candidates themselves. They vote for delegate slates. The names of the candidates appear under the names of the delegates, in a smaller typeface. You can probably guess which candidate's delegates are well-known local power brokers and which one's are outsiderish scruffs.

So, in all likelihood, New York's role this year—along with California's, where Democrats and Independents can vote, but their votes aren't counted toward the delegate total—will be to toll the bell for insurgency. Except . . . why is it that among Republicans in Michigan and these other states, Bush has been beating McCain three to one, but among Republicans being polled in New York, the race is a virtual dead heat?

"Well, it's a bunch of things," says John Zogby, an independent pollster. "First of all, New York Republicans are moderate. The Rockefeller Republican is not dead. Never has been. It was hijacked for a while, by Buckley Republicanism. And they hated Mario Cuomo, but a lot of people ended up hating Mario Cuomo, even some Democrats. But Rockefeller Republicans never went anywhere."

That's reason No. 1. Here's No. 2: "There is an element among rank-and-file Republican voters who are very angry at the governor and the party for the ham-handed way they tried to keep McCain off the ballot." This is not to be underestimated. Most inside-baseball stories just go away, and those of us who obsess over their details often wonder why the public didn't seem to care. But this one, people cared about.

Here's reason No. 3, again from Zogby: "Forty-five to 48 percent of the state Republican vote is Catholic. And while there is no Catholic vote per se—if anything, Catholics are *more* likely to disagree with the pope and the cardinal on abortion, for example—there are Catholic sensibilities. If somebody attacks the pope, then even fallen Catholics get angry." You haven't heard the last about Bob Jones University, in other words, from the McCain camp. From the Bush team, expect to see the Catholic brother, the Mexican sister-in-law, maybe even the little brown ones, as Poppy touchingly called them.

And, finally, No. 4: "Forty percent of the Republicans who voted in Michigan identified themselves as Christian conservatives. You're not going to find that here in New York. I would say 15, 20 percent."

In sum—a whole new ball game. Forget Michigan. New York's different. Besides, there is a—well, a spiritual factor at work here. Or Zeitgeistian. Which is to say, McCain is, somehow, a better fit. He's more New York—straight talk, sense of humor, devil-may-care twinkle of mischief in his eye. Bush is strictly hicksville (and I don't mean Long Island), sucking up to the Christian right, going to Bob Jones, getting his only solid victories in two of the whitest, most conservative, and quite possibly overall worst states in the union.

Peter King, the Long Island congressman who switched to McCain just before Michigan, touched on this. "You grow up in New York, to survive politically—to survive just with people—you have to deal with all kinds of different ethnic groups, different people, different points of view," King says. "So you learn after a while that you don't come at people with a hard line. It's a question of tone. I'm pro-life. I don't walk into a room in New York expecting everybody to be pro-life." What King's saying, really, is that someone whose style isn't rigid is more in tune with the way New Yorkers think and act. New York is just more of a McCain kind of state.

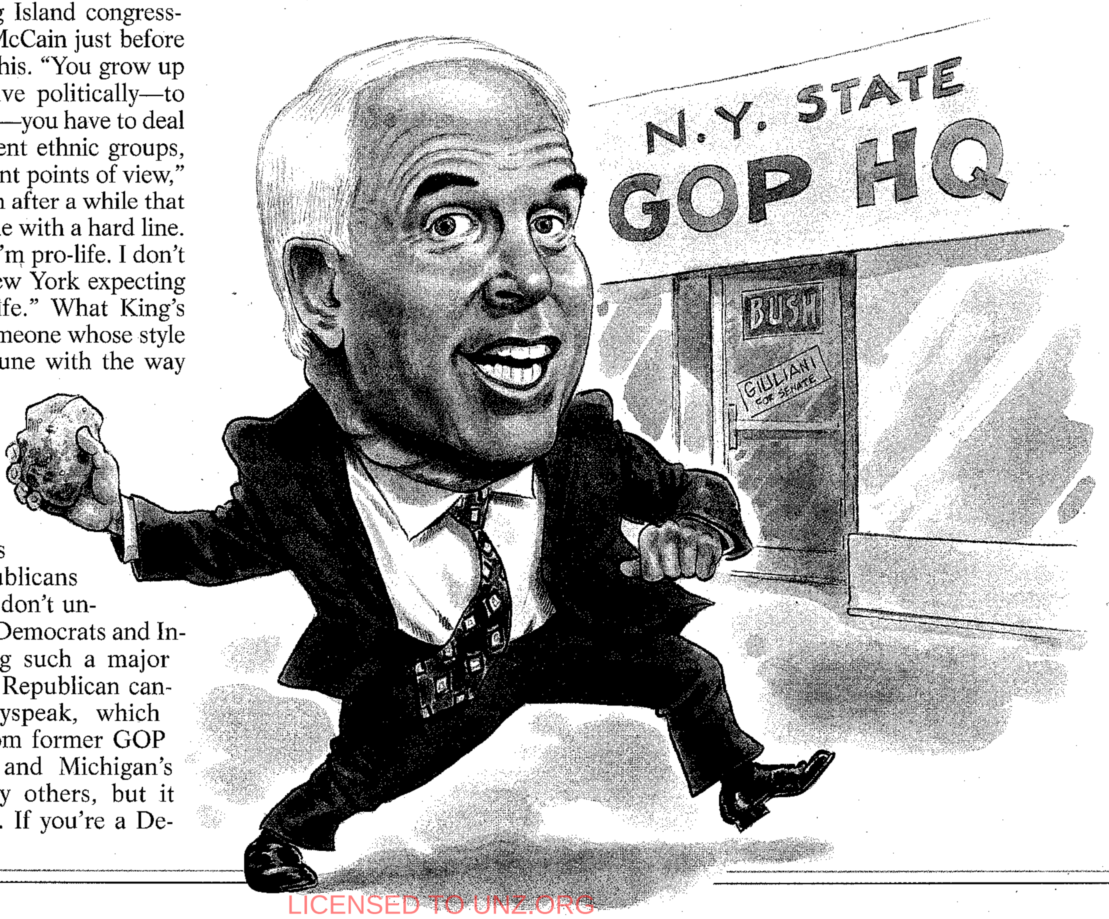
Bush is still the favorite. Dan Allen insists that he hears from lots of Republicans around the state who "don't understand how it is that Democrats and Independents are playing such a major role in nominating the Republican candidate." This is partyspeak, which we've been hearing from former GOP chair Haley Barbour and Michigan's John Engler and many others, but it shouldn't be dismissed. If you're a Democrat, imagine a Democrat who had a strong liberal record on most questions but veered from the party line on one or two vital questions—let's say this hypothetical Dem supported the impeachment of Bill Clinton, and was pretty strident about doing so. Imagine watching that Democrat win primary after primary, on the strength of Republican votes. You might be a little steamed.

THE REAL FUN OF THIS REPUBLICAN primary, though, isn't in who wins. It's in what happens in New York afterward *because* of who wins.

Consider, first, a McCain victory. This would be devastating for the state GOP. Pataki endorsed Bush last *May*. This was supposed to be a done deal. If it collapses? Pataki and Powers are supposedly at loggerheads, and have been for some time, about the Bush campaign's direction and about the Giuliani Senate campaign. On the former, it's said that Powers has been miffed because, as one source put it, "all the communications from the Bush people have gone not through the party but through the second floor"—that is, the governor's office. With regard to the latter, it's simple: Powers has been helpful to Giuliani these past few months, which obviously doesn't make Pataki very happy. Allen says there's no bad blood—"They talk on the phone all the time," he says, "and I don't hear any screaming." But insiders have been speculating for a while now about how much longer Powers will stay in his job. The man who rebuilt the state party has been on a bit of a skid lately, with no wins to brag about, really, since Pataki's first, in 1994, which helps explain why he's disregarding the governor's war with the mayor and pulling for Giuliani.

Speaking of whom, what would a McCain win mean for him? Well, he endorsed Bush, so he'll continue his lengthy, by this time surely record-setting streak of endorsing losers. But he'd probably come out of a McCain win looking okay because Bush is more the governor's baby than Giuliani's, and because the mayor did say in January that McCain should be on the ballot. And should McCain win New York and actually end up being the GOP nominee, that helps Rudy even more, because it's commonly agreed that Bush at the top of the ticket in New York in November is exactly what Hillary Clinton is praying for.

And if Bush wins, will the governor just write off November, since no one believes Bush can beat Al Gore in New York anyway, and happily let Rudy die with Bush? Or will he actually do something surprising for a politician and put his party's fate ahead of his own? That seems unlikely. But what does seem likely is that by November, we'll be able to declare a winner in the Pataki-Giuliani war, and March 7 is a key battle. M.T.



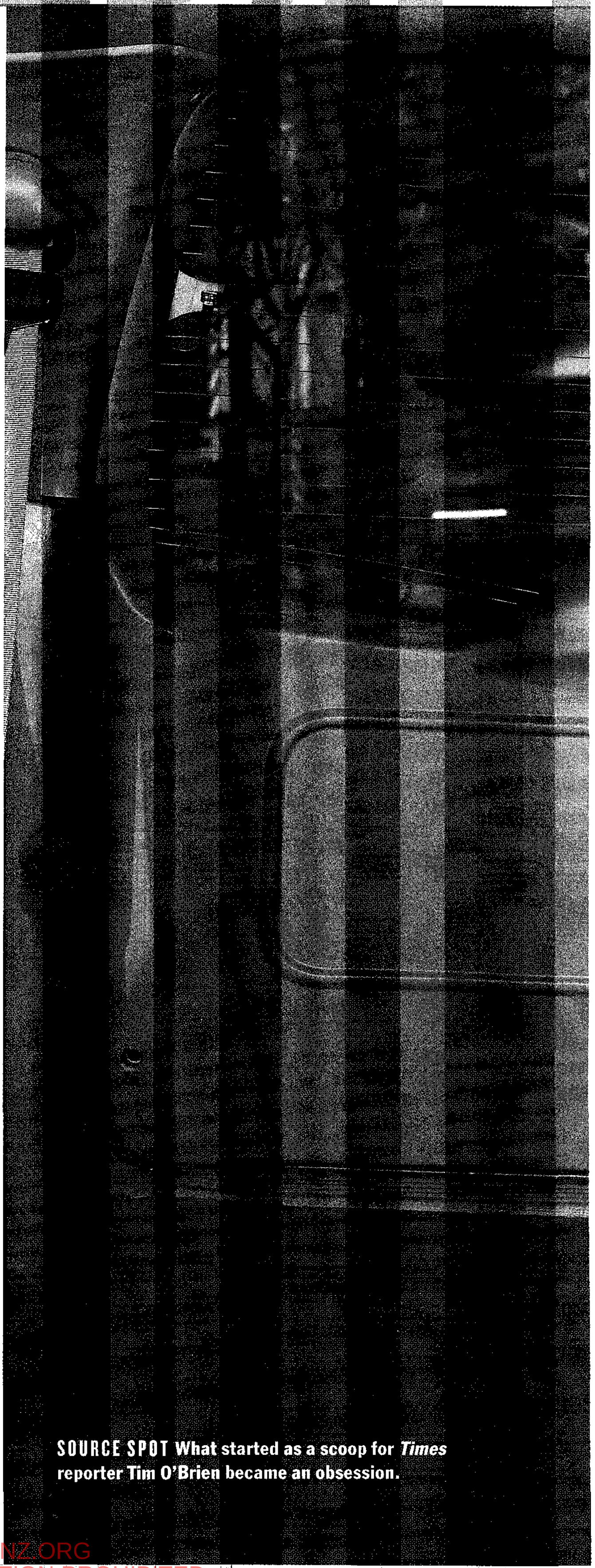
POISONED AT T

WHEN *TIMES* REPORTER TIM O'BRIEN TOOK ON A SOURCE IN THE BANK OF NEW YORK SCANDAL, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A STRANGE NEW WORLD IN WHICH THE INVESTIGATOR BECAME THE INVESTIGATED.

BY DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

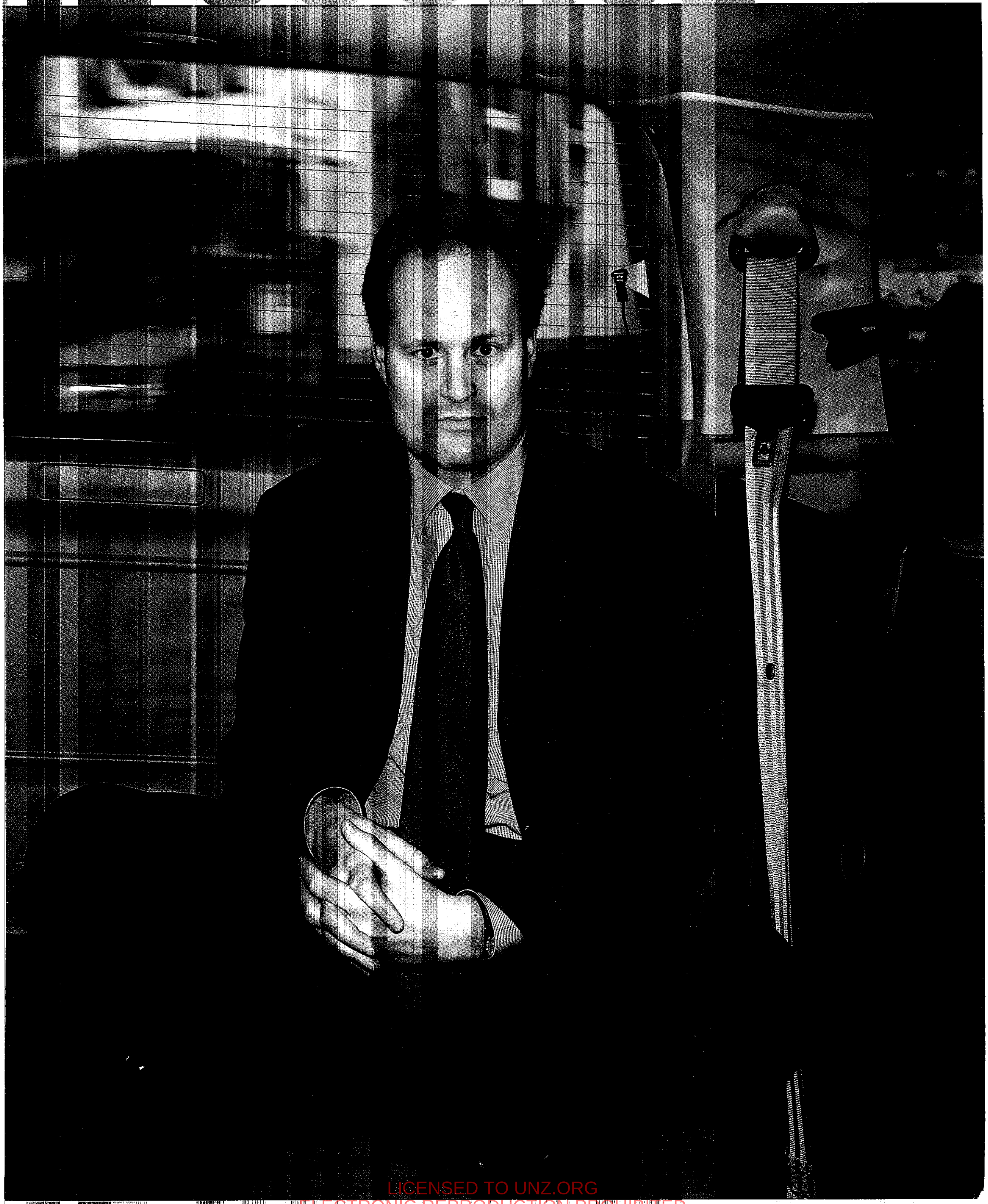
MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE NEW YORK *TIMES* newsroom on the morning of August 19, 1999, Timothy O'Brien basked in congratulations. On the *Times* front page, under a byline he shared with veteran reporter Raymond Bonner, was a story revealing for the first time the Bank of New York's complicity in a staggering money-laundering operation—perhaps $10 billion in all—set up by corrupt Russian banks. It was the biggest financial scandal in a decade. For O'Brien, a stocky 38-year-old with a blunt-talking manner and a receding hairline, it was the high point in his eleven-year reporting career. • The moment must have been doubly sweet because it meant that he'd scooped the *Wall Street Journal.* Five years before, banking had been his beat at the *Journal.* But after he returned from a paternity leave, it had been given to another reporter, and he'd grown increasingly frustrated. Three years ago, he jumped to the *Times,* and now he'd beaten his former employers to a story in the heart of their own territory. The story, he knew, would set off a mad scramble to catch up in newsrooms around the city. But he and Bonner weren't about to let that happen. • In the middle of the morning, as O'Brien pushed ahead on a follow-up, he received a call from a stranger, a Russian-American journalist named Viktor Smolny. "I know this lawyer, Emanuel Zeltser," Smolny said. "He has all these documents about the Bank of New York. You should meet him." • O'Brien arranged to meet

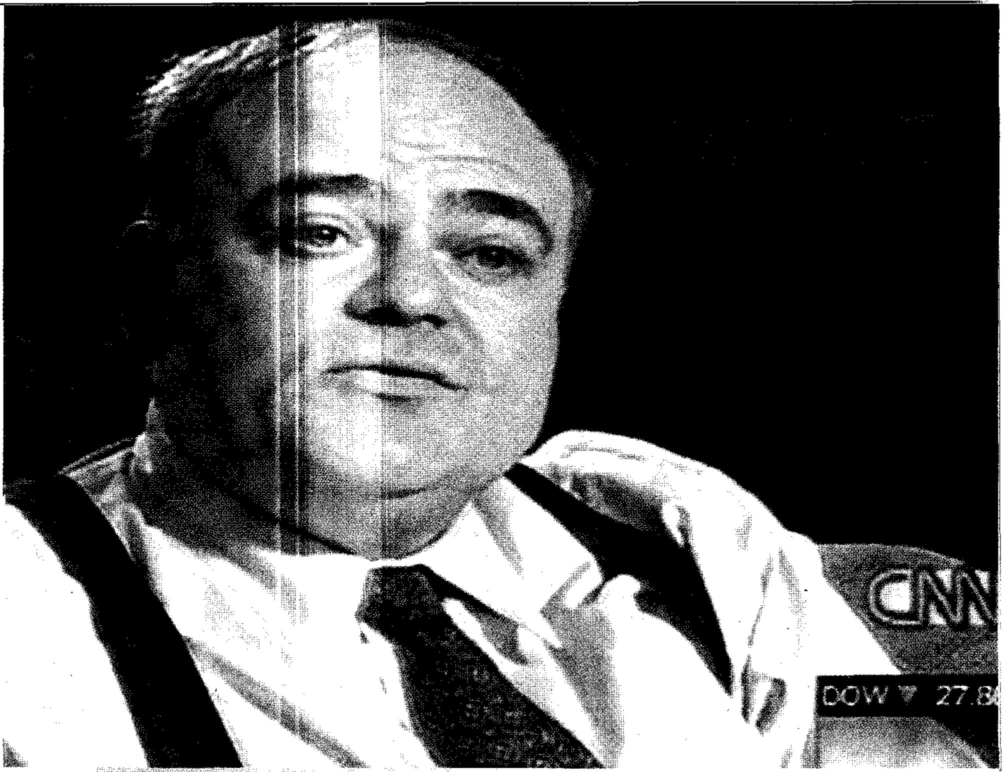
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUSTINE PARSONS

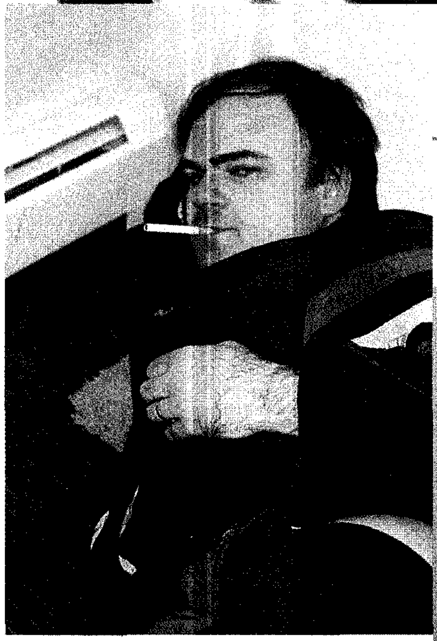


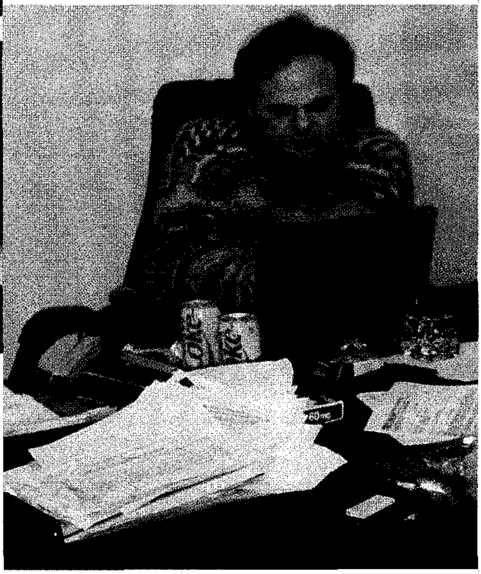
SOURCE SPOT What started as a scoop for *Times* reporter Tim O'Brien became an obsession.

HE SOURCE









SMOOTH OPERATOR **After O'Brien quoted Emanuel Zeltser, the national media beat a path to his dingy office on 57th Street.**

“I HAD CREATED THIS FRA
CREDIBILITY, AND THI

Zeltser at about two o'clock the same day, in Zeltser's office at West 57th and Broadway. The office turned out to be a dingy three-room suite decorated with prints of Russian art and framed certificates from Ronald Reagan's 1984 presidential campaign.

Zeltser was an unusual figure, to say the least. He was just under six feet tall, thick and balding, with intense eyes shadowed by a heavy brow. He appeared to be in his mid-fifties, although he turned out to be only 46. Throughout their talk, Zeltser guzzled Diet Coke and chain-smoked Marlboros, often forgetting to flick the ashes until they fell onto his shirt and tie. He lit his cigarettes with a lighter in the shape of a miniature blowtorch, leading to his *Times*-newsroom nickname: Blowtorch. An air purifier hummed ineffectually below his desk.

Zeltser told O'Brien that a number of years before, he'd done legal work for Inkombank, one of the largest and most corrupt Russian banks, before it became insolvent and collapsed. His work ended in 1993, however, and he became embroiled in a lawsuit over his payments. Inkombank countersued, alleging embezzlement. In the course of discovery, Zeltser explained, he had obtained reams of documents from inside Inkombank, which he would be delighted to share.

O'Brien's story had reported that Natasha Kagalovsky, a senior vice-president at the Bank of New York, was under suspicion in the scandal. Zeltser filled in further details about Kagalovsky's push for Inkombank's business. He handed over a 1995 memo from Kagalovsky to her superiors trumpeting her success. “Inkombank is our largest generator of fee income,” the memo noted.

O'Brien was elated. “Sometimes,” he says, “when you are chasing a story, you find these weird people who have documents. I thought it was one of those lucky days.”

O'Brien checked his new discoveries and then filed his follow-up story. The piece, which detailed the eagerness of Bank of New York executives to do business with Russian financiers who were obviously crooks, quoted Zeltser by name while acknowledging that his personal quarrel with Inkombank gave him a motive to wish it ill.

The same day the second story appeared, he brought Ray Bonner up to meet their new source at his office. Zeltser thanked O'Brien for quoting him, O'Brien says, but then he asked for anonymity, citing his fear of the Russian mob. His new interest in keeping a low profile made O'Brien suspicious. And then, as the reporters sat on a leather couch and tried to gauge what he knew about the Bank of New York, Zeltser seemed to blunder badly.

Zeltser told the two he knew a key bank executive named Peter Berlin. “What does he look like?” O'Brien asked. Zeltser, O'Brien says, described him as short and sandy-haired. As it happened, however, O'Brien knew Berlin from his investigations—he was tall and thin, with a distinctive black beard. As far as O'Brien was concerned, the game was over. “To me he was a dead end,” says O'Brien. “We just said, ‘He smells,’ and pushed him aside. Then Ray and I went off on a whole other big reporting trail.”

Walking away from Zeltser, however, did not turn out to be that easy. A financial scandal on the scale of the Russian-money-laundering probe quickly becomes an industry, with journalists and lawyers competing fiercely for information. And with

Photograph; top, courtesy of CNN/*Moneyline*

O'Brien's help—he was the only named source in the *Times* stories—Zeltser quickly built himself a powerful franchise, a clearinghouse for gossip and documents on the Bank of New York scandal.

"I had created this Frankenstein monster by quoting this guy," O'Brien says now. "I gave him credibility, and then everybody thought he was the key to breaking the Bank of New York story."

When O'Brien realized what had happened, he tried to undo it, even taking two near-heretical steps: making himself a subject of one his own stories and exposing a source in the pages of the New York *Times*. But when he set out to unmask Zeltser, Zeltser attempted to expose O'Brien in return, eventually enlisting the New York *Post*'s "Page Six" and even the New York City Police Department.

"THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL, USA TO*day, the London *Times,* CNN, Bridge News—I was working with a lot of reporters," Emanuel Zeltser says when I first meet him in his office. "I was friendly with everyone."

Zeltser provided excellent service to the reporters. He was in his office until all hours of the night—he sticks around, he says, for calls from Eastern Europe—and he's happy to entertain them. So heavy was the foot traffic at the height of the case that journalists frequently ran into each other there. Sometimes they went out to have drinks with the women who were always milling around Zeltser's office—freelance journalists or employees of his American Russian Law Institute—while competing reporters met with him.

Zeltser also became a fixture on the phone lists of attorneys working for Mel Weiss, the flamboyant lawyer known for shareholder lawsuits, who filed suit against the Bank of New York's directors soon after O'Brien's first story appeared. Zeltser himself teamed up with Harold Hoffman, a local lawyer, to file suit against the Bank of New York on behalf of Inkombank depositors, alleging that it abetted Inkombank's graft and subsequent bankruptcy. Zeltser told reporters that he expected to seek more than $1 billion in damages, redoubling his incentive to see both banks disparaged in the press.

"Of course I have an interest!" Zeltser tells me. "Of course I am not an objective source. There is no question that I am suing the Bank of New York, I sued Inkombank; clearly those guys are not my friends. If something appears in the paper saying that they are no good, well, yeah, at least emotionally it is good for me. That is why a reporter needs to make a decision what to print and what not to."

I WAS AT THE *JOURNAL* AT THE SAME TIME AS O'Brien, and I knew him professionally, though not well. He revels in the profane banter and competitiveness of the newsroom, calling colleagues "dude" or "chief," while often bringing a crusading fervor to his job. Some reporters use a seduction strategy, ingratiating themselves with their sources, but O'Brien is not one of those. He's aggressive—maybe even hotheaded—attacking stories head-on, making phone call after phone call until he gets the information he's looking for.

Though he and Zeltser traded calls in the weeks after his first stories appeared, O'Brien didn't spend a lot of time thinking about Zeltser until he picked up the phone on a Monday late in October. "Tim, did you see the World Bank story in the *Journal* on Friday?" Zeltser said. "You know, I have a lot of documents relating to that and to Natasha."

O'Brien had read the story. It had reported that the World Bank was investigating one of its Russian representatives for working with Inkombank to trade on inside information. The *Journal* quoted a memo from an executive named Leonid Grigoriev, the alleged leaker, telling Inkombank's chairman about the World Bank's plans. (When the *Journal* contacted Grigoriev, he first seemed to recognize the memo, but later he denied writing it.)

O'Brien insists that the World Bank story didn't really register with him. "That wasn't my story to cover—I couldn't care less," O'Brien says. "We had clear goals in our investigation, and I didn't think the World Bank was a direct part of it."

Zeltser's call, however, piqued his interest. "Suddenly, a lightbulb went off in my head," O'Brien says. Though Zeltser hadn't said so, O'Brien thought the *Journal*'s reporters might have relied on his information. And at the very least, O'Brien wanted to know what Zeltser had to say about Natasha Kagalovsky. "I'll come up and take a look," O'Brien says he told Zeltser. He also warned him: "If any of it is garbage, your anonymity is out the window."

"Fine, fine," Zeltser replied.

Back in his smoky office, Zeltser bragged right away that he was the source behind the *Journal*'s story, and handed over the memo from Grigoriev.

To O'Brien, the whole thing seemed fishy. He hadn't met Grigoriev, but he had heard of him as a mild-mannered professor of economics from the Gorbachev era. Then there was the memo itself. Across the top was printed, "*ATTENTION: The very fact of our participation in this transaction must remain a secret,*" which struck O'Brien as somewhat counterproductive. Its author recounted past windfalls from insider trading: "You realized the profit of $4,308,000 or 43% of your initial investment," he wrote, adding parenthetically, "Minus my modest commission of 10%." Hokey, O'Brien thought.

Zeltser presented a number of documents that seemed to corroborate the scheme—a record of some Russian bond trades, a letter from a Washington, D.C., law firm to Inkombank that mentioned Grigoriev as an Inkombank agent in the U.S. But there were some documents he wouldn't let O'Brien take with him, and others with pages missing.

"I am thinking, *This stuff is fake, and this guy is just starting to smear people,*" O'Brien says. "I'm not trying to sound like Saint Tim, but I think that isn't right."

Back in the newsroom, O'Brien called Andrei Bugrov, Grigoriev's former boss at the World Bank, whose fax machine had sent the memo. Bugrov said it seemed phony to him, too. What's more, he said he had told the *Journal* that. Still, the World Bank had hired outside lawyers to investigate. Then O'Brien did some more research—he found Zeltser widely cited since the *Times* had quoted him, and several stories seemed to draw on the same dubious materials Zeltser had shown O'Brien.

"Frankly, my first reaction was, let the *Journal* keep using this guy if they want. He's a dead end. But when I saw the stuff he was disseminating, I thought, there is a different issue here. This guy had become an important player in what is arguably the biggest financial story of the decade, just because he is skilled at orchestrating this stuff and the media isn't more skeptical."

O'Brien told his editor, Stephen Engelberg, what he had learned about the un-

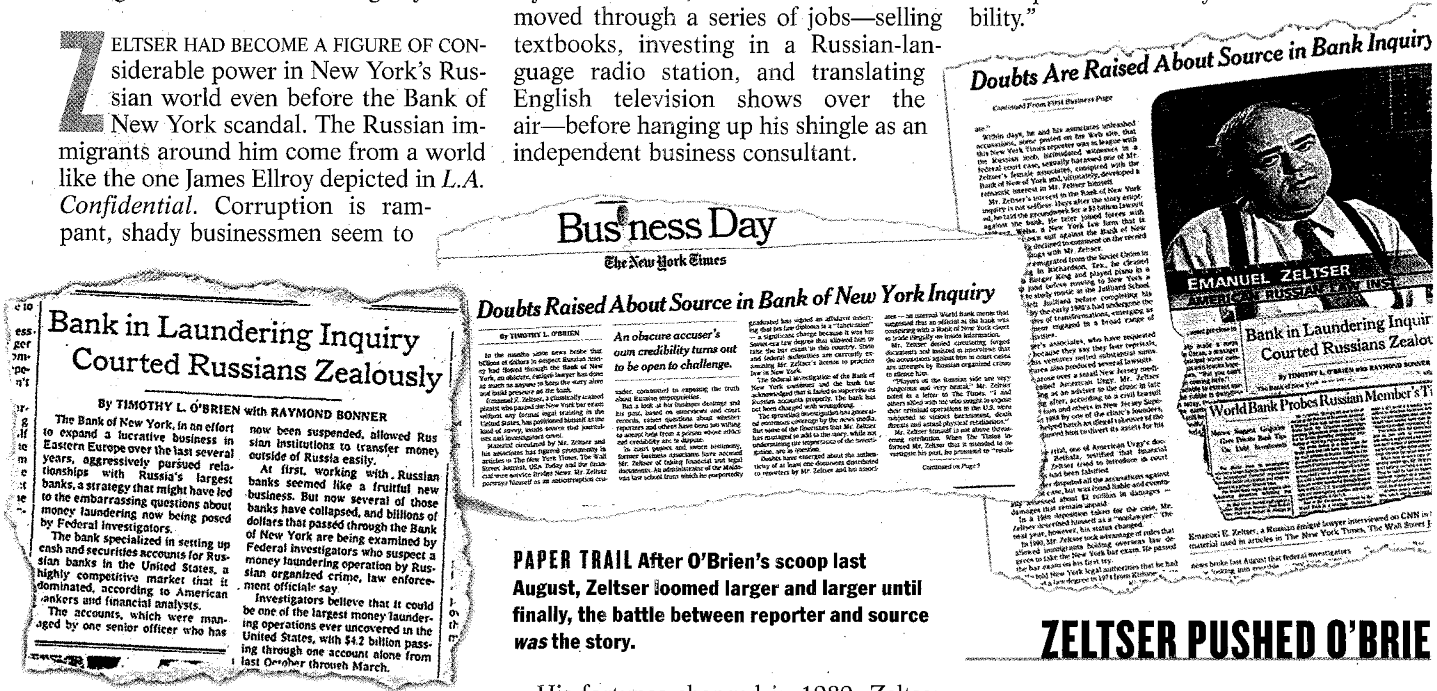
ENSTEIN MONSTER BY QUOTING THIS GUY," SAYS O'BRIEN. "I GAVE HIM

ERYBODY THOUGHT HE WAS THE KEY TO BREAKING THE BANK OF NEW YORK STORY."

official money-laundering lending-library Zeltser had opened for journalists in his office, and Engelberg told him it was worth looking into—it might be a story. Two days later, O'Brien called Zeltser. "We are interested in doing a story on *you* now, Emanuel," O'Brien says he told him. "A lot of this stuff is problematic, and you have bragged to me that you are a source for too many legs of this story."

Zeltser sounded wounded but insisted that he could clear everything up the next time O'Brien came to his office. The two arranged to meet the following day.

ZELTSER HAD BECOME A FIGURE OF CONsiderable power in New York's Russian world even before the Bank of New York scandal. The Russian immigrants around him come from a world like the one James Ellroy depicted in *L.A. Confidential*. Corruption is rampant, shady businessmen seem to be printing money, bribery is common at every level, and journalists are as likely as anyone to be on the take. The Russian immigrants I spoke with accused me alternately of working for O'Brien and working for Zeltser. In their world, American assumptions, that criminals tend to get caught or that journalists try to be impartial, are naïve. Someone like Zeltser—a rich man, a lawyer who says he can get things done—can be a valuable ally.


Bank in Laundering Inquiry Courted Russians Zealously

By TIMOTHY L. O'BRIEN with RAYMOND BONNER

The Bank of New York, in an effort to expand a lucrative business in Eastern Europe over the last several years, aggressively pursued relationships with Russia's largest banks, a strategy that might have led to the embarrassing questions about money laundering now being posed by Federal investigators.

The bank specialized in setting up cash and securities accounts for Russian banks in the United States, a highly competitive market that it dominated, according to American bankers and financial analysts.

The accounts, which were managed by one senior officer who has now been suspended, allowed Russian institutions to transfer money outside of Russia easily.

At first, working with Russian banks seemed like a fruitful new business. But now several of those banks have collapsed, and billions of dollars that passed through the Bank of New York are being examined by Federal investigators who suspect a money laundering operation by Russian organized crime, law enforcement officials say.

Investigators believe that it could be one of the largest money laundering operations ever uncovered in the United States, with $4.2 billion passing through one account alone from last October through March.

Business Day

The New York Times

Doubts Raised About Source in Bank of New York Inquiry

By TIMOTHY L. O'BRIEN

An obscure accuser's own credibility turns out to be open to challenge.

Continued on Page 9

Doubts Are Raised About Source in Bank Inquiry

Continued From First Business Page

EMANUEL ZELTSER

Bank in Laundering Inquir
Courted Russians Zealou

World Bank Probes Russian Member's T

Emanuel E. Zeltser, a Russian émigré lawyer interviewed on CNN in
material used in articles in The New York Times, The Wall Street J

PAPER TRAIL After O'Brien's scoop last August, Zeltser loomed larger and larger until finally, the battle between reporter and source *was* the story.

Zeltser's background and career are varied and picaresque. He says he grew up in the Russian town of Kishinev, in what is now Moldova. He studied piano, he says, as well as "international" and "Anglo-American law" at an experimental Soviet school. Unfortunately, he says, the Russian mob destroyed any record of his attendance there. He also sometimes says he trained to be a professional race-car driver during that same time.

Zeltser immigrated to the U.S. as a political refugee in 1974, ending up in Dallas, where he cleaned tables at a Taco Inn and a Burger King. Soon, he found a way to take advantage of his musical skills. He landed a job playing piano at a strip club. "It was one of the fanciest German cabarets in Dallas, Texas. There were a group of 26 girls—they undressed, but not completely. There were also 110 kinds of German sausage, and I was a lot thinner before I worked there. I do not see anything wrong with that," Zeltser says. "When you come to this country, you do whatever you have to do."

A year later, he came to New York, where he and his wife, Anna Zeltser, studied performance at the Juilliard School for a year. After that, Zeltser drove a cab and moved through a series of jobs—selling textbooks, investing in a Russian-language radio station, and translating English television shows over the air—before hanging up his shingle as an independent business consultant.

His fortunes changed in 1989, Zeltser says, when he decided to become a U.S. lawyer. Attending law school in Russia, as he says he did, technically qualified him as a lawyer in the U.S. if he took New York's bar exam. He passed on his first try. "I took it at the same time as JFK Jr., who failed on his second try," Zeltser says.

"I used to do a lot of matrimonial work, criminal cases, things of this nature, but at this point, primarily I have four or five very, very wealthy clients, in Eastern Europe," Zeltser says. "I spend a lot of time litigating in various international tribunals, like the Hague." In 1992, he managed to persuade the giant Russian Inkombank to retain him to do legal work in New York.

Zeltser's account of his relationship with O'Brien couldn't be more different from the one the reporter tells. "I was fairly friendly with O'Brien," he says. "We went out for drinks, primarily to the Marriott Marquis, to the eighth floor, but also to the Russian Samovar. This was not just reporter-source relationship. This was the kind of relationship where he would walk in without a telephone call at ten o'clock in the evening. That is what hurt."

O'BRIEN'S NEXT MEETING WITH ZELTSER cleared up absolutely nothing. Zeltser supplied a fax from another friend of his, which said that she had given the *Journal* the controversial memo. O'Brien called it preposterous, and they sparred for a time. Then Zeltser asked others in the office to excuse them. "Tim, do you not trust me anymore?" he said when they were alone. "Can we just hold hands and reestablish trust?"

"No, Emanuel, we can't!" O'Brien replied. "I am doing a story now. And I have questions about your credibility."

ZELTSER PUSHED O'BRIE

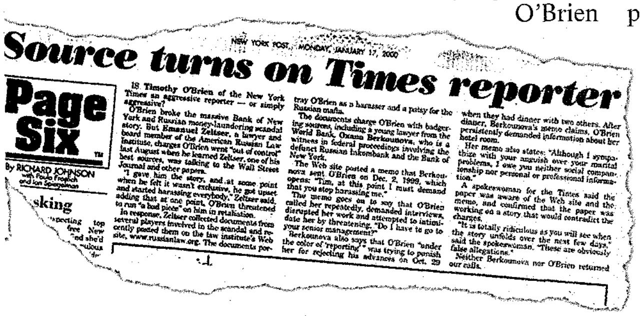
PUT ME AND SOME PEOPL

But Zeltser, says O'Brien, wasn't ready to give up. He invited O'Brien to dinner, promising that a European bank executive would be there who would verify everything. O'Brien agreed to treat him and one of the women for dinner at the Russian Samovar, a Russian-immigrant hangout on 52nd Street near Eighth Avenue with dark-red banquettes and a white grand piano by the bar. Zeltser had brought along another woman—26 years old, tall and slender, with long dark hair and pale skin. Zeltser introduced her as Oxana Berkounova, an employee of an international-development bank based in London.

Berkounova assured O'Brien that everyone knew about the insider trading, and told him about Zeltser's work as an anti-corruption crusader. O'Brien wasn't convinced, but he let the conversation drift away from business. When the Russians asked where O'Brien lived, he mentioned that he had recently moved. He had been separated from his wife, he said, and they were in the middle of a divorce. But he wanted to stay near their two children, he said, in a town in northern New Jersey.

On the way to an after-dinner drink at Benvenuti, in the Hotel Pennsylvania, Zeltser excused himself, and O'Brien continued on with the women. They sipped martinis, and O'Brien soaked up gossip about the journalists hanging around Zeltser. He was particularly curious about Berkounova. She was attractive, for one thing, but O'Brien also wondered about her connections to Zeltser. They chatted about her job in London—he thought she seemed fuzzy on some details—and also about her plans in New York. Finally, he left to catch a bus at Port Authority.

On Monday, O'Brien called another Russian source. As it happened, the source had seen him at the Samovar with Berkounova; she told O'Brien that Berkounova worked not for a bank in London but for the World Bank in Washington. What's more, she was actually Zeltser's old friend and protégée.


NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 2000

Source turns on Times reporter

Page Six

By RICHARD JOHNSON with Paula Froelich and Ian Spiegelman

IS Timothy O'Brien of the New York Times an aggressive reporter — or simply aggressive?

O'Brien broke the massive Bank of New York and Russian money-laundering scandal story. But Emanuel Zeltser, a lawyer and board member of the American Russian Law Institute, charges O'Brien went "out of control" last August when he learned Zeltser, one of his best sources, was talking to the Wall Street Journal and other papers.

"I gave him the story, and at some point when he felt it wasn't exclusive, he got upset and started harassing everybody," Zeltser said, adding that at one point, O'Brien threatened to run "a bad piece" on him in retaliation.

In response, Zeltser collected documents from several players involved in the scandal and recently posted them on the law institute's Web site, www.russianlaw.org. The documents portray O'Brien as a harasser and a patsy for the Russian mafia.

The documents charge O'Brien with badgering sources, including a young lawyer from the World Bank, Oxana Berkounova, who is a witness in federal proceedings involving the defunct Russian Inkombank and the Bank of New York.

The Web site posted a memo that Berkounova sent O'Brien on Dec. 2, 1999, which opens: "Tim, at this point I must demand that you stop harassing me."

The memo goes on to say that O'Brien called her repeatedly, demanded interviews, disrupted her work and attempted to intimidate her by threatening, "Do I have to go to your senior management?"

Berkounova also says that O'Brien "under the color of 'reporting'" was trying to punish her for rejecting his advances on Oct. 29 when they had dinner with two others. After dinner, Berkounova's memo claims, O'Brien persistently demanded information about her hotel room.

Her memo also states: "Although I sympathize with your anguish over your marital problems, I owe you neither social companionship nor personal or professional information."

A spokeswoman for the Times said the paper was aware of the Web site and the memo, and confirmed that the paper was working on a story that would contradict the charges.

"It is totally ridiculous as you will see when the story unfolds over the next few days," said the spokeswoman. "These are obviously false allegations."

Neither Berkounova nor O'Brien returned our calls.

T TO RUN THE STORY. "EVEN A LEAD, COMING FROM THE NEW YORK *TIMES,* WILL

OUND ME IN **VERY IMMINENT PHYSICAL DANGER,"** HE SAID.

O'Brien instantly dialed the World Bank switchboard, and sure enough, they put him through to Oxana Berkounova. "That is when things really started clicking for me," he says. If she was Zeltser's mole inside the World Bank, he theorized, she might have helped him concoct the Grigoriev memo.

"I want to talk to you about your relationship with Emanuel Zeltser," O'Brien demanded.

Berkounova gasped. "I am busy with work. I will call you back in an hour," O'Brien remembers her saying. She didn't call back, so O'Brien called again and again. He was determined now, and his messages grew more insistent, but she still didn't talk.

O'Brien headed to the federal courthouse downtown to review Zeltser's litigation against Inkombank. He found that Zeltser had been accused of several scams in the course of the suit, including faking the Russian-law-school diploma that qualified him to take the bar exam. His diploma didn't match others from his university—it was emblazoned with the slogan WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE. (The litigation with Inkombank was suspended, and his diploma is still under investigation by the state.)

ON DECEMBER 1, O'BRIEN RETURNED TO Zeltser's office for a more formal interview. He brought a tape recorder, so Zeltser took out his own and taped it, too. "I thought we ended it with the understanding of friendship," Zeltser said.

"I don't think our relationship is about being friends or not being friends," O'Brien said. "My understanding of our relationship as a reporter and a source was based on the provision of accurate information."

Zeltser badgered him not to proceed. "Even a lead, coming from the New York *Times*, will place me and some people around me in very imminent physical danger," Zeltser said.

O'Brien pushed on, questioning Zeltser about what he'd learned, before turning to Zeltser's relationship with Berkounova. "I don't speak with her that often," Zeltser said. "We have kind of a generation gap. . . . I have spent more time in my life with you than I did with her."

O'Brien was sure this wasn't true; he'd obtained an e-mail she'd apparently sent him, that addressed him, in Russian, "Dear Beast."

"Are you making faces?" Zeltser demanded. "Making faces while I am giving answers?!"

When the tape recorders were off, says O'Brien, Zeltser delivered his own warning: "I hope you know that if you go through with this, I will have to retaliate."

Then Zeltser abruptly changed tone. He held out his right hand and raised his left arm as though moving in for a big handshake and a hug. "I have to go now," O'Brien said, backing away. "I'll call you for another interview."

THE NEXT DAY, O'BRIEN BEGAN TO GUESS what Zeltser meant. "Suddenly it changed from being fun and fascinating to being one of the biggest reporting challenges of my life," O'Brien says. First came an e-mail from Oxana Berkounova. "Tim, at this point, I must demand that you stop harassing me," she began. "It appears to me that you, under the color of 'reporting,' are trying to punish me for rejecting your advances. . . . At no time did I give you the slightest reason to believe that I was there as anything more than your dinner companion. This certainly did not encompass succumbing to your persistent demands to inform you which hotel I was staying that night. . . ."

Alluding to his "anguish" over "marital problems," she accused him of blackmailing her with threats to call her senior management. If he continued, she threatened to "make my position known and public in every respect." In fact, a copy of the letter was already on its way to the *Times*, and it appeared simultaneously on the Website for Zeltser's American Russian Law Institute.

Within days, other letters followed. Zeltser complained to the *Times* editors that he felt betrayed: "Tim now is so blinded by his hatred of the *Journal* that he may be acting irrationally." And Emily Topol, a woman who'd been in Zeltser's office before they'd retired to the Russian Samovar, quoted O'Brien as saying, "Access to the *Times* pages to settle personal scores was a fringe benefit available to NYT reporters." (O'Brien emphatically denies this account.)

O'BRIEN BEGAN CHECKING ZELTSER'S WEBsite frequently to find out what new smears against him had been posted—Zeltser put a sign on the site saying O'Brien was its most frequent visitor. O'Brien began calling Anna Reid, Zeltser's ex-wife and a lawyer. She first told O'Brien she would talk, but then she didn't return repeated calls, so he decided to surprise her at home, in a high-rise on West 76th Street. The doorman told him the intercom was broken and that he should go right up. "I thought, great, that means I will be able to knock on her door," O'Brien says—she would have to talk to him.

He raced upstairs and rang the doorbell. Feet shuffled to the door and the eyehole slid open. A voice behind the door said, "It's him." O'Brien raised his voice. "It's Tim O'Brien from the New York *Times*. Are you going to talk to me?" Silence. Finally, he left.

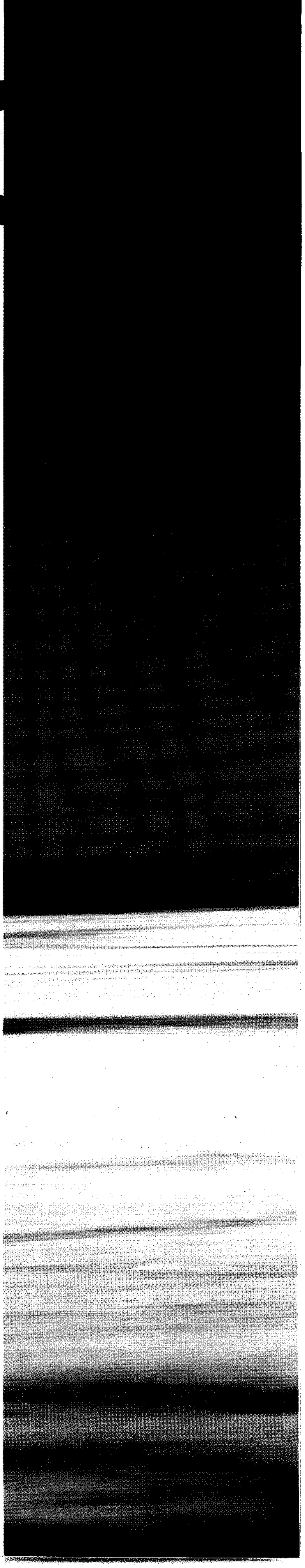
The next day, *(continued on page 84)*

KINGS

The SUV's biggest drawback has always been that it's an SUV. But these luxury models are much more town than country.

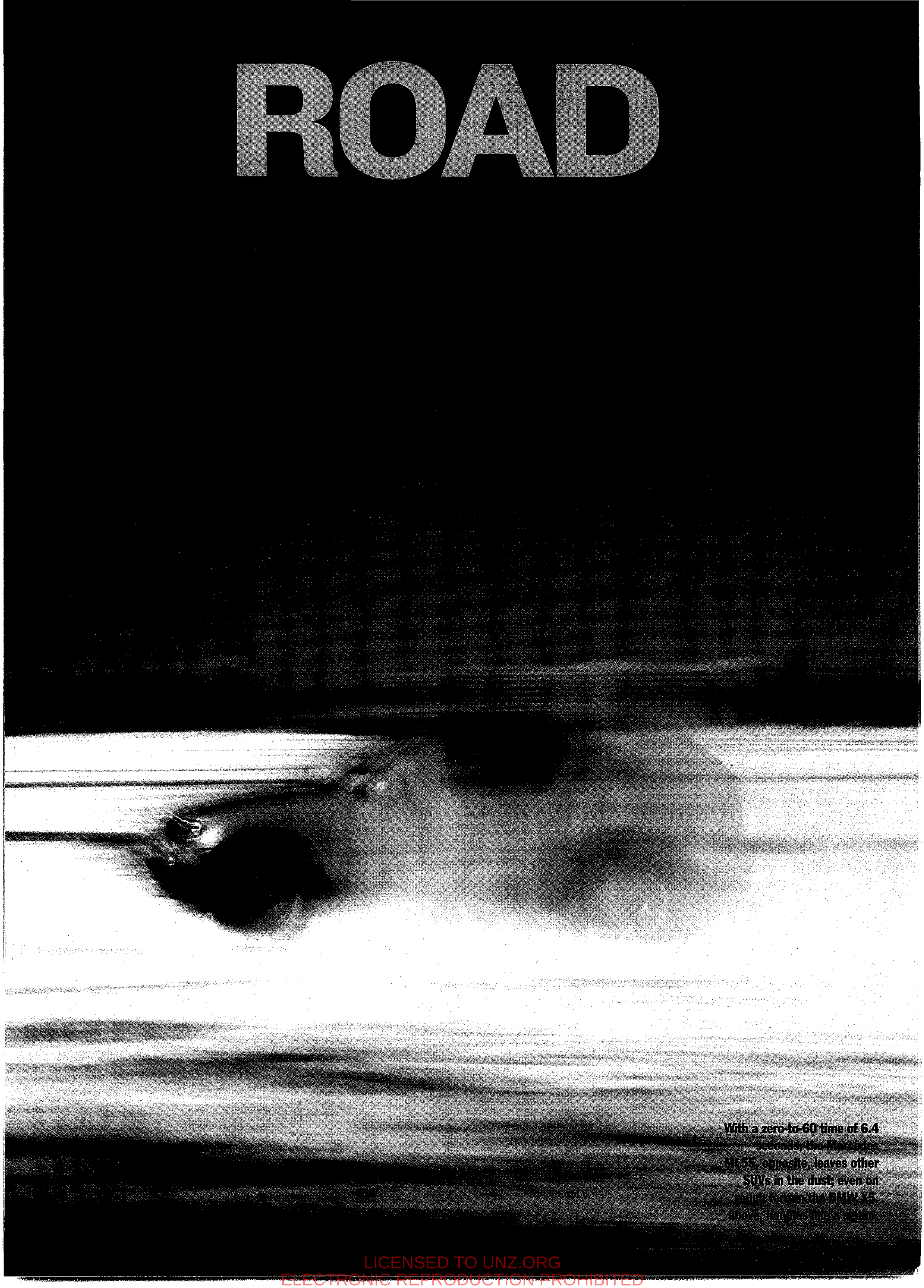
In the beginning, they were trucks. • Some, unfortunately, still are. A not-so-select group of automakers have locked on to the SUV gravy train by slapping covers over their pickups, renaming them, and presto: instant SUV. For many people, these modified trucks are fine—good, even. They have lots of cargo space, greater safety because of increased mass, and what the industry likes to call a "command seating position"—another way of saying you feel bigger than everyone else on the road. All well and good, but they're still trucks. • I don't know from trucks. Me, I want a vehicle

By Joe Banks
Photographs by Karen Kuehn



Matrix

ROAD



With a zero-to-60 time of 6.4 seconds, the Mercedes ML55, opposite, leaves other SUVs in the dust; even on rough terrain the BMW X5, above, handles like a sedan.

that, to borrow an old Jaguar slogan, has grace, space, and pace. Jaguar itself doesn't muck about in this class of auto. But Lexus, Mercedes-Benz, and now BMW do. These companies make SUVs that incorporate all of the attributes mentioned above with a decidedly high level of performance and urbanity. Not only do you now get to take the dogs out to the house for the weekend, load up on antiques at Stonington, and brave Twelfth Avenue's battle-scarred terrain, but you get to do it in style. All the space, along with nice heaping portions of grace and pace.

THE FIRST OF THESE HIGH-IQ SUVs that I took for a spin was the **Lexus RX 300** (base price, $33,905). When Lexus sets its sights on a market segment, it often builds something so good that the competition has to recalibrate its instruments. It happened when this Toyota subsidiary first entered the luxury-sedan market, and now it's happening again. Out of the three SUVs I tested, the RX 300 was the most composed of the bunch, an unusual trait in this class of vehicle—but then, Lexuses are known for their smoothness and silence. Once, I'm embarrassed to admit, when I turned the key to start the engine, I found that I had already done so. On the road, the Lexus is a little taller than other vehicles, but not by very much. It feels more akin to a tall station wagon than to an SUV, albeit one of the finest-assembled station wagons I've ever had the pleasure of driving.

The layout of controls is organized and sensible and includes a clever, center-mounted screen containing the temperature and stereo displays. (One complaint: In direct sunlight, this screen becomes almost unreadable.) All of these controls are housed, along with the four-speed automatic transmission, in a single unit that swoops down between the two front seats. This frees up space in the front interior, but I'm not sure it's worth it. In an SUV, I want to be surrounded, even cocooned, by the interior—so that I feel like I'm in a car and not a Ryder rental. The RX's dash reminds me of the bulky hump in the van that took me to Little League practice back in 1984.

Like the other cars in this test, the RX has a fully automatic four-wheel-drive system. There are no hubs to lock, no differentials to engage, no shift levers to push. You don't have to do anything to work the car's four-wheel-drive system because the car's computer is on the case, constantly keeping track of acceleration, wheel spin, and a host of other driving dynamics. When any of these things changes, the car diverts power to those wheels that have traction. While I cannot claim to have churned my way through the muddy back roads of the Adirondacks, there were more than enough snow and ice patches in and around the city, and at no point did the RX lose its composure. Quietly efficient, the RX doesn't wow you so much as lull you into recognizing its superlative quality. Like many of Lexus's other vehicles, the RX 300 is the perfect SUV for people who don't necessarily like to think too much about their cars. It's immensely capable, but if you're more interested in driving than in riding, it may leave you feeling a tad unfulfilled. That wasn't a problem with the next two cars.

THE **BMW X5** IS NOT—REPEAT, NOT—A sport utility vehicle. At $49,970, it's a sports activity vehicle. I learned this when I visited the BMW Ultimate Driving Experience school out in the parking lot of Giants Stadium last month. At least half a dozen tents were pitched around the million-square-foot lot. The main one, home to a showroom, a briefing room, and an Internet café, was carpeted, heated, and cable-ready.

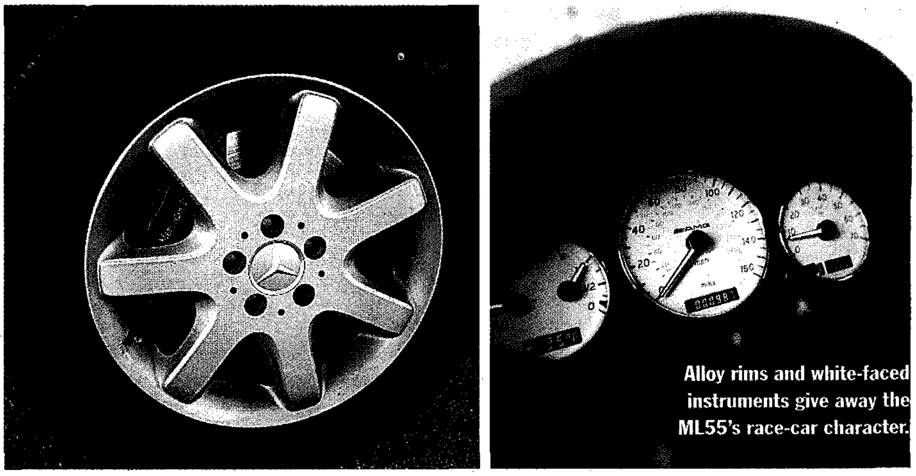
For years, BMW has spun itself as the "Ultimate Driving Machine." SUVs, as a rule, aren't. Sure, they're safe and versatile and great for muscling your way into the exit lane for the Brooklyn Bridge, but when it comes to more sporting characteristics like ride and handling, SUVs tend to hide under their profit margins. This has to do with how they are constructed; most SUVs on the road today, particularly domestic models, use the same suspensions found on pickup trucks. More recent SUV models from Japanese and European makers use the independent suspensions found on a typical four-door sedan, which provide for a smoother, but less rugged, ride. BMW has taken the Goldilocks route and developed a platform that is neither car nor truck, but just right.

Watching test-drivers throw X5s in and out of the hard turns and slalom courses laid out at Giants Stadium, I could see that this formula works. Behind the wheel, I was as giddy as a schoolgirl, flinging the X5 into one corner, then whipping it back out onto a straightaway, only to stomp the brakes, stopping the car on a dime. Hands down, the X5 gets top honors for on-road handling.

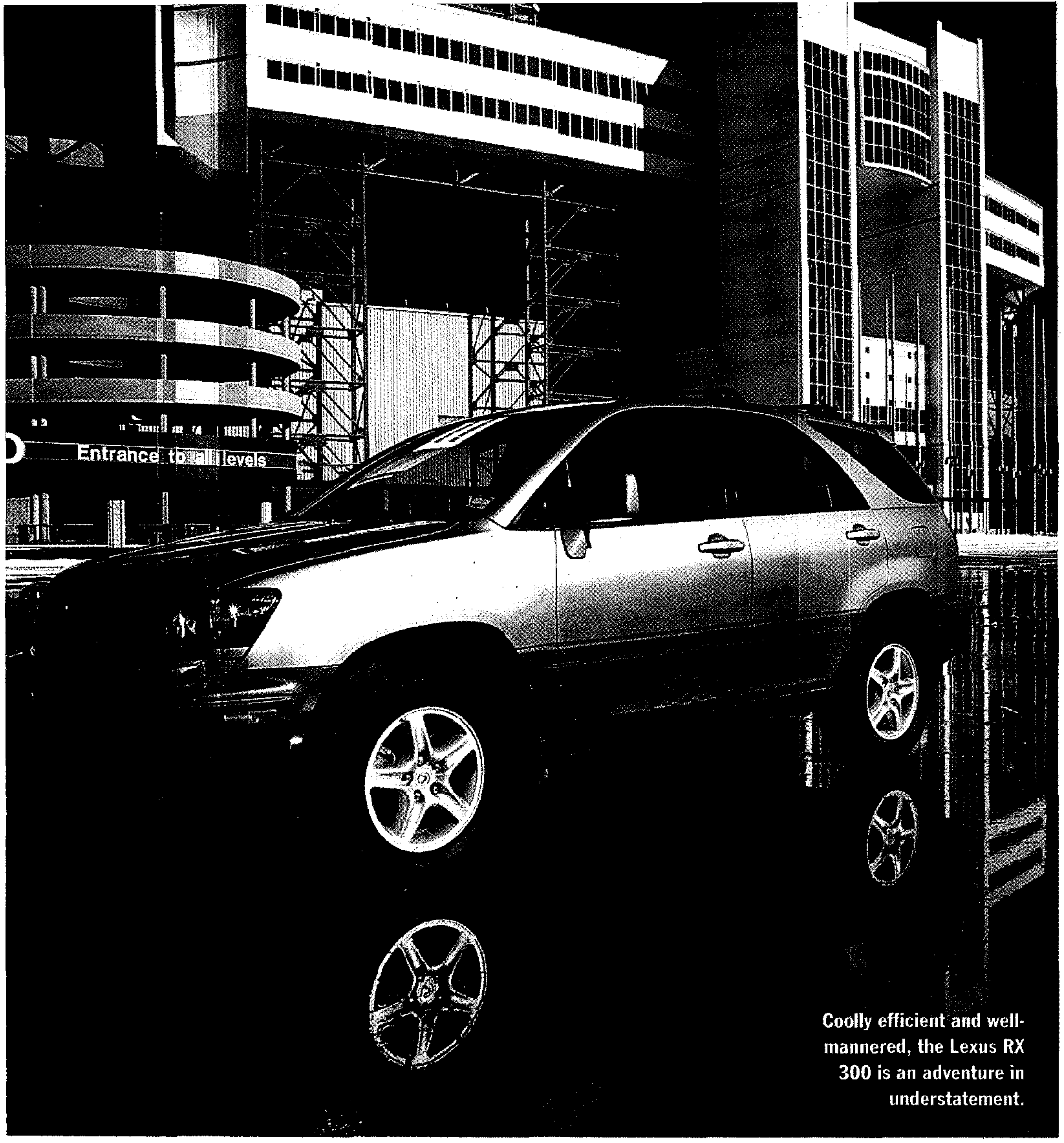
(In the interest of full disclosure: At one point during rigorous testing, I skidded into a curb. This gave me a chance to test the side and window air bags, and I can report that they worked flawlessly.)

Of the three vehicles I tested, the X5 had the most carlike interior. The controls are logically placed around the dash, and the seats keep you snugly in place, unlike the Barcaloungers that appear in some of the supersize SUVs. The exterior is also something to enjoy: The car sits low to the ground for an SUV and has a nice semi-rugged look that doesn't resort to tacky add-ons like wire-mesh headlight grills and brush bars ('cause

Unlike the rest of the M-class fleet, already popular among members of the landed gentry and hip-hop Establishment alike, the ML55 is a custom creation.



Alloy rims and white-faced instruments give away the ML55's race-car character.



Coolly efficient and well-mannered, the Lexus RX 300 is an adventure in understatement.

you *really* need a brush bar on Route 27).

In addition to leather and wood and all the other accoutrements of a luxury car, the X5 has the now-requisite alphabet soup of traction systems, handling enhancers, and braking aids. One of the most interesting—unique to BMW and its corporate cousin Land Rover—is called Hill Descent Control (HDC). To demonstrate this feature, a professional driver took three of us up an artificial hill constructed at a 28-degree angle. (Twenty-eight degrees may not sound steep, but it's on a par with that first ascent up the Cyclone—you look out the front window and all you see is sky.) Before cresting the hill, the driver informed us that she would now take her foot off the pedals. There was a slight jerk, but the brakes automatically kicked in and the car slowly rolled backward down the hill to a gentle stop. After I finished hyperventilating, I thanked her for an invigorating demonstration. Factor all this in with a 282-horsepower, 4.4-liter V8, a five-speed automatic that can function as a clutchless manual, and some of the best handling dynamics in its class, and BMW needn't worry—its rep is safe.

FINALLY, TO KEEP THINGS INTERESTING, I threw in a ringer, the **Mercedes-Benz ML55**. Sure, at almost $70,000, it had better be something special, and I know you're already thinking: *But I've seen this one before; for a couple of years, actually.* Silly rabbit. Unlike the comparatively pedestrian M-class fleet, already popular among members of the landed gentry and hip-hop Establishment alike, the ML55 is a custom creation. Each year, a few hundred M-class Mercedeses are sent to Benz's high-performance tuning division, called AMG. AMG acts as sort of a Skunk Works for M-B's products, turning unflappable sedans and coupes into fire-breathing rocket sleds. Now, it's one thing when Mercedes does this to a sedan or even a wagon, but cramming a 342-horsepower, 5.5-liter V8 into the engine bay of a mid-size SUV (which earns it the title of fastest SUV in the world, by the way) is just this side of madness.

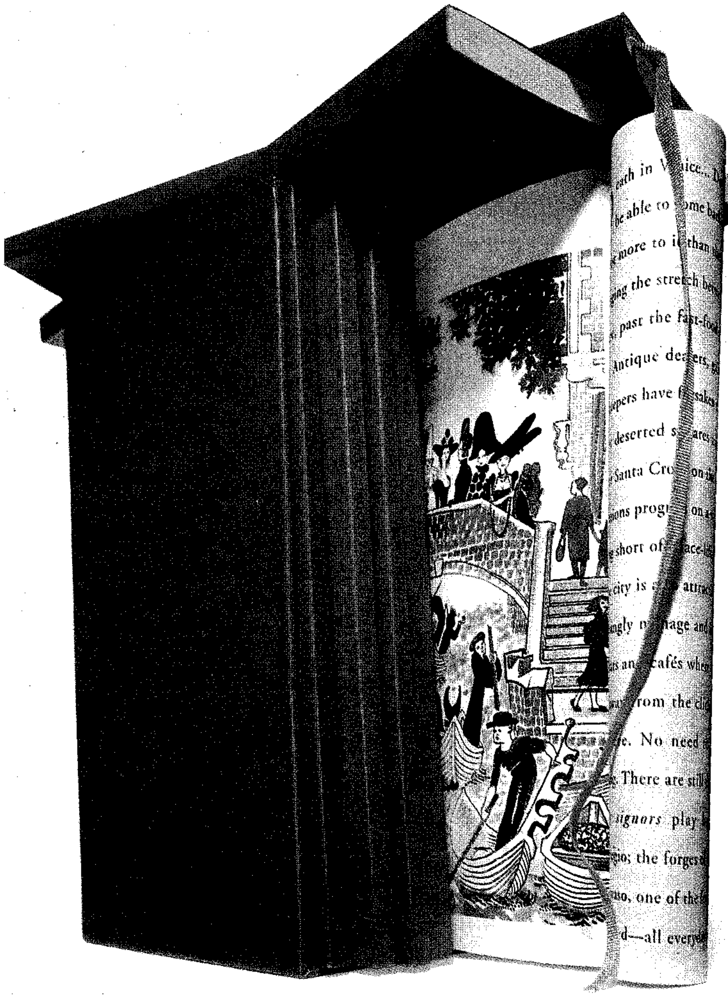
That there's something different about the ML55 is apparent at first sight. The original ML's design was impressive, if a little square in the rear. But with a lowered suspension, flared fenders both front and rear, bumper-mounted driving lights, and extra power bulges on the hood, the ML55 looks positively fierce. On the inside, from the white-faced instruments to the burl-walnut trim stained such a dark shade it almost looks like the ebonized wood of a Steinway, this car is all business, all the time. Oh, yeah, and the rear windows come with a standard blackout tint. You might find the sum of all these touches a little over the top. Feel free to think that, but soon some lucky bastard in one of these is going blow the doors off your "sport sedan" while transporting the kids, the dog, and his four-piece garage band's instruments.

When I started up the ML55, I was actually a little frightened of it. A low burbling emanates from under the hood. It's not entirely friendly. You begin to think to yourself, *I could really get into trouble with this car.* I've had this feeling before when test-driving Porsches, Aston Martins, and Ferraris, but never behind the wheel of a 4,653-pound, five-door SUV. Although with a zero-to-60-mph time of 6.4 seconds flat, the ML55's performance is closer to a sports car's than to an SUV's. Stab the accelerator and that low burble becomes a high-pitched mechanical whine that causes other drivers on the road to both take notice and get the hell out of the way. In this respect, the ML55 is not unlike Washington Redskin Bruce Smith: It's not so much that Smith weighs 273 pounds; it's that he weighs 273 pounds and has run the 40-yard dash in 4.7 seconds. Plug this into the laws of physics, where force equals the product of mass and acceleration, and it becomes quickly apparent that the ML55 is a force indeed—of nature. ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

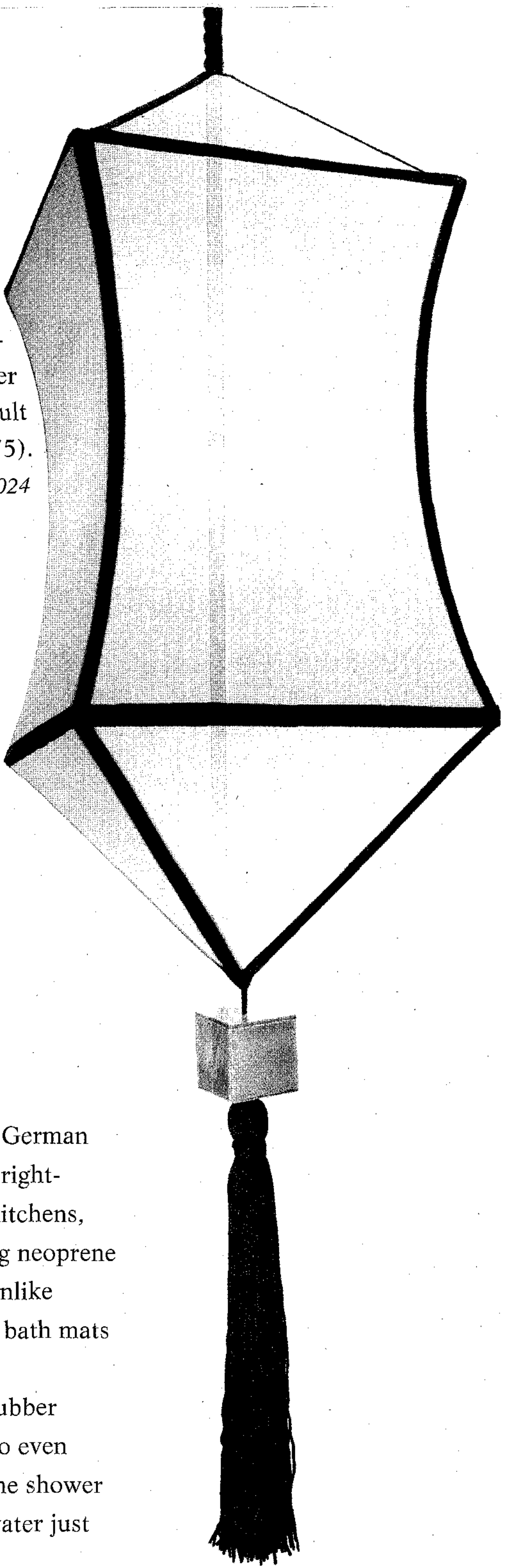
BY CORKY POLLAN



Street Smart

You would've thought that guide books produced by the ritzier-than-thou Louis Vuitton would mention only grand and pricey hotels, restaurants, and shops, ones that few of us can afford. But right there in the Paris volume was my favorite cheapo bistro; in the London section, a beloved but eccentric and little-known museum; in Rome, a perfectly charming but far-from-chic hotel. The newly updated *Louis Vuitton City Guide* covers 33 cities in a boxed set of eight paperback booklets. Each savvy guide is small enough to slip into your Vuitton handbag, yet crammed with a mind-numbing amount of information: telephone codes, tipping, must-see sites, and Sunday amusements, along with the lowdown on things like pizza in Naples, "Schmuck" in Munich, and the celebration of Feria in Seville. So if your travels take you to Toulouse with an unexpected layover in Lyons, breakfast meetings in Brussels, and supper in Strasbourg—no sweat, you'll be in the know ($59).

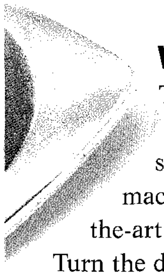
LOUIS VUITTON/*49 East 57th Street/212-371-6111; and 116 Greene Street/212-274-9090*



Silk Screen

It's called Opium, and though it suggests the Orient, this luxe lantern is handmade in Paris, not Hong Kong. It's made of silk that's been lined with a heat-resistant fabric (so it can take up to a 60-watt bulb); then the silk is stretched over a brass frame, the only decoration a silk tassel and mother-of-pearl beads. The result is chinoiserie reimagined for the twenty-first century ($575).

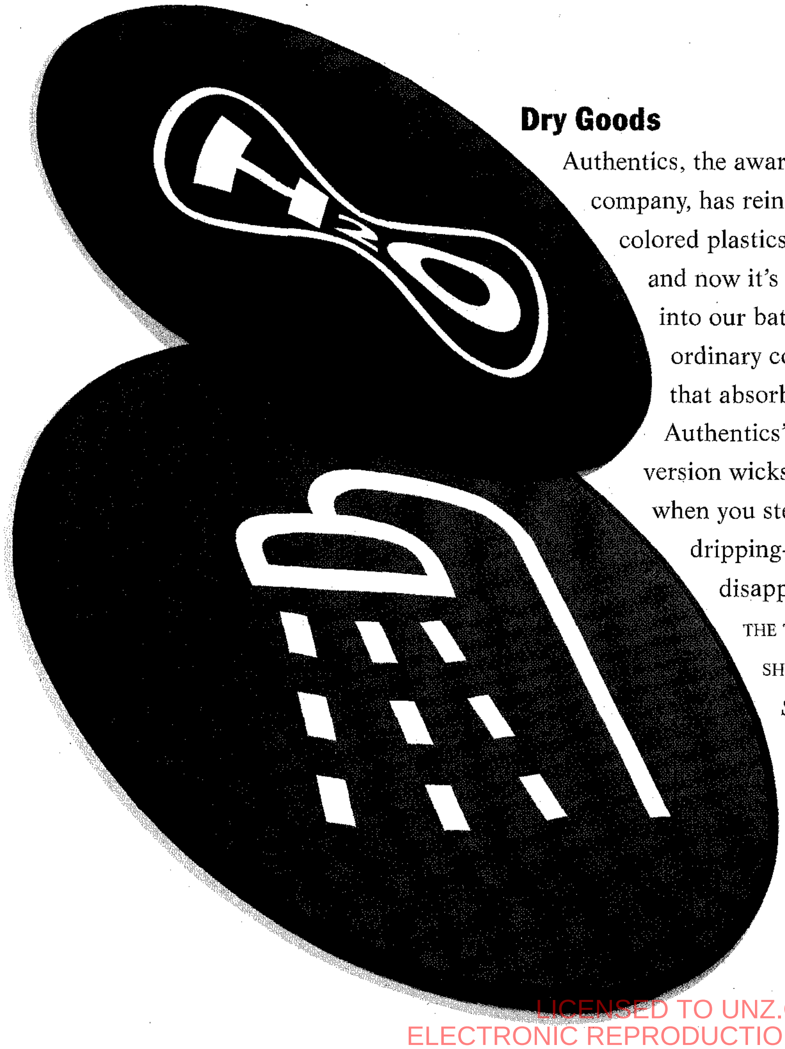
DISTANT ORIGIN/*153 Mercer Street/212-941-0024*



Weight Room

The company's based in Michigan, but the designers of ProBell must have had New York in mind. Their dial-a-weight is city-smart for our minuscule apartments—no space-hogging weight machines, no clutter of multiple dumbbell sets. The clever state-of-the-art ProBell uses an internal cam system to add or release plates: Turn the dial to 5, 10, up to 30 pounds, and ProBell automatically picks up the desired weight. The stainless-steel, zinc, and aluminum ProBell is so compact you can even store it an office file cabinet for surreptitious workouts ($329 in black; $399 in chrome).

GYM SOURCE/*40 East 52nd Street/212-688-4222*



Dry Goods

Authentics, the award-winning German company, has reintroduced bright-colored plastics into our kitchens, and now it's introducing neoprene into our bathrooms. Unlike ordinary cotton-terry bath mats that absorb moisture, Authentics' sponge- rubber version wicks it away, so even when you step out of the shower dripping-wet, the water just disappears ($49).

THE TERENCE CONRAN SHOP/*415 East 59th Street/212-755-9079*

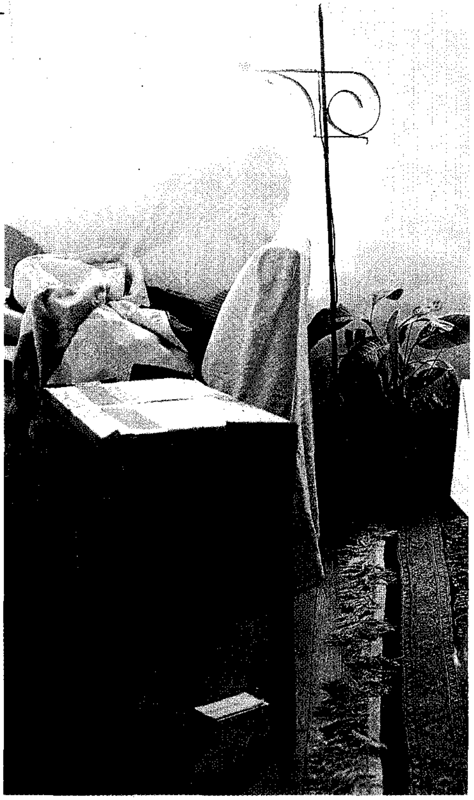
Photographed by Steve Wisbauer

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Smooth Moves

Relocating from one part of the city to another can really drive you around the bend. But good help is not so hard to find. By Rose-Anne Clermont



AFTER TRUCKING MY HEAVY OAK FURniture, stacks of books, and oversize bed frame all over New York no less than seven times, I should be an expert mover. Not quite. One day last summer, after spending a harrowing, sticky afternoon maneuvering a fifteen-foot rental truck through the narrow streets of Cobble Hill, I was feeling pretty proud of myself. Then, as I was pulling into an Exxon, the truck lurched forward, and I heard a sound like an elephant with indigestion. Before I knew it, the truck had reduced the wooden divider between the gas pumps to a heap of splinters, and the rim above the front tire was fit for a Greene Street gallery.

Apparently, it isn't true that the only way to get a job done is to do it yourself. And considering the dent U-Haul subsequently put in my American Express card, going to the pros would have been much cheaper too.

Before entrusting your belongings, memories, and sanity to complete strangers, get several estimates. Find out whether a company specializes in particular kinds of moves. Companies that have never moved in and out of brownstones or non-elevator buildings aren't the ones you want if you're bound for Brooklyn Heights. Chances are, the broker who found your new place is a good source for movers in that neighborhood. And for a mere $4 charge to your credit card, it's worth calling the Better Business Bureau (212-533-6200) to see if past customers have complained.

There are plenty of solid local outfits but our favorite is **Moishe's Moving Systems** (449 West 14th Street, with other locations in Brooklyn, Queens, and Jersey City; 800-266-8387). Not every moving company is certified to move things like pianos—and for good reason, as any Laurel and Hardy fan can attest; Moishe's has its own piano *division*. The company also specializes in art and antiques and counts Sotheby's and Christie's among its clients. Rates range from $81 to $131 per hour during peak times, depending on the size of your move and how many men you'll need (peak times are the first and last three days of each month; prices run about $10 less per hour the rest of the month).

If you're doing your own packing, the best all-around resource in the city is the **West Side Movers** store (644 Amsterdam Avenue; 212-874-3800; Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., Saturday 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., Sunday 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.). Here you'll find 23 dimensions of boxes, including ones specifically designed for lampshades and mattresses, as well as twine, tape, six kinds of bubble wrap, popcorn foam, corrugated wrap, inserts for packing crystal, mover's pads, professional dollies, and, well, you get the idea. The company also has its own moving service, which has relocated the likes of Robert Redford and Cher. Rates range from $95 per hour using three movers (studio) up to $215 per hour with as many as ten movers (ten rooms or more.)

Even with good movers, bad things happen. Most homeowner's and renter's insurance policies only cover damage that occurs if the truck gets into an accident, not during loading and unloading, when most mishaps occur. **Baker International Insurance Agency** (800-356-0099) specializes in mover's insurance and will insure valu-

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Thinking Inside the Box

Most closets bear a closer resemblance to Loehmann's on the last day of a sale than to a *Metropolitan Home* spread. Piles of crumpled sweaters, tangled belts, a few miscreant socks—during the day, it's easy to ignore what's behind closed doors. But come morning, when you're running late and can't find anything to wear, frustration sets in. To get organized, Jeff Stone, co-author of the *Chic Simple* book series, recommends the elegant linen-storage boxes at Troy (138 Greene Street, 212-941-4777). Though the shop is better known for its unique furniture, such as made-to-order solid-wood tables and Danish leather armchairs, these practical, hypercool storage units, priced from $32 to $65, are an equally rare find. "They last forever," says Stone. "And they're deep enough to hold a few sweaters each." Your closet will be spic and span in minutes, and putting off cleaning the rest of the place till *next* spring will no longer seem like an option.

SUZANNE D'AMATO

Photographs by Eric McNatt.

Moving pictures: Clockwise from left, on the job with West Side Movers, Janovic/Plaza, and Imacuclean.

ables that are worth more than $5,000, or are over 100 years old, for 85 cents on every $100 (a cost of $42.50 per item). This is worth considering if you have something really valuable, like a Tiffany lamp; most movers cover an average of 60 cents per pound, so you'd be left with about $5 if the lamp broke.

Before you start thinking about where to put the sofa, you'll need to start with a clean slate. **Imacuclean** (1265 Broadway, at 32nd Street, Suite 802; 212-685-5461) specializes in moving jobs. It's a mom-and-pop company in business since 1949 that's grown to a staff of nearly 40. Every Imacuclean employee has at least one year's residential-cleaning experience. Rates start at $17 per hour for basic cleaning and run to $23 per hour to wash your new walls, ceilings, and floors. These folks will even unpack your dishes, wash them, and put them in your cabinets.

To avoid spending the first week changing in your closet, call the window-treatment pros at **Janovic/Plaza** (nine locations in Manhattan, including 161 Sixth Avenue; 212-627-1100). They'll send someone out to measure your windows for $25. Installation fees range from $4 to $5 per foot with a minimum of $40. And unless you've found a place that has exactly the same size windows as your former home, you'll need to shop for more permanent arrangements. Janovic has the biggest selection of Levolor blinds in the city, a large selection of paints, and a library of more than 450 wallpaper books.

If you're not the do-it-yourself type you might enlist **Richard's Interior Design** (1390 Lexington Avenue, near 91st Street; 212-831-9000) which specializes in window treatments. It has more than 16,000 yards of imported European fabrics in stock, all below wholesale prices. Bring in measurements along with pictures of the windows and other items in the room; Richard's will quote a price, then send someone to your home to do the rest. It also offers a consultation service; for $300 an hour, a Richard's employee will advise you on everything from paint hues and fabric textures to finding a reliable contractor.

Long before you get to that stage you can get started on your move by going online. **Moving.com** offers advice on scheduling your move eight weeks up to the day you leave, as well as tips on packing and directories that allow you to search for licensed movers by area code. You can register your change of address at **movecentral.com**. For the truly relocationally challenged, there are sites like **buyboxes.com** (if you've reached the point where the local liquor store isn't going to cut it), **iprint.com** (for addressed box labels), and **decide.com** (to review telecom options).

Finally, it's inevitable that in the course of packing you'll make all kinds of discoveries: glassware you forgot you had, sweaters that haven't seen daylight since 1992. To pare down your possessions and simplify your new life, schedule a free pickup with one of the following charities: **Memorial SloanKettering Thrift Shop** (212-535-1250), **Irvington Institute for Immunological Research Thrift Shop** (212-879-4555), or **The Salvation Army** (212-757-2311). ■

NAVIGATOR

Q: I love eating out in Chinatown, but I've been there so many times that the thrill is gone.

A: For a fresh take on the Chinatown experience check out Brooklyn's version. Centered around the Eighth Avenue stop on the N train, a golf swing from the Verrazano, and running from 62nd Street all the way to 41st Street along Sunset Park's Eighth Avenue, this cozy district is like a sleepy Chinese village transported to Kings County. Stroll past the mah-jongg players and ginseng shops, smell the blessed incense at the Fan Yin Temple, and take home some softshell crab. Here are a few of the neighborhood's must-see destinations:

- Jade Plaza Restaurant (6022 Eighth Avenue; 718-492-6888). Don't be scared off by the severed shark fins mounted on velvet; Jade Plaza dishes out a mean dim sum. Start with the shrimp dumplings and continue on to the provincial Ha Chao, a flat rice noodle filled with beef and drenched in sweet soy sauce.
- Tin Wah Bakery (5612 Eighth Avenue; 718-567-7880). Slide between tables of chatty teenage girls and laconic old men and order a sweet from one of the friendly bakery ladies, who'll likely recommend either the Sui Mi Bo (a bun with sweet corn and ham) or the yummy, sugar-happy Night Yao Bo (a bun with coconut and a strip of whipped cream).
- K-Lee Merchandise (5512 Eighth Avenue; 718-436-2048). Though somewhat clinical and fluorescent, this eclectic shop of Chinese paraphernalia offers everything from tiny friendship envelopes (given for good luck) to custom bamboo calligraphy brushes. Even the most hard-to-please shopper is unlikely to leave empty-handed.

JOD KAFTAN

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Snake Charmers

Pretty in python: *You don't need magic to conjure up this season's hottest skin. For under $300, here's what* **you might slither into.**

Kodak E100S 1402

Tip the Scales: Clockwise from top, Gap jacket, Guess jeans, Enzo Angiolini sandal, Via Spiga pump, Express skirt, and Necessary Objects top.

FLIPPING THROUGH fashion spreads of models in head-to-toe designer logos and ultra-expensive exotic leathers, one starts to feel as if most of us are going to have to sit out this fashion season. But while it takes a very charmed life to indulge in real python skin (like the $5,130 coat Gwyneth recently wore to the Calvin Klein fashion show), look-alikes will usually do the trick—and at a fraction of the price.

Embossed leather is the richest alternative to thick, crusty real python. The **Gap**, fresh from its overwhelming success with those black leather jeans, is now busy whipping up a very convincing *faux*-python jean jacket (pictured, $298) and boot-cut jeans ($298); both will arrive at select Gap stores by the end of March (be there—they'll sell out *fast*). In the meantime, printed vinyl is even less expensive and makes just as big a splash: Check out **Express**'s sleek, natural-toned pencil skirt (pictured, $50 at Express stores), jean jacket ($60), and A-line minis ($40, also in red). For a splurge, try the company's embossed-suede hip-length trench coat ($229).

Want something a little slinkier? A sexy, disco-style one-shouldered nylon tank top from **Necessary Objects** comes in red, fuchsia, or bright blue (pictured, $38 at Bloomingdale's); a pair of skinny, beige-and-black cotton jeans from **Guess** fits like a second skin (pictured, $78 at Bloomingdale's).

Few of us can pull off head-to-toe snake prints, but slipping some scales on your feet will instantly update last season's favorite clothes. We love **Via Spiga**'s olive-tinted pumps (pictured, $145 at Bloomingdale's; also in natural tint at Macy's and Via Spiga), and for hot summer parties, **Enzo Angiolini**'s strappy, low-heeled sandals in gray or blue (pictured, $75 at Bloomingdale's and Enzo Angiolini stores).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Picks of the Week

Focus Paris's stylish French handbags (everything from classic day bags to teeny beaded totes) are half off at the sample sale, from $50 to $110. *17 E. 37th St. (212-545-1535); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6, Sat. 10–5; 2/28–3/4.*

Terra Plana's chic, exquisitely made shoes for men and women are up to 60 percent off at the sale. Prices are from $89 for a classic suede oxford style to $175 for a lace-up ankle boot. *260 Elizabeth St. (212-274-9000); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. noon–7, Sun. till 6; 2/28–3/19.*

RK Bridal is clearing formal, full-skirted wedding gowns for as little as $200 each (shoes and bridesmaids' dresses are from $25). *2276 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-9512); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10:30–6:15, Sat. 10–3:45; 2/28–3/11.*

Thundersley Village, a showroom full of antique-y, English home accessories, is taking between 50 and 75 percent off throw pillows ($35–$100) and footstools ($200–$350) and 30 percent off custom window treatments. Selected furniture is on sale, too. *29 E. 31st St. (212-889-1917); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6; 2/28–3/13.*

Ruth Caplan is putting all overstock of her high-end home-decorating fabrics on sale for 50 to 80 percent off. Trims, pillows, and throws are on sale, too. *232 E. 59th St., fourth floor (212-826-3756); cash only; Mon.–Fri. 9–1; 2/28–3/3.*

Photograph by Davies + Starr.

PETER RAINER

Man in the Muddle

'Wonder Boys' takes off on a hilariously spellbinding turn by Michael Douglas as a pot-befogged writing prof and lit-world almost-ran.

AS THE NOVELIST AND CREATIVE-WRITING PROFESSOR Grady Tripp in the terrific new comedy **Wonder Boys**, Michael Douglas has a shaggy, scraggly look, as if he'd spent way too many nights fully dressed in a sleeping bag. Who would believe Douglas could look like a blood brother to Michael J. Pollard? Grady's dishevelment isn't the affectation of a prima donna scribe. It's just the way he is. He's a rarity in his circumscribed world of bookish academia—a man without vanity. Tenured at a Pittsburgh university, with one award-winning novel behind him and nothing published in the seven years since, Grady has seen his authorial life and his real life blur into a muddle. He has no trouble writing; he has trouble *not* writing. The voluminous single-spaced pages for his new novel are heaped about his home, with no end in sight. His life, like his manuscript, is an unedited digression. And yet Grady the wayfarer is bemused enough to realize that maybe his life isn't just the raw material for his art but the artwork itself.

I don't think I've ever seen another American comedy that mixed rue and slapstick and sentiment in quite this way. Curtis Hanson, who directed from a delicately rendered script by Steve Kloves based on the 1995 novel by Michael Chabon, is the artist Grady would be if he were able to pare things down and make each detail count. There's a richness of tone, of emotion, in this film; the imbroglio of Grady's life is rendered lucidly and lyrically. The film begins with the revelation that Grady's wife has left him that morning and goes on from there to his sodden, heartfelt attempts to convince his pregnant lover, the university's married chancellor (Frances McDormand), that she was always his first choice. The film's long wintry weekend is improbably magical; it seems to be taking place inside a snow globe that's been shaken up, with the lives of its inhabitants as flurried as the falling flakes.

Wonder Boys is a shaggy-dog story that is also a coming-of-age story. (The soundtrack, with artists like Neil Young and Bob Dylan, gives that shagginess a pedigree.) It doesn't matter that Grady is coming of age at 50—he's a late bloomer. The film's biggest jest is that, when it comes to emotional maturity, age doesn't matter; if anything, the students that we are introduced to are more grounded than the adults. The notion that we understand who we truly are as we get older is a canard that Hanson mirthfully, and mercifully, explodes. The screw-ups in town cut across all age barriers. And yet, as ramshackle and addled as these people are, they are all, without their full awareness, searching for purpose in their lives. The search itself is funny, but the longing that propels it goes very deep.

Grady's most gifted student, James Leer (Tobey Maguire), seems at first to be a prize creepo, but his steady-state stare and odd, pinched comportment provide him with a tactical advantage in the human comedy; he puts everybody else off guard. Maguire gives James the "choked little powder-soft voice" that Chabon described in the novel, and it's a marvelous instrument. James is a junior con man who lies about his past and a lot more, but he's also an original. Unlike Grady, whose celebrated novel made James want to be a writer, he's actually completed the book he's been working on; and according to Grady's editor, Terry Crabtree (Robert Downey Jr.), who shows up with a transvestite consort (Michael Cavadias) in tow to attend the annual campus literary weekend, it's remarkable.

One of the beautiful things about *Wonder Boys* is the way Hanson lets the relationship between Grady and James find its own level; the former phenom takes under his broken wing the imminent one, and there's a wistfulness in the gesture. Grady's exasperated, prideful

Chapter and curse: Douglas with his protégé, played by Tobey Maguire, in *Wonder Boys.*

Photograph by Frank Connor/Paramount Pictures.

Advertisement

New York
NYCALENDAR
MARCH

COMINGup

HBO Watch Vanessa Redgrave, Chloe Sevigny, Michelle Williams, Ellen DeGeneres and Sharon Stone in *if these walls could talk 2.* This follow-up to HBO's highest-rated original movie goes inside a single house for a look at the lives and choices of its lesbian inhabitants during different eras. In 1961, a woman (Redgrave) is victimized by an unspoken prejudice after her partner (Marian Seldes) dies. In 1972 against the backdrop of the emerging women's movement, a feminist co-ed (Williams), learns a lesson about equality when she falls for a proudly "butch" lesbian (Sevigny). In 2000, a comfortably open couple (DeGeneres, Stone) with plans for starting a family go on an amusing search for sperm. **Premiering Sunday, March 5 at 9pm.**

HBO
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.

COACH will launch its first collection of sun and optical eyewear in Coach stores nationwide beginning in March. The eyewear line includes styles in hand-polished metals and hand-made Italian plastics. With a spirited and fashionable look, the eyewear features the detailed craftmanship and clarity of designs synonymous with Coach. Call 800.262.2411.

NEW YORK'S ADVENTURE TRAVEL SHOW Come meet active travel providers from around the world on March 3, 4, & 5 at The Metropolitan Pavilion, 125 West 18th Street (bet. 6th & 7th aves). You will be entered to win one of several exciting, active vacations; a Kenya safari, an Around the World Trip airline ticket, a trip to Tonga, a tall ship cruise, a Tanzania Rail Safari and more. For more information visit www.boldventure.com, or call 1.888.366.BOLD.

Check out New York events at www.newyorkmag.com

connection to James mimics the rituals of fatherhood. Grady sees in James the peculiarity he favors in himself, and he plays on it. James starts out not wanting to lose control of his emotions, but Grady, who likes his weed and has periodic blackout spells, shows him, by his own example, another way to live. They have a contrapuntal, moonstruck comradeship.

This film that does so much to heckle the literary life is nevertheless high on the excesses of that life. It's a movie in love with words and the textures of words, and what they might mean for the people who live by them. Hanson captures the preening pretensions of academia, the rivalries between the professors and the populist, best-selling interlopers; he reveals the skid marks on the tenure track. The academics and writers that we see are tweaked by their chosen métier. They know that being in and of the world of books gives them dispensation to be madcap. They become their own best protagonists.

The cast is superb across the board, but at the center of it all is Michael Douglas, who has never seemed as relaxed and generous. His Grady is a counterculture artifact, more holdout than sellout. The marijuana fumes he swathes himself in are like incense; they perfume his disappointments. Grady fears that his books, maybe *all* books, don't mean anything to anybody anymore, and for all his blurriness, it's a legitimate fear. But he gropes his way to higher ground by the end. He discovers that his writing isn't all that he is, and, of course, he becomes a better writer for it.

In brief: Judy Berlin, THE FIRST FEATURE FROM writer-director Eric Mendelsohn, arrives on a wave of goodwill from last year's Sundance festival. This modest, all-the-lonely-people comedy, set on Long Island and shot in pearly black-and-white, has its compensations: a funny-sad performance by Madeline Kahn, her last, as a spurned housewife; the warm, owlish presence of Bob Dishy, playing her husband, an elementary-school principal; and, best of all, Edie Falco's touching, deliciously nut-brain turn as Judy Berlin, an aspiring actress who works as a settler in a local historic village, milking imaginary cows and shearing imaginary sheep. (Her boredom with the job gives her a look of great gravitas.)

But the film, which takes place largely during a midday solar eclipse, often seems, perhaps intentionally, as tinny and underpopulated as a no-budget fifties sci-fi flick, and many of the little-people vignettes are trite—more cut-rate Chayefsky than Chekhov. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

JOHN SIMON

Love Canal

'The Time of the Cuckoo,' a wry fifties-era play about sex and marriage among Americans in Venice, is still fresh half a century later.

ARTHUR LAURENTS'S **The Time of the Cuckoo** (1952) is as savvy as a play can get. The amatory adventure of a very American executive secretary in a Venetian *pensione* encompasses an examination of differing attitudes toward sex in Europe and fifties America; a meditation on marriage versus relationships; a commentary on the interaction of naïve tourists and canny natives; and four love stories, two mostly offstage, two mostly on. We have here what the French call *comédie larmoyante,* drollery tinged with tears.

Those who know only the pleasant movie version, titled *Summertime,* do not know how much defter and deeper is the fairly different stage original. Laurents has managed a piece that plays with the heartwarming and the acidulous, the fancied and the real, the satiric and the sentimental, as if they were balls juggled by a master, circulating so fast as to be perceived as one—like the ring around Saturn.

Leona Samish, midwestern and at the middle of life's journey, is in Europe for the first time, filled with wonder and hungry for adventure. Where but in Venice, in the garden of the Pensione Fioria, should summer flower with the spirit of Casanova, or at least that of Henry James? But even if Leona knew about them, she'd want her Casanova without transience, her James without tragedy. She is surrounded by the somewhat older proprietress, Signora Fioria, who enjoys a longstanding relationship with a comfortable lover; a young American couple, Eddie and June Yeager, he a painter on a grant, she an assiduous dilettante; Lloyd and Edith McIlhenny, older American tourists from hell; and Giovanna, the maid, besotted with her boyfriend. Leona is shepherded by Mauro, a streetwise 10-year-old, a tough little cookie with nevertheless a vulnerable child inside him.

The Yeagers have marital squabbles as well as great sex (Eddie even has some hanky-panky in a gondola with the Signora); the McIlhennys bump along the well-trodden tourist path, she captious, he grouchy. And what is there for Leona? Renato DiRossi, a middle-aged but youthful shopkeeper from whom she buys a goblet that may or may not be eighteenth-century, and gets lovemaking that may or may not be genuine. Renato is poor but perhaps honest, sincere even if he disconcertingly turns out to be married.

As contrasting ideologies and lifestyles play off one another, the characters may or may not learn something. But we privileged spectators unobtrusively learn a lot while being elegantly entertained, our minds exercised no less than our emotions. Nicholas Martin has directed with a masterly sense of pacing a play whose rhythms and pauses are as important as what is said and done, and has uncovered the flux and reflux underlying the surface whirligig.

Party people: Olek Krupa and Debra Monk in *The Time of the Cuckoo.*

A pitch-perfect cast responds to all the harmonic subtleties. Slimmed down and less obviously a comedienne, Debra Monk gives a riveting performance in which love-starvedness and suspicion, hopeful fantasizing and injured pride coexist in the tangled mess of existential truth. As Renato, Olek Krupa, Slav though he is, manages to be splendidly Italianate, effusive but not sloppy, blemished but genuinely human. The Turkish-American Cigdem Onat, as the Signora, does full justice to a role that might have been written for Anna Magnani. As the loving and sparring Yeagers, Adam Trese and Ana Reeder, are as impeccable as the more ludicrous McIlhennys of Tom Aldredge and Polly Holliday. The cast is full-bloodedly rounded out by Chiara Mangiameli, Paolo Pagliacolo, and young Sebastian Uriarte, who, without Italian descent, carries off the accent and manner of a Venetian street-and-canal urchin to perfection. With James Noone's set, Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes, and

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Cosmetic Surgery • Skin Resurfacing
Microdermabrasion • Liposuction
CO2 Lasers • Erbium Lasers
Nd/Yag Lasers • Alexandrite Lasers
Botox • Collagen • Glycolic Peels
"Lunchtime" Laser Peel

THE TRUE
"LUNCHTIME PEEL"
HAS ARRIVED

COMBINE OUR NEW SALT
MICRODERMABRASION
TREATMENT WITH OUR
GENTLE YAG LASER

IMPROVE THE TONE AND
TEXTURE OF YOUR SKIN

SAFELY, QUICKLY
AND BEAUTIFULLY

IN MANHATTAN &
IN WESTCHESTER AT
THE NEW YORK UNITED
HOSPITAL MEDICAL CENTER

CALL 1 800 344 4004
STAFFED EXCLUSIVELY
BY BOARD CERTIFIED
PLASTIC SURGEONS

Brian MacDevitt's lighting expertly balancing opulence and verisimilitude, you can have at this *Time of the Cuckoo* the time of your theatergoing life.

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB OFFERS THE first installment of a unique phenomenon: two major musicals, soon to be concurrent, both derived from a narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March, **The Wild Party**. At MTC, *The Wild Party* has book, music, and lyrics by Andrew Lippa, remembered favorably for his additional songs and arrangements for the recent *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown.*

The problem with this show about a wild party given in 1929 by a pair of vaudevillians, a clown and a dancer whose crumbling affair is to be revivified by a bacchanal, is that a stage work cannot readily proceed from one thing to another in linear fashion like a poem: It has to keep the populous partyers in simultaneous sight, occupied with this or that. Cinematically put, you have to shoot at once in close-up and with a wide-angle lens. Theatrical history is littered with the corpses of attempts at this sort of thing.

Matters are further complicated by the period. The music has to be jazz-age but also, to avoid pastiche, contemporary. Moreover, new song lyrics have to blend in with the original's narrative verse, preserved in unavoidable spoken passages. Most troubling, both the old poem and the new lyrics tend toward the level of "Let me drown in females foreign, / Let me dangle from a limb; / Teach me how to put my oar in, / But don't you dare to teach me how to swim." Or, worse yet, "Like a member of the pack, / I ramble; / Like a ledger in the black, / I gamble."

The story comes down to a quadrangle. The clown, Burrs, bored after a three-year cohabitation, cannot let go of the dancer, Queenie, who, though unhappy, cannot overcome inertia and leave. He still brutalizes, she still endures. The party guests include Kate, an ex-whore risen in station, and her escort, the spiffy Mr. Black, actually a club doorman, who promptly goes for Queenie, as she, by and by, does for him. Kate vainly tries to seduce Burrs, who's jealously eager to recapture Queenie. It all ends in curiously unaffecting bloodshed.

Lippa's music, though idiomatic, is not rich in melody, depending largely on rhythm and harmony. Yet after periods of waffling, it can achieve moments of moody or sprightly tunefulness, even if mostly in novelty numbers rather than in integrated, character-developing ones. Typical is the bouncy lesbian's ironic "An Old-Fashioned Love Story," zestily delivered by Alix Korey.

David Gallo has designed an open platform with jazzy floor patterns that can split into two to five unequal, jagged sections on which groups or individuals are suggestively stranded. In the zigzagging gaps between sections, processions of revelers can parade in hectic merriment. The platform is surrounded on three sides by façades of buildings ominously leaning toward center stage; a few sticks of furniture create, as the floor reconfigures itself, different constellations.

Kenneth Posner's lighting throws additional jazzy patterns on the floor, catches groups in skewering lateral beams, or encloses individuals in a cage of light as sheaves of separate white or colored rays hurtle from above. Martin Pakledinaz's costuming is jauntily fantastical, but here a prevailing inconsistency becomes objectified as the initially weirdly expressionist costumes turn bohemianly realistic. Consistently fine are Michael Gibson's orchestrations: bluesy, funky, boisterous, or dwindling to single melancholy instruments, always firmly supportive of the action.

Under Gabriel Barre's intelligent direction, the ensemble work is solid and the four principals realize their less-than-ample opportunities. Julia Murney's Queenie is a compelling flapper fatale, Brian d'Arcy James's Burrs, as described, "a very scary clown"; both sing winningly. As Mr. Black, Taye Diggs is by turns restrained and commanding, but the show is stolen by the ebullient Idina Menzel's Kate, a veritable geyser of vitality. Mark Dendy's choreography is better in acrobatic solos than in unified group numbers, which lack diversity; Lawrence Keigwin's acrobatic dancing, though, is exhilarating. The excitement is mostly in the production values; even so, this *Wild Party* never bogs down for too long.

WHEN, SOME YEARS AGO, I SAW NILO Cruz's *Dancing on Her Knees* at the Public, it felt like the worst play ever. Cruz's latest, **Two Sisters and a Piano**, again at the Public, is a step forward; it feels like the second-worst play ever: the clumsiest, often unbelievable, linguistically barren, and generally derivative melodrama. If the subject were not Castro's Cuba, Cruz not a Cuban-American, and affirmative action not alive and well in the theater, this claptrap would never have been mounted.

It is passably acted by Adriana Sevan, Daphne Rubin-Vega, and Gary Perez, but Paul Calderon, despite his name, is much more African-American than Hispanic. The fumbling director, Loretta Greco, absurdly has the cast speak with Spanish accents; Robert Brill's set, even on a shoestring, could have been less wretched. At least it is on a par with Nilo Cruz's writing. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

JOHN SIMON

Some Like It Tepid

The Met finally puts on Franz Lehár's effervescent operetta 'The Merry Widow'—but stolid rather than blithe is the dispiriting result.

NOWHERE HAS THE SEXUAL-COMIC POTENTIAL OF sun-drenched terraces, shady gardens, and bedrooms bedeviled by too many doors been exploited more wittily and tenaciously than in the theaters of Paris and Vienna, with the minor difference that Paris slightly favored ribaldry, Vienna humor. So one reason that Franz Lehár's operetta **The Merry Widow** (1905) shares the apex of the light-opera pyramid with Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* is that it has a Viennese libretto based on a Parisian play. Moreover, Lehár, of Czech, German, and Hungarian parentage, brought further flavors to the mix, which may contribute to the way this, his best work, has taken such firm root the world over. At 95, that merry widow is still kicking up her heels. Something in us flows with the waltz, and Viennese operetta is its bubbly source.

But in the Met's first-ever production of *The Merry Widow,* the kick has gone out of the champagne, and tasting flat is as bad as, if not worse than, singing flat. You probably know the story. Hanna Glawari, the young widowed millionairess from Pontevedro (for which read Montenegro), comes to Paris to find a new husband. Baron Zeta, the Pontevedrian ambassador, counts on Hanna's 20 million to help his small, bankrupt Balkan country survive. A Pontevedrian must marry her, besting the legions of French suitors. The likeliest candidate is dashing Count Danilo, the embassy's first secretary (or attaché, in the attractive new translation by Martin Crimp), who would have married Hanna back home had not his aristocratic family objected to a commoner. Now a confirmed bachelor preferring the company of the *grisettes* at Maxim's, he shuns Hanna, who nevertheless sets out to win him.

Who wants to marry a millionairess? Placido Domingo and Frederica Von Stade in *Widow.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

The main, though unwilling, contender on the French side is Camille de Rosillon, madly in love with Baron Zeta's French wife, Valencienne, who returns his love but chooses to remain faithful and pushes him toward Hanna. After all sorts of farcical complications, we abut on the mandatory happy ending. To make this fly, the leads should look like the cover of the Met's program: a dapper, mustachioed swain waltzing around a willowy belle, rapturously bent back over his arm. Instead, we get the patriarchal, parallelepipedal Plácido Domingo, staid verging on stodgy. Frederica von Stade, though not correspondingly matronly, does not bend much either, literally or histrionically. She comes across foursquarely Amurrican, nice but goody-goody, delivering her spoken lines in an almost arthritic manner.

The stars still sing out fully enough for the work's less-than-overwhelming requirements, but their voices lack a certain luster—that frothy, insinuating filigree that cajoles its way into our ears. The secondary lovers, Paul Groves and Emily Pulley, please in all departments—she even manages a cartwheel in the cancan scene—but no one here will go down in operetta history.

The chief problem, however, is the production. The director, Tim Albery, does not quite elicit the swirl, the heady abandon called for, nor does he come up with enough amusing detail. He is not helped by Antony McDonald, whose costumes are routinely *buffo,* and whose sets don't make sense. Why should Hanna's first entrance be down a staircase leading from the Eiffel Tower straight into the hall of the Pontevedrian embassy? Why should Act Two, in the Glawari garden, start with snowfall and Hanna's emerging from a sled, while everything else thereafter is steadily summery? The lighting designer Wolfgang Göbbel is unable to coax enchantment out of this scenery or evoke an amorous atmosphere.

But the true fiasco is Philippe Giraudeau's choreography. Elegant couples waltz in crouching like speed skaters. Hanna and Danilo dance a supposedly Serbian kolo, cobbled together from bits of discarded mazurka and tarantella. A male ensemble in evening clothes capers like a bunch of demented chorus boys; the men in a slow Pontevedrian dance seem to be bitten by tsetse flies, and languidly sink into a heap. One such narcolept then aimlessly gyrates around the singing Hanna until he, too, collapses. What keeps the show going is Andrew Davis's conducting of the responsive orchestra with both verve and finesse. Still, if the music is all you want, you can get it less expensively on disc—try Schwarzkopf and Gedda on EMI or Studer and Skovhus on DG. ■

Peter G. Davis will return in a few weeks.

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Roots

In the historically minded "Black Dance" project, Philadanco's dancers overcome earthbound choreography; Ann Carlson is her own kind of down-to-earth.

THE PROGRAM **Philadanco** BROUGHT TO BAM'S Harvey Theater flagged key stages in the African-American contribution to the making of modern dance in this country. The engagement of the much-respected 30-year-old troupe, dominated by black leadership, black dance-makers, and black performers, was part of a huge, multifaceted project by 651 Arts, resident at the Harvey. This undertaking, "Black Dance: Tradition and Transformation," is designed to explore and celebrate the rich, multiple manifestations of "black dance" instead of engaging in a futile attempt to define the term (work by black choreographers? Performances by black dancers? Choreography depicting the black experience?).

Philadanco members in Talley Beatty's *Southern Landscape.*

Milton Myers contributed Philadanco's curtain-raiser, *Echoes: A Celebration of Alvin Ailey.* While the material clearly borrows from Ailey's signature motifs, it fails both to integrate them into new structural and imaginative contexts and to make any point about Ailey's particular genius (which was not for choreography per se but for bringing a vision into being). Myers, the troupe's resident choreographer, succeeds only in doing what his job implicitly requires. He creates a serviceable context in which the dancers can look very, very good—individually and as a group. This is swell but not sufficient.

The evening's centerpiece was the revival of Talley Beatty's 1947 *Southern Landscape.* Typical of the folkloric vein in the modern dance of its era, the work is picturesque, easy to read, and humanistic to a point verging on the maudlin. In a string of vignettes, it depicts the trials and joys of a rural slave population. It operates in three familiar modes: suffering, spiritual consolation, and celebration. Struggling or rejoicing, this community co-opts your love, not least because it refuses to let evil have the last word. Beatty's optimism, along with his gifts for rhythm and theater, seduces the viewer into enjoying his show, though in our less sentimental times, that Norman Rockwell viewpoint can be disconcerting.

Dwight Rhoden provided the program's brand-new entry, *Tribute.* Typical of the postmodern genre, it's edgy and disjunctive, full of erotic aggression, narcissistic woe, and manic gaiety—all given a slick, commercial veneer of glamour. Rhoden has superficial panache but as yet little craft; *Tribute* is a gaudy mess. It looks very "now," but it has no staying power and is likely to seem dated by next season.

The main attraction of Philadanco lies in its dancing rather than in a repertory that, given the global dearth of worthy choreographers, is unavoidably mediocre. The company style, embodied by the troupe's white and Asian minority as well as by its black dancers, is visceral—fierce and sensuous by turns—elegant, and ingratiating. The performers register not as machines for dancing but as touchingly human individuals, distinguished by their aspiration to a beauty and fluency beyond the pedestrian. Philadanco's founder and director, Joan Myers Brown, is the one to thank.

ONE OF THE THINGS I ADMIRE ABOUT **Ann Carlson** is that she doesn't miscalculate her size—the size of her talent, the size of her enterprise. She's been creating dance-theater pieces for fourteen years. She shows her intimate, maverick work—which explores unusual aspects of being alive—at sites that are not too grand for what she does, though they're well respected on the contemporary-dance circuit. I saw her most recently at P.S. 122.

Carlson does not have a big budget. She does not team up with superstars from the realms of music, drama, painting, photography, fashion, or what-have-you to inflate her impact. She is not part of the publicity machine. Calmly and deliberately, she goes about her business, following her instincts, making the work it's in her to make. For all these reasons, she'll probably never be famous, and so her work will be spared the corrosive effects of pursuing and maintaining fame, so evident in most of the art we're served up these days.

Photograph by Julie Lemberger.

Partly because of her isolation from the big time, Carlson makes a lot of mistakes. Some of them seem just dumb, the result of preferring innocence to common knowledge of the trade. Others have the endearing awkwardness that accompanies a child's efforts at putting on a show. And in the midst of the bumbling come piercing or glowing epiphanies. The P.S. 122 program, three linked solos surrounded by personal chitchat, was typical of the mix.

The talking was the big mistake on this occasion. Carlson surrounded her set pieces, *Grass, Bird,* and *Rodeo,* with informal patter directed to the audience—which was invited to respond, and did, if unrewardingly—concerning the events, thoughts, and feelings that generated each solo. The commentary, delivered none too coherently while Carlson fumbled her way through costume changes, befogged the work and, worse, encouraged doubt that a viewer would properly understand these solos without their being "explained."

Grass, for which Carlson wears a business suit cut from green Astroturf, remains a little obscure, though it offers visual insights into the mythic American landscape of clear, wide horizons. In *Bird,* Carlson dresses up in her own voluptuous flesh, silver sequins, and white feathers to vamp as a Vegas showgirl. All shaky bravado, this character grinds out her raunchy routine, doing her damnedest to meet expectations. Suddenly she trips, staggers to her knees, and, irreparably maimed, metamorphoses into Fokine's dying swan. The match between the desperately plucky performer of tawdry entertainment and the stricken bird-soul of classical dance is a keen imaginative leap that requires no explication whatever.

The strongest and most vivid of the solos, *Rodeo,* reincarnates Carlson as a loud and lusty rodeo announcer *and* some of the attractions she introduces in a country-western twang—a virginal gospel singer, an exhibition roper. The catalyst for the piece, as Carlson instructed us in advance, was a spell of aphasia resulting from an accident she sustained while studying rodeo skills. The solo itself transforms that aphasia into a metaphor for the human condition—our occasional petrifying sensation (or chronic subconscious anxiety) that we've lost our grip on who we are and what the hell we're doing here. I thought it a pity Carlson didn't trust her work to make that clear, but maybe she's dependent on the explicit; she performs *Rodeo* in a shallow ten-by-twelve-foot container filled with genuine, sweet-smelling earth. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

One in Eight...

One in eight women in this country will develop breast cancer in her lifetime.
Together, we can change the odds.

You are Invited
Join the Fight Against Breast Cancer
1st Annual Libby Ross Foundation Black Tie
Saturday, March 4th, 2000
370 Park Avenue
9pm-1am

Open Bar
DJ Chris Bjork
Tickets are limited

For more information call: (212) 831-5671
or visit our website: www.thelibbyrossfoundation.com
or e-mail:lori@thelibbyrossfoundation.com

WHY HIDE? You can overcome your phobia about speaking in public

Natalie H. Rogers

Call For Free Brochure
1-800 525-3718
(212) 684-1711
Fax: (212) 213-9144
Mastercard/visa/Amex
http://www.talkpowr.com/seminars

If you avoid speaking in public because of thought-blocking, rapid heartbeat, shame, panic, etc., you probably know that traditional public speaking classes will not correct this condition.

A program that guarantees remarkable change is TalkPower, a 19 hour weekend workshop that combines behavior modification with performance techniques and speech crafting. Step-by-step, a series of mind/body exercises result in FLUID PUBLIC SPEAKING SKILLS.

For the past 22 years Natalie H. Rogers, behavioral psychotherapist, former actress, and author of "Talk-Power, how to Speak Without Fear", has trained thousands of professionals to overcome a lifetime of humiliating public speaking attempts, by teaching them to speak successfully in public.

INTENSIVE WEEKEND SEMINARS—2000
Jan. 29-30—Feb. 26-27—Apr. 1-2
May 6-7—June 24-25—July 29-30—Sept. 16-17
Nov. 4-5—Dec. 2-3
Seminars held at Doral Court Hotel
39th & Lexington Ave. NYC

NATALIE H. ROGERS, M.S.W.
TALK POWER
TRAINING SEMINARS

We're looking for extraordinary women to do something extraordinary.

If you are between 21 and 32 years of age and would like information on becoming an egg donor at NYU Medical Center, visit our website at www.nyuivf.com or call us at **(212) 263-0054 or (212) 263-8990.** Compensation of $5,000 is provided for accepted donors.

The Egg Donor Program
at NYU Medical Center
660 First Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

NYU Medical Center

MOUNT SINAI NYU
HEALTH

POP MUSIC ETHAN BROWN

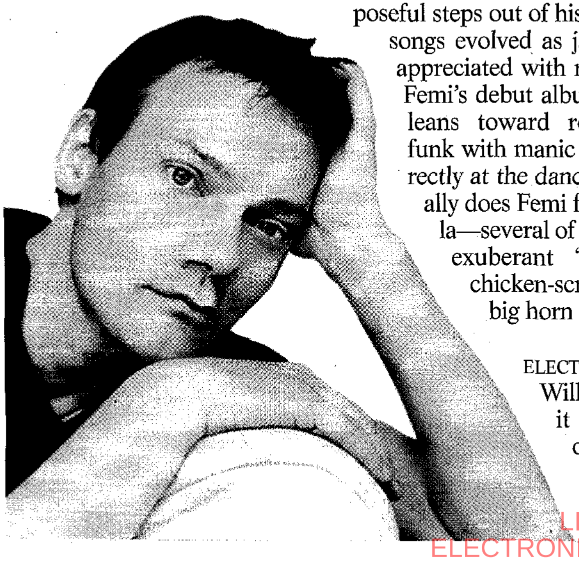
Bold Ambition

As teen pop shimmies up the charts, Air and William Orbit are hooked on classics and Femi Kuti is reinventing Afro pop. Auteurism, anyone?

AMBITION CAN BE DEADLY IN POP MUSIC—THINK prog rock, *Tommy* on Broadway, and, more recently, outsize double-CD sets from rappers making bids for self-canonization. But well into the post-punk era of lowered expectations, at a time when serious artists like Pavement are content to make modest statements within their own genres, a little overreaching can be a good thing.

The French duo Air cite the expansive soundscapes of the Brian Wilson–produced *Pet Sounds* as an inspiration for the undulating grooves of their first album, *Moon Safari.* But they also took their kitschy space-age pop with deadening seriousness, giving the album plenty of ironic distance but little in the way of emotional resonance. Still, Air's nods to Serge Gainsbourg, Burt Bacharach, and elevator music hinted at great things to come, and they fulfill that promise on the soundtrack to Sofia Coppola's **The Virgin Suicides** (Astralwerks/Virgin), trading in their Moogs and Mellotrons for drums and guitars without losing their plastic-fantastic vibe. The chiming synths and guitar sprawl of "Bathroom Girl" sound like a gospelized *Ziggy Stardust;* the high-pitched chants of "Cemetery Party" are almost seraphic; and the plaintive acoustic guitar and bluesy piano on "Highschool Lover (Theme From *The Virgin Suicides*)" matches the quiet power of Aimee Mann's music for *Magnolia.*

FEMI KUTI CAME INTO HIS AMBITION THE OLD-FASHIONED way: He inherited it. His father, the late Nigerian saxophonist and bandleader Fela Anikulapo-Kuti, created Afro pop by blending free-form jazz, traditional Yoruba music, and the funk of James Brown, but he railed against his son's saxophone playing before eventually accepting him. The two had ideological differences (Femi shares his father's political activism but is more diplomatic toward the Nigerian government) as well as musical ones, but unlike the second generation Marleys, Femi takes purposeful steps out of his father's shadow. Fela's songs evolved as jazzy jam sessions best appreciated with repeated listenings, but Femi's debut album, **Shoki Shoki** (MCA), leans toward rollicking, horn-driven funk with manic polyrhythms aimed directly at the dance floor. Only occasionally does Femi fall into his own formula—several of his songs begin with an exuberant "A-*ha!*" followed by chicken-scratch guitar playing and big horn bursts from his band.



English Channel–ing: Below, William Orbit; right, Nicolas Godin and Jean-Benoit Dunckel of Air.

ELECTRONIC-MUSIC PRODUCER William Orbit didn't inherit genius genes, but no one can fault his lineage: His amniotic sonic backdrop lent some depth to Ricky Martin's duet with Madonna, "Be Careful (Cuidado con Mi Corazon)" and he gave Madonna's *Ray of Light* enough thumping house grooves and trippy trance beats to make her New Age self-righteousness bearable. He also made moody, ambient music in the eighties under the names Bass-O-Matic and Strange Cargo, but his **Pieces in a Modern Style** (Maverick) is a riskier move: The album is devoted to faithful synthesizer interpretations of classical-music compositions from the likes of Handel, Beethoven, and Ravel. It's intermittently successful, as on the washing tones on Ravel's "Pavane Pour une Infante Défunte," the sprightly keyboard playing on Vivaldi's "L'Inverno," the moody synth notes that stand in for the titular strings on Samuel Barber's Adagio for Strings.

Unfortunately, classical music has been a dubious trope in electronic work since *Switched-On Bach,* and *Pieces* has a preciousness that can be off-putting. Orbit doesn't help matters by sticking to well-known compositions—such as Barber's Adagio, also familiar as the theme to Oliver Stone's *Platoon*—over more obscure ones he might be able to put a distinctive mark on. Too often, his faithfulness turns into meticulousness, resulting in an album that's as formally impressive but as snooze-inducingly detailed as a special-effects-addled blockbuster. Like Kruder & Dorfmeister, an Austrian production duo who make the kind of austere electronic music that's become the soundtrack to boutique shopping in SoHo, Orbit aims for high culture and just ends up low on pop pleasures.

At their best, Air, Kuti, and Orbit represent pop music's creative frontier, a place where genres collide into one another and orthodoxies are cast aside. But as a previous generation of ambitious conceptualists proved in the seventies, pop sometimes works best when ideas are rationed sparingly. ■

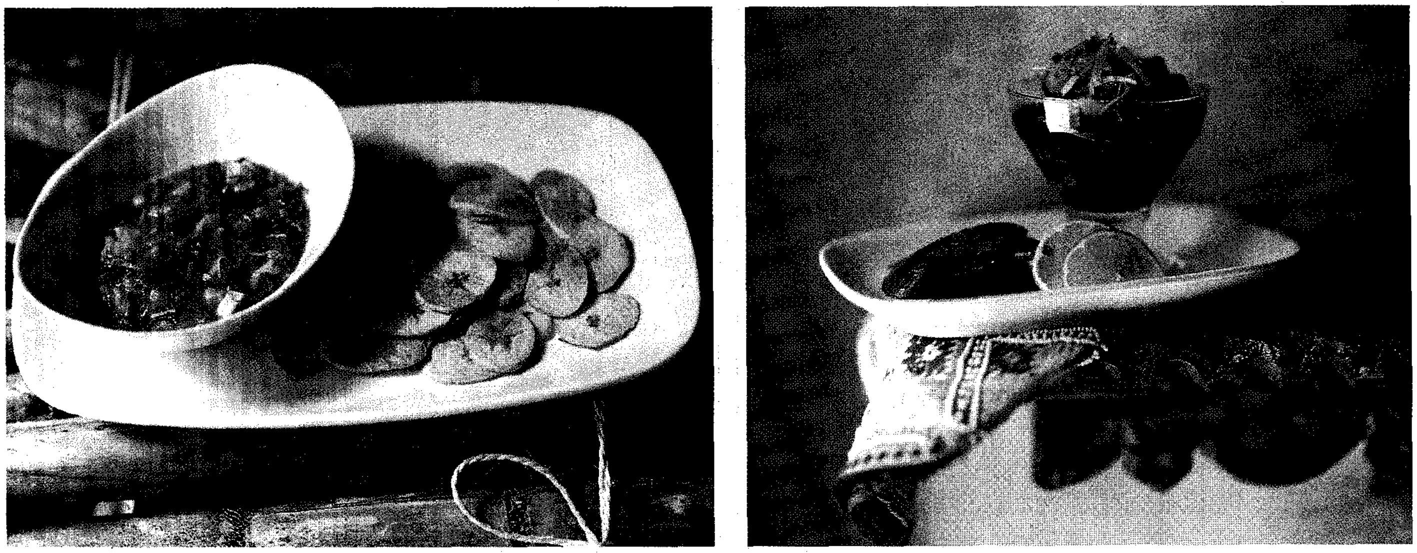
Ethan Brown's 1999–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Photographs: top, by Claude Gassian; bottom, courtesy of Maverick Records.

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Posh Spices

Live high on chef Douglas Rodriguez's celebrated roast hog, or settle for a bowlful of swoony seviche at Chicama, in the Flatiron district.



Plantains' punch: Left, clam salpicon; right, Viagra seviche.

I'VE HAD IT WITH DOUGLAS RODRIGUEZ. I'M OVER HIS being one of the most exhilarating and untrickily inventive, firm-handshaking, twinkly eyed chefs to embrace this city in the past decade. Though it takes more will than smarts to do so, I'm going to ignore that he has given seviche a spectrum of flavor possibilities that would make Ben & Jerry's proud. I will even deny ever bearing witness to the fact that Miami has never recovered from his having giving up Yuca and a tan and moving north. Why? Because Rodriguez is a big, fat—no, scratch that, 'cause, boy, is he getting slimmer by the minute. Rather, he is a wretched tease, as frustrating as every picture I've ever seen of Alyssa Milano as an adult.

Four times I have been to **Chicama**—count 'em, Papi, four—and not once have I been able to score an order of this man's roast suckling pig. Anyone lucky enough to have savored this porcine paradise at Patria or Yuca when Rodriguez cooked at both knows that Babe would have been happy to die for such a dish. But the way my luck's been running at Chicama, I'm the one who's going to leave this earth without ever reaching hog heaven again.

My first dinner there is on a Monday, and the menu lists suckling pig as a plat du jour, available only on weekends. How familial. So we make do with a sweetly incendiary and giddily explosive cavalcade of electrifying seviches: Ecuadoran-style shrimp with tomatoes, marinated in tangerine and lime; tuna and squid sparked by lemongrass, ginger, and Thai basil; a winning sister act of Alaska king and snow crab in a dense horseradish mustard sprinkled with cilantro; what the house calls surf and turf, really a trio of sole, clams, and ham smacked with cilantro, garlic, and jalapeño—as subtle as the Three Stooges and as embarrassingly enjoyable. Okay, fine. I managed.

The second time, the chef humbles our table by offering to prepare a tasting menu, then bewitches us with a gratin of wonderfully tender green-lip mussels showered with tomato-fennel salsa. Name-dropping-worthy oysters Rodriguez, breaded and fried, with horseradish creamed spinach in a sauce of mint, chiles, garlic, and feta. Darkly tempting smoked-marlin salad made irresistible by a lacing of tamarind and vanilla. And lamb anticucho with mint mojo that disappears off the skewers faster than two rounds of Buena Vistas, a jade-tinted double-rum-and-peach-schnapps cocktail guaranteed to make you stupidly grateful you didn't drive.

But *whoa*! Wait just a second. Would David Waltuck ever whip up a Chanterelle sampler without his signature seafood sausage? Can you imagine a Martha Stewart Christmas without a banister garroted by bows? So, why does no little piggy come to park it at our table? Sure, the scallop tiradito made us nuts—fresher than an unexpected kiss on the mouth, cool and bracing in cucumbers, grapefruit, and lime juice. The salt-baked fish in eucalyptus wood is luminous and succulent, too, shot through with shards of caramelized lime. And though pasty Cabrales cheese mucks up an adobo-rubbed rib eye, the hen stew, a kind of upscale Peruvian curry with turmeric and walnuts, is just sublime. The sweet potatoes alone would make the curry memorable. But someone's holding out on me. It's as if Streisand were to announce to an MGM Grand audience that she doesn't feel like doing "Papa, Can You Hear Me." (If only!)

The third time I'm at Chicama, it's not Rodriguez's fault. Half my guests don't eat meat and are more than happy to devour black empanditas filled with calamari plied with saffron and squid ink. A velvety crab dip ar-

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

real culture in a dot.com world

metro ARTS thirteen

Check your cable MetroLearning and MetroGuide Channels
Program listings at www.thirteen.org/metroarts

●

YOU'VE JUST MISSED THE FIRST SIGN OF BREAST CANCER IF YOU DIDN'T SEE THE SMALL DOT IN THE UPPER LEFT HAND CORNER. Because it can start that small inside your breast. That's why a yearly mammogram is a must, especially if you're over 50. Doctors agree that the older you get, the higher the risk of breast cancer. But early detection increases your chance of successful treatment. While you may have missed the first sign of breast cancer, a mammogram won't. For more information, please call the American Cancer Society at **1-800-ACS-2345**.

A MAMMOGRAM. EARLY DETECTION IS THE BEST PROTECTION.

Ad Council A Public Service of This Publication

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

rives with plantain chips, and salmon is tamed—no, transformed—by a delicate salsa verde. The other half are beside themselves to find smoked pork chop on the menu instead, pinker than Porky's tail in any Warner Bros. cartoon, and, thanks to a sparkling ginger purée and black-bean broth, probably the best chop I can remember tasting. Still, close but . . .

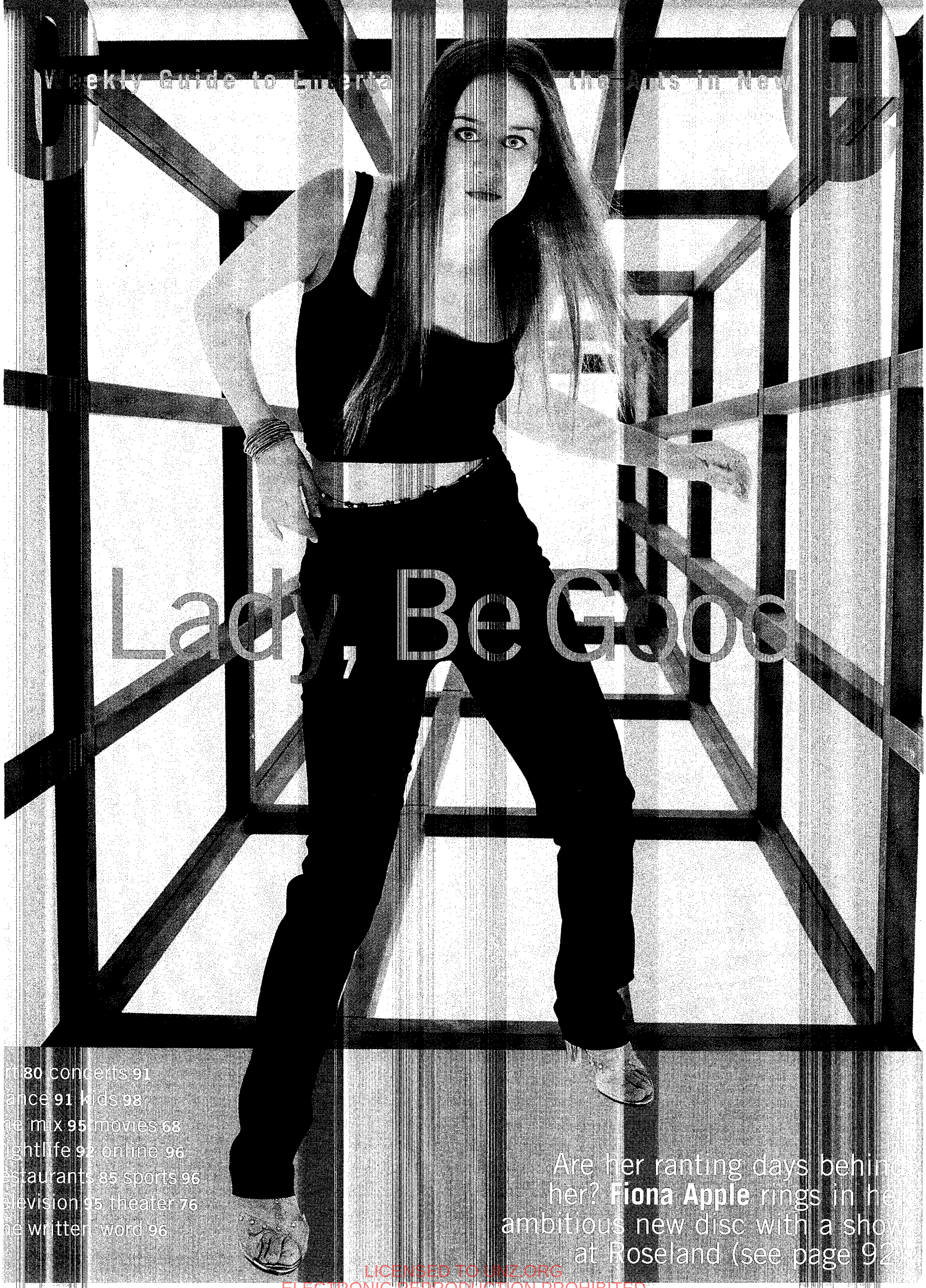
Fourth and final try. I figure we can't miss. Not only is the roast suckling pig now permanently on the menu, but it snows hard half the day, rains incessantly the other half, and by nighttime, the city is mushier than a Nora Ephron script. Streets are so bare, we guess we'll be able to order the whole sow. But Chicama is jammed. They're practically hanging from the weathered rafters and arched clay tiles that make up the incredible ceiling atop this rustically sexy room that used to be Colina but is now blessed by this much better fit. There's not a table to be had in the bar area under the constellation of semiprecious-colored-glass lanterns. The seviche counter must be giving it away for less than one of Cindy Adams's cheap shots. And the dining room is almost too full of high spirits. But I'm about to join them. At last! I order it, triumphantly, as if Moses had just been told by Jehovah he could enter the promised land. Then, just a few minutes later, in my peripheral sight line, I catch the waiter timidly approaching my table. He's sorry, he says. It's been *sooo* popular since it's been put in the menu, he says. They're out of it, he says.

Out of it! That's does it, Rodriguez. If you think I'm going to tell anyone that Chicama is such an unequivocal delight I don't care how long it's taking you to open up your long-planned restaurant Unico, you've been sucking on one too many jalapeños. Don't even dream I'm going to let anyone know that your marinated goat with malanga hash is pot roast gone wild, that your duck seviche is so dizzyingly weird and addictive, and that your chupe, a turmeric-and-saffron-based seafood chowder, beats any bouillabaisse this side of Marseille.

Me, blab about your attentive staff, which feels better to us than being waited on by family? Your chocolate "bomb" that's a great dome of a gooey candy bar? No way, Dougie baby. I'll make this real simple. You get nothing out of me till I get the best out of you. Whole hog or I'm a bump on a log. Put that in your pork and stuff it . . . and then serve it to me, damn it.

Chicama, 35 East 18th Street (212-505-2233). Monday through Thursday noon to midnight, Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M., Sunday till 10 P.M. Appetizers $7 to $19, entrées $19 to $44. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



Weekly Guide to Enterta the Arts in New

Lady, Be Good

rt 80 concerts 91
ance 91 kids 98
ne mix 95 movies 68
ghtlife 92 online 96
staurants 85 sports 96
levision 95 theater 76
ne written word 96

Are her ranting days behind her? **Fiona Apple** rings in her ambitious new disc with a show at Roseland (see page 92).

movies

Ghost Dog...Homo Sapiens...The Next Best Thing

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Clearview's Chelsea; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; UA East; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. It's a sodden, grayed-out thing. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Beach—Leonardo DiCaprio's new film is a woozy piece of jungle fever about an American backpacker in Thailand who finds his way into a supposed island paradise only to find purgatory. DiCaprio gives the role his all and holds the screen long after we in the audience have let go. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Beautiful People—The lives of several very different Londoners—an aristocratic nurse, a troubled doctor, a Serbian pianist, a shell-shocked Scottish documentarian, and a teenage heroin-addict—all intertwine while the war in Bosnia rages not that far away. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Boiler Room**—This debut feature from writer-director Ben Younger is, at least until the heavy moralizing and Freudianizing sets in, a terrific thrill ride through the underworld of a chop-shop brokerage house and the sharks who swim through it. With Giovanni Ribisi, Ben Affleck, Scott Caan, Nicky Katt, and Vin Diesel. (Rainer; 2/28/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Closer You Get—Another Irish village comedy. This one's about a host of Donegal countrymen who seek American companionship. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Cup**—Bhutanese director Khyentse Norbu set his calm and lulling first film in a Tibetan monastery-in-exile in the foothills of the Himalayas. It's a movie about the vagaries of the monastic life, centering on young monks obsessed with World Cup soc-

Series

Over the Top

Just when you thought you couldn't possibly absorb another list of the best films or books or historical personages of the decade or century or millennium comes one that's actually surprising. This past autumn, 'Film Comment' polled 114 critics, directors, authors, archivists, and programmers. "We asked respondents to zero in on the film that cast the longest shadow, whether in terms of excellence, power, visionary quality, symbolic importance, influence, or epic awfulness," explains editor Richard T. Jameson. While "epic awfulness" was a category predictably reserved for Hollywood productions like 'Titanic' and 'Independence Day,' the few, fine, and in some cases drastically overlooked films that made the cut for the decade will be screened in a twelve-film series at the Film Society of Lincoln Center entitled "Top of the World." It begins March 3 with Jim Jarmusch's outlandish Western 'Dead Man,' featuring Johnny Depp (above, center) and continues with the third entry in Krzysztof Kieslowski's "Trois Couleurs" series, 'Red,' starring Irène Jacob (above, left) and (Jameson's personal favorite) the Coen Brothers' Prohibition-era gangster picture 'Miller's Crossing,' with John Turturro (above, right). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

'Cue' cover photograph by Mark Seliger/Corbis Outline.

DANNY DEVITO BETTE MIDLER NEVE CAMPBELL JAMIE LEE CURTIS

DROWNING MONA

The death of Mona Dearly
wasn't so much a whodunnit, as a who didn't.

DESTINATION FILMS presents a NEVERLAND FILMS / JERSEY SHORE production
a film by NICK GOMEZ DANNY DEVITO BETTE MIDLER NEVE CAMPBELL JAMIE LEE CURTIS "DROWNING MONA" CASEY AFFLECK WILLIAM FICHTNER MARCUS THOMAS
PETER DOBSON [illegible] MONIKA MIKKELSEN [illegible] GWEN BETHEL [illegible] MICHAEL TAVERA [illegible] TERRY DRESBACH [illegible] RICHARD PEARSON [illegible] RICHARD TOYON [illegible] BRUCE DOUGLAS JOHNSON
[illegible] JONATHAN BANK [illegible] DANNY DEVITO MICHAEL SHAMBERG STACEY SHER JONATHAN WEISGAL [illegible] AL CORLEY BART ROSENBLATT and EUGENE MUSSO
[illegible] PETER STEINFELD [illegible] NICK GOMEZ

NEVERLAND FILMS

JERSEY SHORE

DESTINATION

www.drowningmona.com

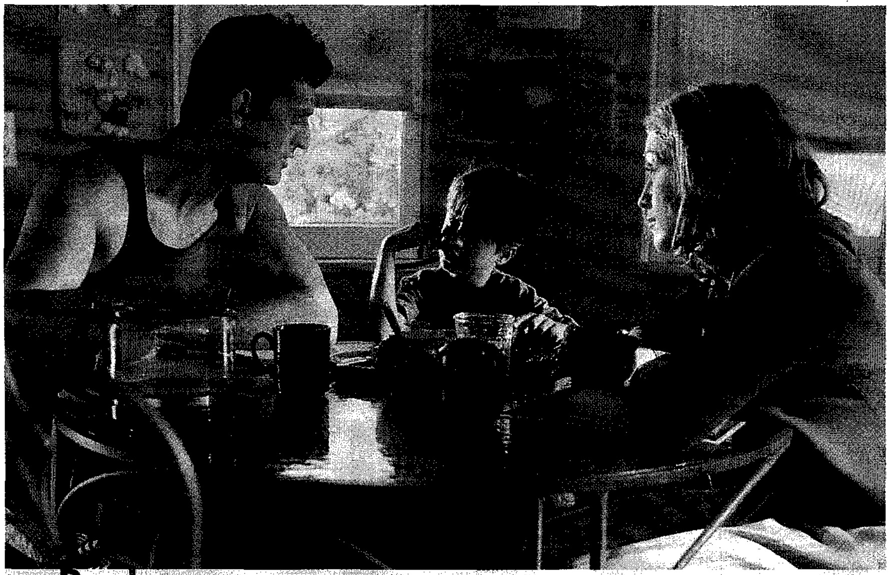
STARTS FRIDAY, MARCH 3 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

cer. His touch is playful, not lordly. (Rainer; 2/7/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Drowning Mona—A black comedy in which Bette Midler plays an obnoxious woman who turns up in the local fishing pond. Danny Devito is the small-town sheriff who is stuck investigating her supposed murder. Trouble is, the whole town wanted her dead. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Starts 3/3.*

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere. It's an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart.*

★**Galaxy Quest**—Taking the postmodern approach, Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*



Previews
Mother and Child . . . and Rupert

In John Schlesinger's new film, *The Next Best Thing,* Madonna is Abbie, a single woman who wants a child. Rupert Everett plays Robert, the gay best friend with whom she decides to procreate. Together they have a beautiful son; they name him Sam (Malcolm Stumpf, pictured with Everett and Madonna) and buy him very progressive mobiles, and he grows up to be smart and happy and well adjusted, right? Right . . . until Abbie falls for hunky hetero Ben (Benjamin Bratt) and she and Robert start ruthlessly battling for custody. Starts March 3.

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Winona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks as a prison guard and Michael Clarke Duncan as the hulking death-row behemoth with the healing grace. It's a movie about forgiveness, and the supernaturalism comes with a great deal of drawn-out seriousness. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria.*

Hanging Up—Diane Keaton directed this adaptation of the Delia Ephron novel, scripted by the author and Nora Ephron, and it's too overeager to please. This comedy-drama about three warring sisters, played by Keaton, Meg Ryan, and Lisa Kudrow, and their harebrained hospitalized father (Walter Matthau) plays like medium-grade Neil Simon. (Rainer; 2/28/00) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them is like *Feminism for Dummies,* and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Homo Sapiens 1900—A dark and fascinating documentary about man's development of the theories of eugenics and racial hygiene. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Starts 3/3 at the Screening Room.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after being wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a producer for *60 Minutes,* and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco company whistle-blower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Ziegfeld; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Jaundiced Eye—Nonny de la Pena's investigative documentary about the unfair imprisonment of a gay Michigan man for the supposed molestation of his son. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Starts 3/3 at the Screening Room.*

Judy Berlin—See Rainer, page 57. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Loews State.*

Kadosh—The story of two sisters who live in Mea Sharim, Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox Jewish quarter, and whose lives and marriages are dictated by the strict hermetic community. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Kirikou and the Sorceress—A beautifully animated African folktale about a little boy who tries to stop an evil sorceress from torturing his village. (1 hr. 14 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village.*

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—Aviva Kempner's tribute to "the baseball Moses" tells the story of Greenberg, a handsome Jewish kid from the Bronx who made it to the Detroit Tigers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; CC Sutton.*

The Little Thief—Erick Zonca (*The Dreamlife of Angels*) returns to the frustrated world of the French underclass with this story of a young baker's apprentice who joins a band of thugs who hang out at a local boxing gym. Shown with his 1996 short, *Alone.* Both in French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Starts 3/1 at Film Forum.*

Magnolia—*Boogie Nights* writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley–based epic of alienation comes across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

A Map of the World—Sigourney Weaver plays a rural housewife whose life is turned upside down when a neighbor's daughter suffers a tragic accident while under her supervision. With Julianne Moore, David Strathairn, and Chloë Sevigny. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Mifune—A successful businessman (Anders W. Berthelsen) moves back to his rural hometown to care for his retarded brother after their father's death. To help out, he hires an ex-hooker as a housekeeper. It's an unlikely family film: *Rain Man* meets *Pretty Woman* meets the Danish New Wave. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's latest documentary is about Fred Leuchter Jr., who drinks 40 cups of coffee a day and designed "more humane" electric chairs before becoming the unwitting hero of the Holocaust-denial movement. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

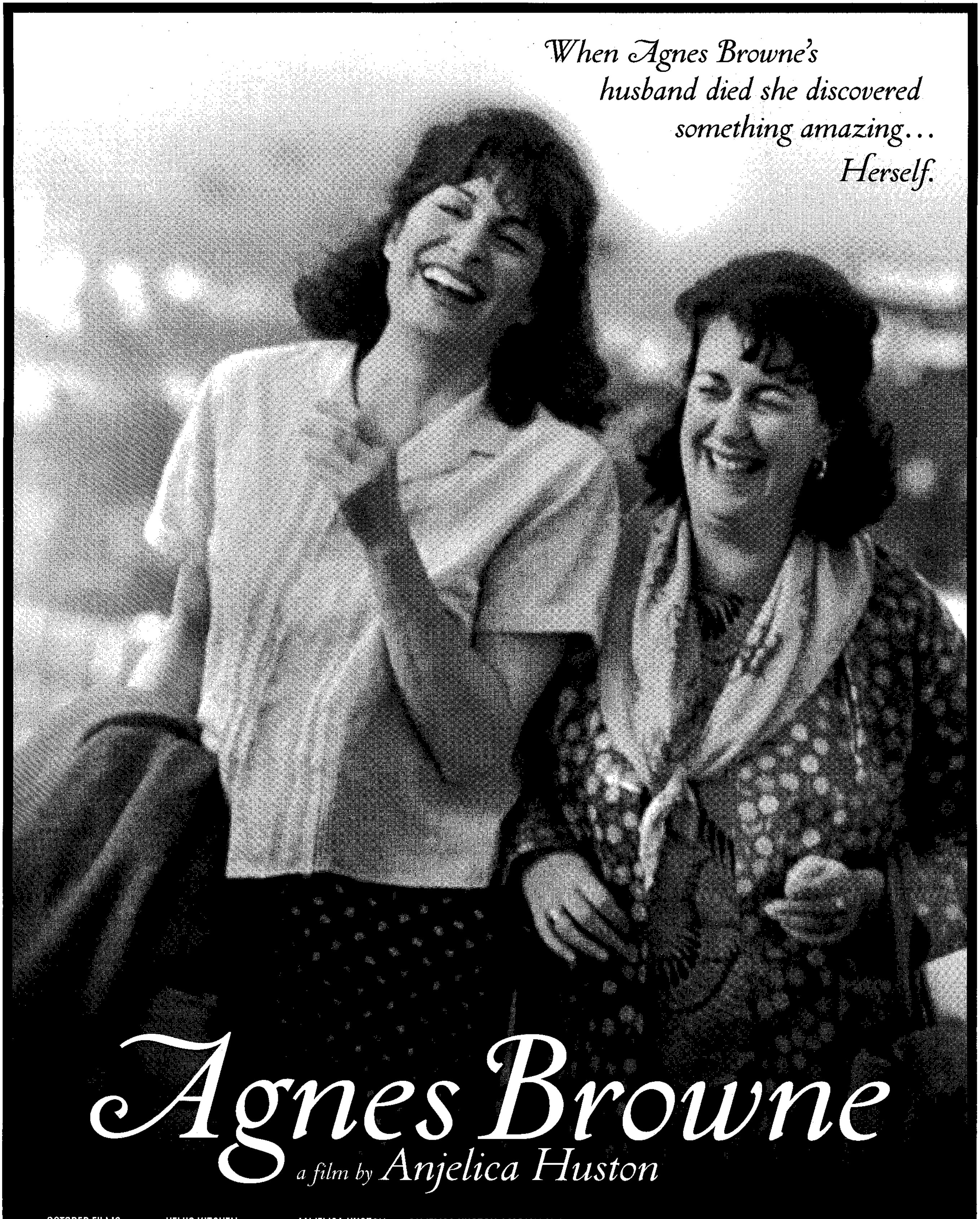
My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about growing up in Mississippi with his beloved dog, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Next Friday—Picking up where we left off with Ice Cube and his reefer-toking pals in *Friday,* only this time they're in the suburbs. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Loews Astor Plaza; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

★**Not One Less**—A small, affecting fable from Zhang Yimou about a 13-year-old substitute village schoolteacher who goes into the city to find one of her errant pupils. The village scenes and the city scenes have a mysterious connectedness. Together they seem to take in the whole quotidian experience. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Pitch Black—Vin Diesel, Radha Mitchell, and Cole Hauser are marooned in space on a strange, hot, *seemingly* lifeless planet. Just wait until dark. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jack-*

Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Paramount Pictures.



When Agnes Browne's husband died she discovered something amazing… Herself.

Agnes Browne

a film by Anjelica Huston

OCTOBER FILMS PRESENTS A HELL'S KITCHEN PRODUCTION AN ANJELICA HUSTON FILM ANJELICA HUSTON MARION O'DWYER "AGNES BROWNE" RAY WINSTONE ARNO CHEVRIER GERARD McSORLEY AND TOM JONES CASTING BY MAUREEN HUGHES MUSIC BY PADDY MOLONEY COSTUME DESIGNER JOAN BERGIN EDITED BY EVA GARDOS PRODUCTION DESIGN BY DAVID BROCKHURST DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ANTHONY B. RICHMOND, B.S.C. LINE PRODUCER PAUL MYLER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MORGAN O'SULLIVAN TOM PALMIERI LAURIE MANSFIELD GERRY BROWNE BASED ON THE NOVEL "THE MAMMY" BY BRENDAN O'CARROLL SCREENPLAY BY JOHN GOLDSMITH AND BRENDAN O'CARROLL PRODUCED BY JIM SHERIDAN ARTHUR LAPPIN ANJELICA HUSTON GREG SMITH DIRECTED BY ANJELICA HUSTON READ THE PLUME BOOK SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON DECCA USA FILMS

DOLBY

OCTOBER FILMS

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

©1999 OCTOBER FILMS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS START MARCH 3RD

son Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. The mixture of cel and computer animation is fluidly achieved, and the Americanized dialogue, voiced by the likes of Minnie Driver and Billy Bob Thornton, is only mildly jarring. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village.*

Reindeer Games—John Frankenheimer's latest caper stars Ben Affleck as an ex-con who is forced to hold up a two-bit casino in a Santa suit by a slutty Charlize Theron and smarmy Gary Sinise. Just plain awful. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Restaurant—Adrien Brody and Lauryn Hill star in this little indie about New Jersey waiters and waitresses with delusions of grandeur. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea.*

Scream 3—Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox Arquette, and David Arquette reunite with director Wes Craven for one last scream. With Jenny McCarthy and Parker Posey. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sex: The Annabel Chong Story—A documentary about Grace Quek, a.k.a. Annabel Chong, a hardworking college student and self-proclaimed feminist who broke the world record for "biggest gang bang" when she had sex with 251 men in ten hours. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza.*

Snow Day—When a blizzard hits upstate New York, the students snow-plow their school shut and wreak havoc. With Chris Elliott, Chevy Chase, and Mark Webber. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is perhaps the greatest Hallmark Hall of Fame movie that Hallmark never made. It's sweet, and Farnsworth and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Cinemart.*

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Sound familiar? (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopathic Tom Ripley. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square.*

3 Strikes—Brian Hooks (*Beloved, Bulworth*) stars in this comedy about a young convict trying to avoid his third conviction, which, according to California penal codes, would result in a life sentence. With David Alan Grier. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *Starts 3/1 at CC Village East; Bay Plaza; Canarsie; Ridgewood; Cinemart.*

The Tigger Movie—Winnie-the-Pooh's hyper-spastic pal Tigger bounces about in search of his ancestry. (1 hr. 16 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play (which she's also directed Off Broadway) comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Criterion.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Toy Story 2**—Woody, Buzz Lightyear, and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rapscallions in this marvelous sequel. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

What Planet are You From?—Gary Shandling and Annette Bening lead an all-star cast in Mike Nichols's new comedy about an alien who must impregnate an Earthling in order to save his planet. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Starts 3/3.*

The Whole Nine Yards—Matthew Perry is an amiable dentist; Rosanna Arquette is the wife who wants him dead; and Bruce Willis is Jimmy "the Tulip," the ex–hit man who lives next door in dubious witness protection. You do the math. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Lin-*

Documentary

Perfect Storm

As genome projects race to completion, promising new technologies of human perfection, Peter Cohen's haunting new documentary 'Homo Sapiens 1900' provides a valuable cautionary tale. Cohen maps out how an earlier generation of scientists trying to uncover the biological foundations of intelligence and physical beauty helped pave the road to eugenics, "racial hygiene," and "ethnic cleansing." Though Hitler's Germany is the most obvious and frightening exposition of these efforts, Cohen shows how such supposedly enlightened countries as the U.S. were also seduced by these dangerous ideas, leading to the sterilization of tens of thousands of American men and women. Starts March 3 at the Screening Room.

Photograph courtesy of First Run Features.

den Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Wonder Boys**—See Rainer, page 57. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Mansfield Park; A Map of the World.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; The Cup; Holy Smoke; Mifune.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Boiler Room; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; Toy Story 2.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *American Movie; Kirikou and the Sorceress; Mr. Death; Princess Mononoke; The War Zone.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; The Hurricane.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Kadosh; The Little Thief; Rear Window.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Hanging Up; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Topsy-Turvy; Wonder Boys.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Beautiful People; Boys Don't Cry; Not One Less; Sex: The Annabel Chong Story.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *The End of the Affair; The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Beach; The Closer You Get; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; The Insider; Magnolia; My Dog Skip; Pitch Black; Sweet and Lowdown; Titus; The Whole Nine Yards.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; Reindeer Games; The Sixth Sense.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Boiler Room.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; Hanging Up; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Wonder Boys.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

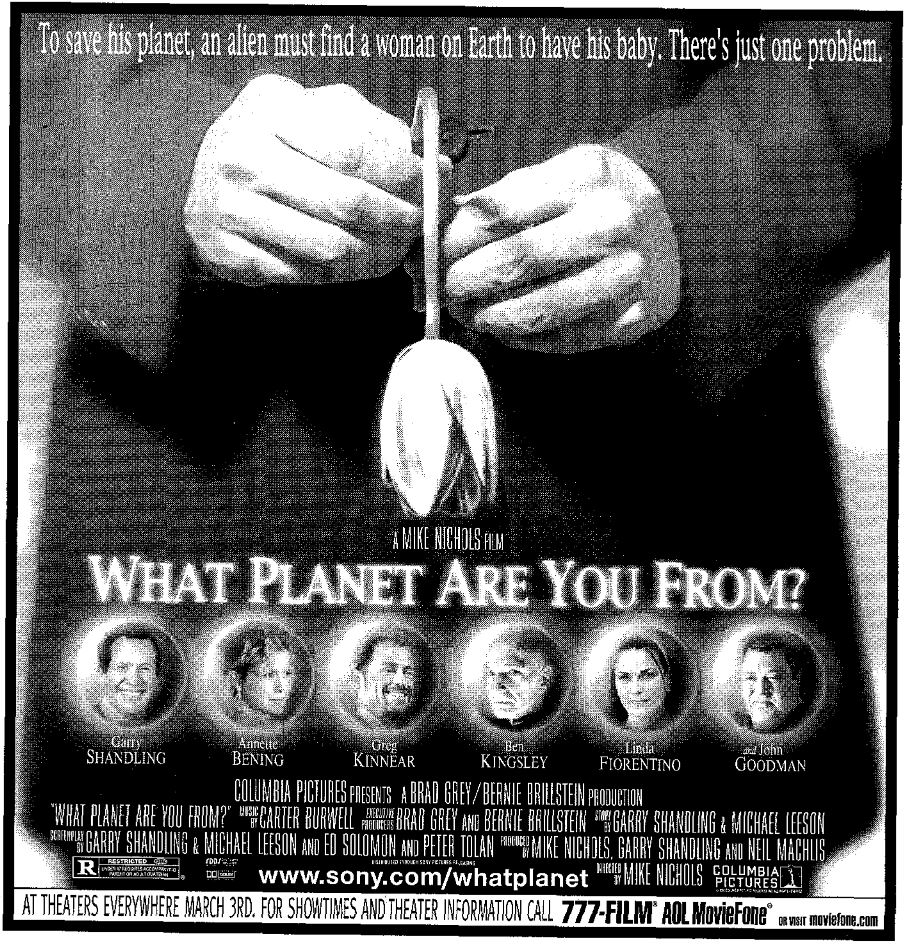
42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; Magnolia.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Holy Smoke.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.


To save his planet, an alien must find a woman on Earth to have his baby. There's just one problem.
A MIKE NICHOLS FILM
WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM?
Garry SHANDLING Annette BENING Greg KINNEAR Ben KINGSLEY Linda FIORENTINO and John GOODMAN
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A BRAD GREY/BERNIE BRILLSTEIN PRODUCTION
"WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM?" MUSIC BY CARTER BURWELL EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRAD GREY AND BERNIE BRILLSTEIN STORY BY GARRY SHANDLING & MICHAEL LEESON SCREENPLAY BY GARRY SHANDLING & MICHAEL LEESON AND ED SOLOMON AND PETER TOLAN PRODUCED BY MIKE NICHOLS, GARRY SHANDLING AND NEIL MACHLIS
R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
DISTRIBUTED THROUGH SONY PICTURES RELEASING
www.sony.com/whatplanet
DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS
COLUMBIA PICTURES
AT THEATERS EVERYWHERE MARCH 3RD. FOR SHOWTIMES AND THEATER INFORMATION CALL 777-FILM® AOL MovieFone® OR VISIT moviefone.com

Les Pyrenees
distinctive French specialties
Lunch • Cocktails • Dinner
PRIVATE PARTY FACILITIES
251 W. 51st St. (opp. Gershwin Theatre)
Res: 246-0044 / 246-0373
Jean Claude Pujol, Owner - Open 7 Days
(OPPOSITE "CANDIDE")

Da Rosina
Ristorante Italiano
Homemade Pasta Our Specialty
Prix Fixe Dinner $19.99
www.darosina.com
342 W. 46th St. (Bet 8th-9th Ave) • (212) 977-7373

THE SALVATION ARMY
SHARING IS CARING

Authentic Greek Cuisine
212.535.3800
1331 Second Avenue
Trata estiatorio
"charcoal-grilled to sweet, flaky perfection"
Voted New York Magazine's Best Fish on a Menu 1999

World Wildlife Fund
1-800-CALL-WWF

Bombay Palace
ESTD. 1979
30 West 52 St. (bet 5th & 6th Ave)
• 212 • 541 • 7777
WWW.BOMBAY-PALACE.COM

OSTERIA FIORENTINA
Excellent Homemade Florentine Cuisine
Prix Fixe Menu $12.50
Piano Violin • Sidewalk Cafe • Private Parties
281 Bleeker Street, NYC
Off 7th Avenue • (212) 633-2941

Documentary
Prima Number

"This cat's got nine lives," they used to say about Louis Prima, and while that proved not to be the case (he died in 1978), according to Don McGlynn's new documentary 'Louis Prima: The Wildest!' he lived the one he did have to the fullest. Artistically, Prima wasn't in the jazz pantheon. Rather, he was an entertainer, with a gift for cheerful seduction, whether he was wooing women backstage (among them Martha Raye, Jean Harlow, Keely Smith, and Gia Maione) or just making them swoon at the Famous Door on 52nd Street with his signature tune "Let's Have a Jubilee." As jazz historian Bruce Raeburn puts it in the film: "He never stopped having fun—and he made sure if you were in the audience, you were going to have fun, too." Starts March 3 at Cinema Village.

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Israel Film Festival.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *The Insider.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Angela's Ashes; Sleepy Hollow; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; Supernova; The World is Not Enough.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Boiler Room; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Next Friday.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Green Mile; Judy Berlin.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; The Hurricane; The Insider; The Sixth Sense; Titus.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Pitch Black.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *The Insider; Reindeer Games.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Boiler Room; Hanging Up; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *American Beauty.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Boys Don't Cry; The End of the Affair; Hanging Up.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; The Sixth Sense; The Tigger Movie.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother; The Beach; The Cider House Rules; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Pitch Black; Restaurant; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Beach; The Closer You Get; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Snow Day; Sweet and Lowdown.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Pitch Black.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *The Beach.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Reindeer Games; Scream 3.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; The Closer You Get; The Cup; Holy Smoke; Mifune; Not One Less.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Hurricane; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *The Cider House Rules; The End of the Affair; Fantasia/2000; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; Magnolia; My Dog Skip; Reindeer Games; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Beach; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (718-588-8800) *Hanging Up; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Beach; Boiler Room; Hanging Up; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother; Holy Smoke; Topsy-Turvy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *The City; The End of the Affair.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; 3 Strikes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Insider; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Beach; Boiler Room; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *The Beach; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; 3 Strikes; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Beach; Hanging Up; Scream 3; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; The Beach; Boiler Room; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Beach; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Cider House Rules; The End of the Affair; Pitch Black; Snow Day; The Straight Story; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Photograph courtesy of Cinema Village.

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *American Beauty; The Beach; Boiler Room; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Pitch Black; Snow Day; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; Hey Ram; The Hurricane; The Insider; Magnolia; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; Being John Malkovich; Boys Don't Cry; The Cup; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Topsy-Turvy; Toy Story 2.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Beach; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *All About My Mother; The End of the Affair; The Hurricane; Liberty Heights.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Pitch Black; Reindeer Games.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; Eye of the Beholder; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Sixth Sense.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Boiler Room; Reindeer Games.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Pitch Black; Snow Day; Wonder Boys.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *American Beauty; The Beach; Hanging Up; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; The Beach; The Hurricane; The Insider; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Stuart Little; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Cider House Rules; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Wonder Boys.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Beach; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Hanging Up; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *American Beauty; The Beach; Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—3/4–3/12: "Nonsense and Sensibility: The Films of Steve Martin." 3/4: *The Jerk* (1979), shown with *The Absent-minded Waiter* (1977); *Pennies From Heaven* (1981). 3/5: *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* (1981); *The Man with Two Brains* (1983). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 2/29: *The Ice Rink*. 3/1: "New Asian Filmmakers presents *Lea's Story*. 3/4–3/5: "Celebrating the Life of Quentin Crisp." 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Closed through 3/7. 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—2/28: *While the City Sleeps* (1956). 2/29–3/1: *The Big Combo* (1955). 3/2–3/3: *Lady in the Lake* (1947). 3/4–3/5: *The Killing* (1956). 3/6–3/7: *Point Blank* (1967). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Forum—Through 4/6: "Neo Noir." 2/28–2/29: *Badlands* (1973); *True Romance* (1993). 3/1–3/2: *The Long Goodbye* (1973); *Harper* (1966). 3/3–3/4: *Coffy* (1973); *Superfly* (1972). 3/5: *Pulp Fiction* (1994). 3/6: *Thief* (1981); *The Driver* (1978). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 3/2: *Claire Dolan.*" 3/3–3/8: "Top of the World: *Film Comment* Selects the Most Important Films of the '90s." 3/3: *Dead Man* (1995); *Unforgiven* (1992). 3/4: *Red* (1994); *JLG* (1994); *The Wind Will Carry Us* (1999). 3/5: *Idiots* (1998); *Unforgiven* (1992). 3/6: *The Puppetmaster* (1993); *Anxiety* (1998); *JLG*. 3/7: *Schindler's List* (1993); *Pulp Fiction* (1994). 3/8: *Miller's Crossing* (1990); *The Age of Innocence* (1993). Also 3/4: "Movies for Kids." *The Planet of the Apes* (1968). 3/5: "Reel to Real for Kids: Back in the Saddle Again." 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies for Kids."

Israel Film Festival—Through 3/9: 40 films, documentaries, made-for-TV movies, and student shorts from Israel. For tickets and schedule information, call the IsraFest Foundation at 212-532-2075 or Clearview's 59th Street East (212-759-4631); $9.50.

Japan Society—3/3: *Blue: Chong* (1999). 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $8, $5 for students, and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 3/5: "Academy Award-nominated Documentary Features." 3/2: *One Day in September*. 3/3: *On the Ropes; Buena Vista Social Club; Genghis Blues.* 3/4: *On the Ropes; Speaking in Strings; Genghis Blues.* 3/5: *Speaking in Strings; Buena Vista Social Club; One Day in September.* 3/7: *Caravans* (Nepal). Through 3/12: "A Tribute to the CNC French Film Archives." 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—Through 3/2: "The Complete Planet of the Apes." 2/28: *Planet of the Apes* (1968); *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970); *Escape From the Planet of the Apes* (1971). 2/29: *Planet of the Apes*; *Beneath the Planet of the Apes.* 3/3–3/9: *The Jaundiced Eye; Homo Sapiens 1900.* Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Sunday afternoon: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—"Works by Robert Kramer." 3/2: *Starting Place* (1993); *In the Country* (1996). 3/3: *Doc's Kingdom* (1987); *Walk the Walk* (1996). 3/4: *Doc's Kingdom; The Edge* (1967); *Milestones* (1975). 3/5: *Route 1* (1989); *Milestones*. 3/6: *Walk the Walk* (1996); "A selection from the personal collection of Erika Kramer." 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

YWCA Cine-Club—3/4–3/5: *Metropolis* (1926). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Previews
Bird Man

Being a hit man is no doubt a stressful job. Some—like, say, Sammy "the Bull" Gravano—deal with this by adopting a tough-guy swagger, swearing allegiance to the code of *omerta*, and later ratting out the boss. But in *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai*, Jim Jarmusch has conceived a whole new hit-man code. Forest Whitaker plays a hired gun for the mob who follows the ancient order of the Samurai warrior, reciting the Hagakure left and right. When he's not arranging his contract hits via carrier pigeon and offing cartoon-obsessed made men with unthinkable deftness, he reads Mary Shelley in the park or plays chess with his best friend, a French-speaking ice-cream vendor whom he talks to regularly—and he doesn't even speak French! Man, he's deep. Starts March 3 at the CC Angelika Film Center, Clearview's Park & 86th and Loews 42nd Street E Walk.

Photograph by Abbot Genser.

theater

Contact...Charles Busch...Sueño

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aïda—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and Costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/23 opening. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman." Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/2 for a 3/30 reopening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/3 for a 3/16 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Squonk!—This new production, which made its debut at the East Village's P.S. 122, may be a musical, but it's no *Footloose.* $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: white-hot Hollywood commodities Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia.* Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs a production that also features Celia Weston and the ever-irrepressible MCC artistic director Robert LuPone. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/9 opening. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., west of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Previews

Rebel Yellow

Director-choreographer Susan Stroman opened 'Contact,' her dance-theater collaboration with John Weidman, to universal raves and a sold-out run last fall at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, and her "dancer in the yellow dress," Deborah Yates (clasping Boyd Gaines, center), instantly became the queen of the season. The production was put on ice during the winter's coldest months, but now Stroman's dancers plan to shake the frost from their ankles and continue the swingfest on March 2, when the show moves upstairs to the Vivian Beaumont. (See "Broadway.")

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!,* plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

The Big Bang—In the beginning, there was the word. Then there was the musical. In this backstage comedy, actors Jed Feuer and Boyd Graham present a backer's audition for a musical about the history of humanity. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan

Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Eight lives and counting. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. Featuring ballet star Julio Bocca, through 4/8. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?), but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is a such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Through 3/5. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford spells Burnett on Tuesdays. $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Opening

The New Establishment

Since *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*, one of the eighties' most successful and longest-running Off–Off Broadway spectacles, self-described downtown "gender illusionist," playwright, actor, and novelist Charles Busch has become an odd grande dame of the New York stage. "It's wild, ain't it?" says Busch. "I was once a great authority mouthing off on an A&E biography of Judy Garland—but certain shades of limelight aren't always good for your complexion." Now Busch, beloved for some of Off–Off Broadway's most outrageous shows (including a play—*Die! Mommy! Die!*—where the murder weapon was an insecticide-laced suppository), will premiere his second work at the Manhattan Theatre Club, where his tamely titled new comedy, *The Tale of the Allergist's Wife*, opens on February 29. Working with accomplished theater vets like set designer Santo Loquasto and costume designer Ann Roth has been the least of Busch's challenges. "Most of the other things I've done have been parodies of film or theatrical genres," he explains. "This has the same sense of humor, but I wrote the play for Linda Lavin. I wanted to write these outrageous New York Jewish characters, but I didn't want it to come off like an episode of *The Nanny*." Lavin, known best as the star of television's *Alice*, plays Marjorie, an Upper West Side woman "going through a terrible midlife crisis. She's the kind of woman who says things like 'I'm going to reread all of Rilke,' who goes off to BAM to see an all-male Irish *Oresteia*," says Busch. Marjorie's sober security is thrown into disarray by the arrival of a fabulously gorgeous old friend (played by Michele Lee, who still glitters with the glamour of *Knots Landing*), a fearless jet-setter who "told Diana about the land mines" and "was in the studio with Quincy Jones when they recorded 'We Are the World.' " Still, the greatest difficulty, says Busch, "is not being in it. I'm not so sure I'm crazy about that. I feel like some 1920s dowdy authoress sitting with her fox piece, just watching her play being done. I tell you, if the stars happen to not be available, or the lighting cue has to be adjusted, I'll step up there. Any of the roles—I mean, I'll play the old lady." (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that

Photograph by David Morgan.

confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Altruists—A new play by Nicky Silver that proves that those Volvo-driving Upper East Side philanthropists are just as screwy as you'd expect. Targets include all -isms, -ists, and organizational acronymns. $40. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. In previews for a 3/6 opening. Through 3/25. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

American Buffalo—William H. Macy and Philip Baker Hall, two prodigiously talented actors who started out in the theater and achieved major Hollywood success, play bumbling thieves in David Mamet's 1976 play. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews being 3/3 for a 3/16 opening. Through 4/23. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Carnival Knowledge—Rob Faust and Faustwork present comic-performance pieces like the Fred Astaire–inspired "Gingerella" and the autobiographical "For True." $35. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/2 opening. Through 3/26. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-532-8887).*

The Country Boy—The Irish Rep presents John Murphy's 1959 story about an American who returns home to Ireland. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/1 opening. Through 4/2. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

An Empty Plate in the Café du Grand Boeuf—In Michael Hollinger's new play about a gourmand's hunger strike, the cast is led by George Wendt, a *Cheers* vet known best to couch potatoes and bar jockeys as "Norm!" $40. Call for schedule. In previews for a 3/8 opening. Through 3/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

Imperfect Love—Screenwriter-playwright Brandon Cole's romantic farce. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 2/24 for a 3/4 opening. Through 4/16. *New York Performance Works, 128 Chambers St. (212-969-0166).*

The Moment When—James Lapine's new play about the entwined lives of a book-jacket illustrator, a novelist, and an agent's assistant. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 3/12 opening. Through 3/26. *Anne G. Wilder Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Noise of Time—A meditation on Shostakovich by London's Theatre de Complicite and the Emerson String Quartet. $50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. 3/1–3/5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500).*

The Red Balloon—A stage adaptation of the sweet film about a boy and a very big balloon. $10–$20. Call for schedule. 3/3–3/12. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Sueño—A new adaptation of Pedro Calderon de la Barca's classic *Life Is a Dream* by Obie-winner Jose Rivera (*Marisol* and *Cloud Techtonics*). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/1 opening. Through 3/19. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife—Charles Busch's new play about the happy side effects of mid-life crises. Directed by Lynne Meadow. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/29 opening. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

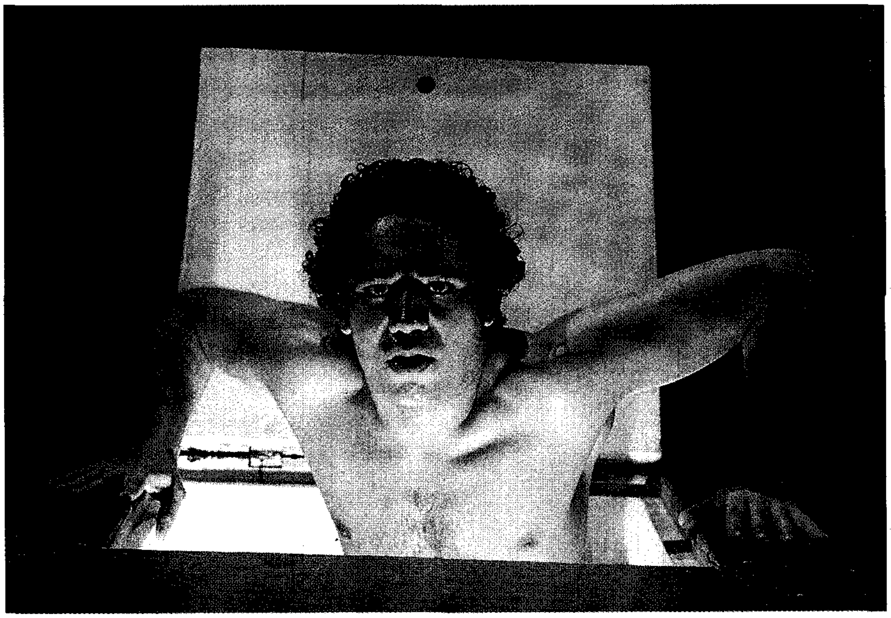
Torch-Bearers—Faith Prince and Marian Seldes star in George Kelly's spoof of small-town theater. $15. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 3/4. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-541-8441).*

Two Sisters and a Piano—*See Simon, p. 59.* $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

The Waverly Gallery—Grand dame Eileen Heckert plays a Village art dealer who is forced to give up her gallery because of her age in a new play by Kenny Lonergan, author of *This Is Our Youth* and recent winner of the Grand Jury and Screenwriters prizes at Sundance for *You Can Count on Me.* $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/3 for a 3/22 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening From the Underground

At the MCC Theater, Calderón's 1635 drama *Life Is a Dream,* a heady rep classic, gets a distinctly Latino take in Sueño (featuring John Ortiz, pictured), a new adaptation and translation by Obie-winner José Rivera, a Puerto Rican playwright who grew up on Long Island. Opens March 1. (See "Off Broadway.")



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Now Playing

The Alchemist—Dan "D'ohh!" Castellaneta, the man who originated the role of Homer Simpson, smartens up to play the smooth-talking con artist at the center of the classic Ben Jonson comedy. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/12. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).*

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family. This is a reading only. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Arms and the Man—Roger Rees directs the Roundabout Theater's revival of George Bernard Shaw's comic drama of bullets and bonbons. Starring Henry Czerny, Katie Finneran, and Paul Michael Valley. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Off–Off Broadway's patron devil, Richard Foreman, pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche, 100 years after the iconoclastic philosopher's death. $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/30. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Defending the Light—This new play by Ron Milner is based on the high-profile 1846 trial of a black man who murdered a white man and his wife, mother-in-law, and baby. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Tribeca Center for the Performing Arts, 199 Chambers St. (212-346-8500).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea, last seen opposite Molly Ringwald in *How I Learned to Drive.* $25–$35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. $35. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Autobiography—Downtown diva Varla Jean Merman, who may or may not be the love child of Ernest Borgnine and

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Ethel Merman, reveals all the pain, sorrow, and aorta-bursting heartache that festers behind her dazzling persona. $25. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by J. Smith-Cameron and others. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $19.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Matt McGrath. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

It's Impossible to Sing and Play the Bass—Jay Leonhart (thrice named "Most Valuable Bassist" by the National Association of Recording Arts and Sciences) performs twenty of his songs in this new musical. $20–$40. Mon. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Jewel Box Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Joyful Noise—Tim Slover's musical play about the backstage drama behind Handel's The Messiah. $44–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

King John—Directed by Karin Coonrod, this neglected play by the Bard chronicles the king's contentious medieval reign. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Letters From Cuba—Playwright Maria Irene Fornes uses hundreds of letters that the playwright exchanged with her brother in Cuba to tell a very personal 30-year history of Cuban-American relations. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/5. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Love in a Thirsty Land—The Jewish Repertory presents a new romantic play by Alan Glass about a young immigrant who ends up in an 1875 murder trial. Directed by Robert Kalfin (*Strider, Happy End, Yentl, Truly Blessed*). $35–$40. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro about meddling grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Saturday Night—Kathleen Marshall, artistic director of the Encores! series at City Center, directs Stephen Sondheim's first musical, a tale about a Flatbush native who craves success in the city. $61. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Splendora—Effeminate small-town outcast Timothy John Coldridge returns to a tiny Texas town to manage the local bookmobile and reintroduces himself as Miss Jessica Gatewood. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Taking a Chance on Love—A musical revue about the life of composer John LaTouche (*Golden Apple*, Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*, *Cabin in the Sky*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 3/26. *Theatre at Saint Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Time of the Cuckoo—*See Simon, p. 59.* $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Try to Remember: A Look at Off Broadway—Accomplished golden gal Rita Gardner looks back on 40 years in the theater, from her recent role in *Eleanor* to her 1960 success as "the Girl" in *The Fantastics.* $30. Sat. at 10. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

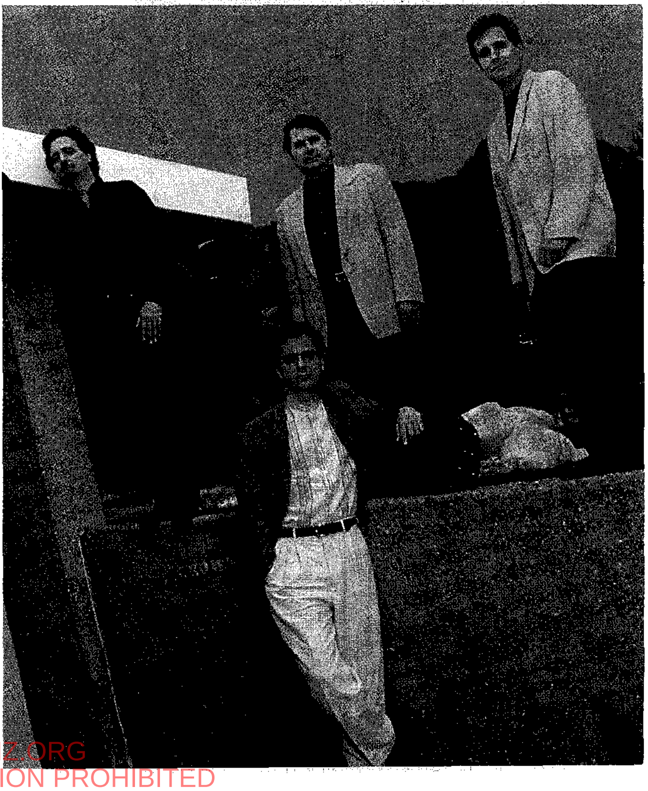
The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 3/5: Mary Alice, Amy Irving, Rosie Perez. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Party—*See Simon, p. 59.* $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat.–Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Opening Ticktock

The controversial legacy of Dmitry Shostakovich, the composer whose complex works served as the conflicted soundtracks of much of twentieth-century Russian political history, will be the subject of a staging by London's acclaimed Theatre de Complicite in 'The Noise of Time,' an unusual multimedia performance that incorporates archival film footage, radio broadcasts, personal papers, and the composer's fifteenth and final string quartet, performed by the Emerson String Quartet (pictured). Runs March 1 to 5. (See "Off Broadway.")



Photograph by Nora Feller.

art

Latin American Still-Life...Lee Friedlander

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arthur B. Carles—A survey of paintings by the Philadelphia modernist (1882–1952); through 3/18. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

Istvan Farkas—Paintings and works on paper by the Hungarian artist (1887–1944), who was a member of the Ecole de Paris and whose work has not been exhibited in the U.S. since 1930; through 3/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Robert Jessup—Narrative paintings in a series titled "The Recipe for a Perfect Pie"; through 3/18. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

Henry Lamb—A selection of watercolors and drawings by the British artist (1883–1960), who was associated with the Bloomsbury Group, including self-portraits, portraits of his friends, genre scenes of his family, and landscape views of Sancerre, France, and Coombe Bissett, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, England; 3/4–4/15. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (212-838-0333).

Robert Morris—Four of the artist's minimalist felt works dating from 1968 to 1974, including a floor piece; a work attached to the wall with strips hanging to the floor, and two large-scale geometric works; through 3/31. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Don Porcaro/Joseph Di Giorgio—Stone-and-metal sculptures/Paintings of New York at night; 3/1–4/1. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Gerhard Richter—A selection of the German artist's early paintings from the sixties and seventies; through 4/22. Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

Jonathon Rosen—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and animation that combine medical, carnival, and mechanical imagery by an artist whose illustrations have appeared in this magazine, the New York *Times*, *Newsweek*, *Raygun*, and other publications; through 3/25. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

Theodore Roszak—A selection of drawings, photograms, and works on paper; through 3/11. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

Tony Scherman—Large-scale encaustic paintings that depict enlarged faces of political figures ranging from Robespierre to Himmler; through 4/1. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Carole Seborovksi—New collage drawings; through 4/1. Mitchell-Inness & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Connie Walsh—Three video works that depict the artist performing various tasks; through 3/11. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

Christopher Wool—Drawings that were published as a limited-edition artist book in 1989 called *Black Book;* through 3/25. Skarstedt, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-737-2060).

57th Street Area

Will Cotton—Paintings whose compositions of realistically rendered cookies, candies, and other sweets resemble architecture and landscape; through 3/18. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Lois Dodd—Maine landscapes painted by the artist in the seventies; through 3/10. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

Marsden Hartley—Works on paper by the American modernist (1877–1943) borrowed from public and private collections, including his earliest surviving paper work, sketches made in the winter of 1908–09 in North Lovell, Maine; through 3/11. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-307-5730).

Jacques Lipshitz—Bronze and stone sculptures and drawings from the 1941–1973 period, when the artist lived in New York; through 3/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Michael Mazur—New abstract paintings and works on paper; through 4/4. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

Pablo Picasso—Works dating from the late twenties to the seventies on the theme of the artist and his model; through 3/11. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

Dorothea Rockburne—Works on paper and panel from 1990 to the present that reflect the artist's interest in cosmological phenomena; 3/1–4/1. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Brian Shure/Joan Linder—Recent paintings by both; through 3/9. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Hunt Slonem—Recent small-scale paintings; through 3/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Erica Svek—New paintings; 3/2–3/25. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Paul Waldman—New paintings and sculpture inspired by a trip to India; 3/2–4/1. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Timothy Woodman/Stuart Shils—New painted aluminum sculptures depicting people at work and play/Oil-pastel landscapes and seascapes of the Irish countryside. Through 3/11. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

John Dilg—Abstract paintings; through 4/1. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray—Selected works by the two artists that reflect their long friendship and shared interests in chess, optics, African sculpture, and the photographic recording of their mutual friends; through 3/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Lucio Fontana—Paintings made by the Italian artist (1899–1968) during the early sixties, including works from his "Buchi" (holes) and "Tagli" (cuts) series; two works in metal, and a rare oil painting with Murano glass stones added to the surface; through 4/1. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Simon Frost—Drawings in graphite, ink, watercolor, or gouache that depict intricate compositions of shapes; through 4/1. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Cris Gianakos—A site-specific installation; through 3/25. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (212- 807-1051), Wed.–Sat. 12–5.

Grace Graupe-Pillard—Paintings that incorporate film stills from cinematic masterpieces; through 3/25. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-226-1111).

Michael Gregory/Jane Gottlieb—New paintings of silos in landscapes/Hand-painted archival color photographs of Monet's house and gardens at Giverny. Through 3/22. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Eberhard Havekost—Paintings that depict fragments of views of walls, windows, and doorways as they might be observed by a surveillance camera; 3/2–4/22. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Phillis Ideal—New abstract paintings; through 3/18. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (212-431-4838).

Shigeko Kubota—Recent site-specific video sculptures by the Fluxus artist; 3/2–4/1. Fung, 537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

Kelly E. Lamb—New video and photographic works; through 4/1. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Mark Bennett—Large-scale photomontages that depict idyllic scenes of the fifties and sixties and focus on a fictitious "Barbara" character and her

Photography

Grey Gardens

When most of us—artists included—look at a flower, we focus on the blossom. Not Lee Friedlander, who instead has drawn attention to the unconventional beauty of stems in his wonderfully eerie black-and-white studies of vases from the water line down. At Janet Borden, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; through March 18.

Photograph courtesy of Janet Borden.

fondness for Ford automobiles; through 3/11. Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

Muntean/Rosenblum—Paintings, photographs, and sculptures by the Austrian artist team Markus Muntean and Adi Rosenblum; through 3/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Tim Noble and Sue Webster—New works by the British team that create romantic images out of darkness and debris, such as mounds of trash arranged to create realistic silhouette portraits of the artists on the gallery's walls; through 3/25. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Catherine Opie—An edition of photogravures from the artist's "O" portfolio, which draws on Robert Mapplethorpe's controversial "X" portfolio but depicts female, instead of male, protagonists; through 4/1. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (212-343-0573).

Neo Rauch—Recent paintings; through 3/18. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-4952).

Sheryl L. Rubenstein/Caroline Golden—Photo-collage transfers on glass that combine the artist's own photographs with images of women appropriated from classical painting/Collages that depict women's bodies metamorphosizing into furniture and architecture. Through 3/11. Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld, 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Jörg Sasse—Digitally manipulated photographs of interiors and exteriors of buildings; through 3/18. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Kenny Scharf—New paintings and sculptures; through 3/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Linda Stojak—Recent paintings that combine abstraction and human forms; through 3/28. Haller, 560 Broadway (212-219-2500).

Jude Tallichet—A sandblasted, eleven-foot-high plastic sculpture of two conjoined models of the Empire State Building accompanied by tapes of music composed and performed by the artist; through 3/11. Meltzer's onView . . . , 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

Mark Tansey—New graphite drawings; through 4/1. Marcus, 578 Broadway (212-226-3200).

Rebecca Welz—New Plexiglas constructions; through 3/29. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Chelsea

Barbara Andrus/Travis Molkenbur—An installation that transforms the gallery into a forest/Abstract paintings that suggest imaginary landscapes or places. Through 3/11. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Martha Benzing/Richard Klein—Paintings that depict stars in various stages of formation/Sculptures that transform ordinary eyeglasses into complex biomorphic sculptures. Through 4/1. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Alighiero e Boetti—A survey of the Arte Povera artist's works on paper, including his largest watercolor, *Da Mille a Mille,* a mathematical work based on the laws of numerical progression; through 4/8. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Monika Bravo—A video projection titled *Symphasis* that brings viewers into contact with an aquarium and its occupants; through 3/18. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (212-967-6007).

Fabian Burgos—Recent paintings inspired by light particles and waves and optical-art paintings of the sixties; through 3/8. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

John Descarfino—Recent paintings and works on paper; through 4/8. Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Greg Drasler—New paintings; through 3/18. Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858).

Bruno Fazzolari—Sculpture, painting, and photographs that muse on high culture in food and art; through 3/25. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

Alexandra Feit—Wall sculptures that reference food and the body; through 4/1. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Judy Fox/Katharine Kuharic—An installation of life-sized sculptures of four young girls and a middle-aged man/Recent watercolors that depict the American flag and strings of Christmas lights strewn among the flowers of a garden. Through 3/25. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Michelle Handelman—New photographs and a video installation; through 3/18. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

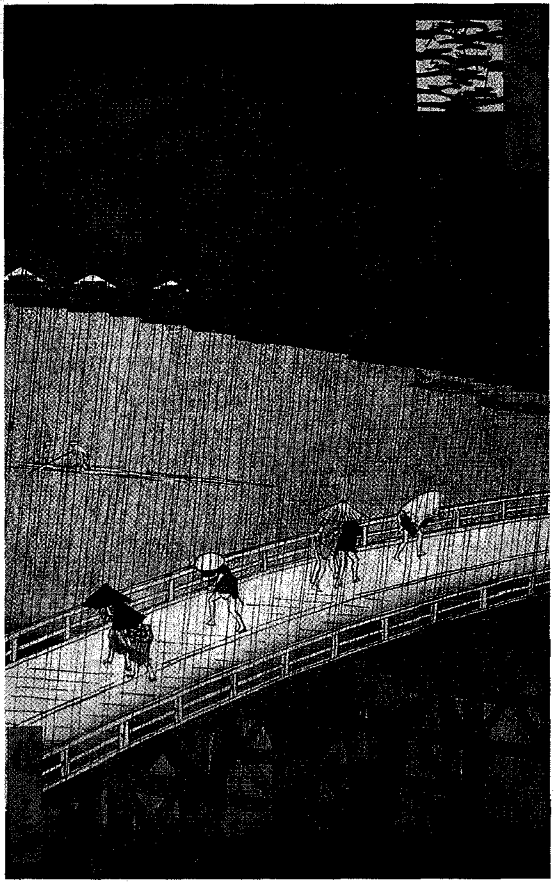
Mark Handforth—New work; through 3/18. Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (212-627-5258).

Nancy Haynes—New abstract paintings that draw obliquely on the artist's earlier works; through 3/11. Stark, 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

David Ivie—Small paintings that use a pale palette of colors to depict mysterious events; through 4/1. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Matt Jacobs—Paintings and watercolors that combine images of flowers with repeated geometric patterns; through 3/25. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (212-645-2621).

On View **The latest sensation at the Brooklyn Museum of Art comes straight from its own collection: a complete set of woodblock prints from "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo," Utagawa Hiroshige's ambitious *ukiyo-e* (scenes of everyday life), series of 1856–58, which influenced such nineteenth-century Western artists as Edgar Degas, Vincent van Gogh (who owned prints from the series), and James Whistler. At 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; through April 23.**



Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Paul Johnson—Lightbox sculptures created from such domestic objects as vacuum cleaners, flashlights, and refrigerators; through 3/28. RareArt, 435 W. 14th St. (212-645-5591).

Sindy Lutz/Michael Flomen—Collage drawings that depict young women in erotic poses/Large-format black-and-white photographs of snow fields. Through 3/25. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Gina Manola—A video, a sculpture, and other works that document the artist's youthful crush on a boy from her hometown of Springfield, Illinois; through 3/11. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-3686).

Josiah McElheny—A new sculpture that comprises white glass objects that are the artist's updates of classic modern designs arranged on white display shelving based on a 1958 design by Ettore Sottsas; through 3/25. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Tracey Moffatt—"Invocations," a group of photo-silkscreen images shot on location in New York City for which the artist used a stage set and actors; 3/4–4/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Santi Moix—New paintings that depict energetic compositions of animated shapes, buildings, breasts, exotic fruits, and eyes within color fields of cerulean blue; through 3/11. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Paul Noble—Large-scale drawings by the British artist that depict his fictional city of Nobson Newtown; through 3/11. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Thomas Nozkowski—New abstract paintings; through 3/18. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Kristin Oppenheim—A sound installation, glass sculpture, and large color photographs; through 3/18. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Ellen Phelan—Recent still-life paintings and works on paper; through 4/1. Senior & Shopmaker, 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Tim Rollins & K.O.S.—New large-scale paintings inspired by classic works of literature, by the artist-teacher and his student team; through 4/15. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276).

Ugo Rondinone—"Target" paintings, a film installation, and large-scale color photographs, by a Swiss artist; 3/4–4/15. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

Sally Ross—Paintings of imaginary objects and landscapes; through 3/11. Audiello, 526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082).

Jonathan Seliger—Three-dimensional paintings that reconfigure such commonplace objects as shopping bags, pillows, woven baskets, and food containers in both real and distorted scales; through 3/11. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

E. E. Smith—Two series of photographic oil prints that offer two views of the open road: the drivers we see and the landscape that rushes past; through 3/18. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044).

Patrick Strzelec—Recent steel sculptures; through 3/25. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Yoshihiro Suda—Three site-specific wood sculptures that portray a flower's development from seedling to full bloom; through 3/25. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460).

Marina Temka—A video and photographs made in rural France, where the artist lived with her fiancé in the summer of 1999; through 4/8. Lynch, 147 W. 29th St. (212-967-7584).

Maciej Toporowicz—An installation of photography, video, drawing, and sound that addresses the shift of Japanese culture from traditional Buddhist and Shinto practice to a new religion of technology; through 3/25. Lombard-Freid, 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

Jan Van Imschoot—Paintings and works on paper that feature enigmatic characters in narratives that refer to history, religion, and morality; through 3/25. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21 St. (212-414-4144).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Cadé—1045 Madison Ave. (212-734-3670). Paintings and works on paper that depict or allude to trees, by Anthony, Christo and Jeanne-Claude, Dubuffet, Rothenberg, de Saint Phalle, Sultan, others; through 3/18.

Hunter College—Leubsdorf Gallery, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991), Mon.–Sat. 1–6. "Deep Field Painting," works by Ascheim, Biggs, Ellis, Mogensen, Ohlson, Zinsser, others; through 3/18.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606). Paintings by Amenoff, Arroyo, Begley; 3/1–25.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (212-879-0500). Still-life compositions by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, among them Bonnard, Braque, Gauguin, Leger, Morisot, Vuillard; through 4/1.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (212-767-1852). "Aspects of White," paintings, sculpture, and works on paper made with white materials, by Ajay, Grausman, Lipton, McLaughlin, Nevelson, Pavia, Ryman, Segal, others; through 3/31.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292). Biomorphic sculptures by Arp, Calder, Noguchi; through 3/18.

PaineWebber—42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6. "Beyond Appearances: Images in Science at the Millennium," an exhibition of scientific and medical illustration from the Middle Ages to the late nineteenth century; through 3/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Manly," works by nineteen artists that look at the current state of masculinity, through 4/1; window installation by Nancy Klotz, through 4/1.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Deterritorialization of Process," works by Abbott, Irving, Johansen, Krone, Lesperance, Min, Mittleman; through 3/25.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "The End," a survey of Exit Art's eighteen-year exhibition history featuring works by more than 100 artists; through 4/1.

Staff USA—495 Broadway (212-925-9700). "Fissure," the third in a series of five exhibitions presented in collaboration with AC Project Room, featuring works by Davis, De Cointet, Elmgreen and Dragset, Perdices, Shannon; through 3/18.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibit: Patsie Broderick and John Wesley, through 3/19; paintings by Andrew Spence, through 3/5; project by Rudolph Hubert Wilcoff and Toni Werthmuller, through 3/5; hallway by Jim Pavlicovic; through 3/19; works by Barbara Friedman and Charles Hovland, through 3/11.

Eller—529 W. 20th St. (212-206-6411). "Superorganic Hydroponic Warfare," drawings by Dunham, Dupuis, Ross; through 3/11.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770). "Trailer," works by Becker, Harrison, Horowitz, Koester, Rayne, others; through 3/25.

Thatcher Projects—529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222). "(In)Tangible," works that deal with the transmutation of the object by Pastine, Sian, Siegel; through 3/11.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767). "Translation/Seduction/Displacement," works by contemporary artists from southern Africa; through 4/1.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Works by more than 150 artists that will be auctioned on March 11 to benefit White Columns; through 3/11.

Photography

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Picturing Guatemala: Images From the CIRMA Photography Archive, 1870–1997," the first exhibition to explore the history of photography in Guatemala, including, among other works, a photographic album by Eadweard Muybridge from 1875 and images by the nineteenth-century ethnographic photographers Emilio Herruger and Alberto Valdeavellano; through 4/16.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Paul Caponigro—New silver prints whose images include shells, stones, plants, and weeds; through 3/25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Gregory Crewdson—Elaborately staged, large-scale tableaux that show suburban landscapes and occurrences at twilight; through 3/25. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Larry Fink—Black-and-white photographs that document the international fashion world and appear in the photographer's new book, *Runway* (PowerHouse Books); through 3/25. Revolution, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-463-8037).

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of flower stems as seen below the water line in a vase; through 3/18. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

David Goberman—Photographs of now-vanished Jewish cemeteries in the "Pale" of Russia and the Ukraine; through 4/2. SoHo Triad, 107 Grand St. (212-965-9500).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution from 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Picturing Business: The Photography of *Fortune,* 1930–1965." Photographs by Margaret Bourke-White, Walker Evans, Robert Frank, and others that were commissioned for the magazine founded by Henry R. Luce in 1930; through 4//9. . . . "Gary Schneider: Genetic Self-Portrait." A series of fourteen works comprising 55 photographs that depict the artist's transformations of X-ray images of his own genetic materials; through 4/9.

Michael Lavine—Photographs of the artist's friends and family acting out various scenarios; through 3/18. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (212-242-7767). "Mirror With a Memory: The Art of the Daguerreotype," an exhibition of mid-nineteenth-century daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and tintypes organized by Jerry Spagnoli; through 3/18.

Marvin E. Newman—Seven photo-essays from the fifties and early sixties, among them *Chicago Snow Scenes 1951, Coney Island Beach Scenes 1952, Halloween 1955,* and *Prostitutes on Rue St. Denis, Paris 1960;* through 3/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

David Plowden/Zeke Berman—A survey of the photographer's images of American cityscapes, small towns, steam engines, and bridges/Early still-life compositions by the conceptual artist; 3/3–4/29. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Gary Schneider—"Specimen Drawings," large prints made from microscope slides; through 4/22. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Aaron Siskind—Images of peeling paint, corroded surfaces, graffiti, and rock formations that represent the late photographer's explorations of abstraction; through 3/18. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Joseph Sudek—Works by the Czech master from the Brumlik Collection, including landscapes, tree studies, modernist still-lifes, the interior of St. Vitus Cathedral under reconstruction, and images of his garden shot from his studio window; 3/2–4/15. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Defining Craft 1: Collecting for the New Millennium." A selection of works from the museum's permanent collection and works that have been promised as gifts; through 5/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Spiritual Perfection: Religious Sculpture of South and Southeast Asia." Sculpture from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III Collection of the Asia Society; through 4/1. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.–Sat. 10–6; $4, $2 students and seniors (free Mon.–Fri. 12–2).

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Guennol Collection: Cabinet of Wonders." Olmec jade carvings, pre-Columbian textiles, American folk art, and works by de Kooning, Cornell, and other twentieth-century artists that were given to the museum by Alastair Bradley Martin and his wife, Edith Park Martin; through 5/7. . . . "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." An exhibition of a rare complete set of Utagawa Hiroshige's 1856–58 wood-block-print series from the museum's permanent collection; through 4/23. . . . "Artists Books." Fifty books made in the nineties by Brooklyn-based artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Doug Beube, and Janet Zweig; through 4/16. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; 3/7–8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Overcoming All Obstacles: The Women of the Académie Julian." Paintings, works on paper, and photographs by women artists who studied at the Académie Julian in Paris, among them Cecelia Beaux, Elizabeth Jane Gardner, Anna Klumke, and Käthe Kollwitz; through 5/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 4/2. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled,* 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/5. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Body of the Line: Eisenstein's Drawings." The first U.S. museum exhibition of drawings by the groundbreaking Russian filmmaker (1898–1948); through 3/18. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

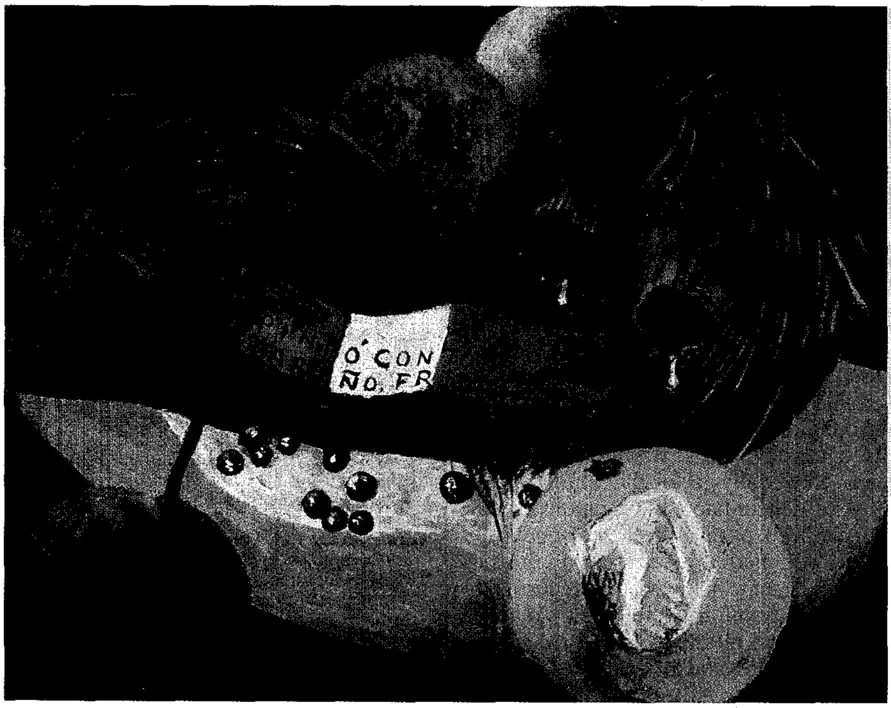
Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec.19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Sheer Realities: Power and Clothing in the Nineteenth-Century Philippines." An exhibition organized by the Asia Society of clothing, accessories, paintings, lithographs, drawings, and photographs that reflect the external and indigenous cultural influences in the Philippines over the past century; through 4/22. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik." The first American retrospective of the Korean-born multimedia artist since 1982, including sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television; through 4/26. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Paris in New York: French Jewish Artists in Private Collections." Paintings and sculpture by Jewish artists working in Paris from 1907 to 1939, among them Marc Chagall, Sonia Delaunay, Jacques Lipchitz, Amedeo Modigliani, Chaim Soutine, and Max Weber; 3/5–6/25. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903–1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "Northern Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection." French, German, and Netherlandish drawings and illuminations; through 5/21. . . . "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." An international loan exhibition of carved-wood and stone works by the German sculptor (1460–1531); through 5/14. . . . "Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt." Painted panel portraits made in Egypt from the first to third century A.D.; through 5/7. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; through 6/4. . . . "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; through 3/12. . . . "Klee's Line." Works that display the artist's imaginative use of line; through 3/12. . . . "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980–1999"; through 11/12. . . . "Masterpieces of Photography From the Gilman Paper Company Collection"; through 5/23. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.



Retrospective MOMA's major still-life survey started the ball rolling three years ago, and now comes an opportunity to observe the myriad contributions of Caribbean and Latin American artists to that genre. "Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place" gathers paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 44 artists, from such masters as Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Frida Kahlo (left, *Weeping Coconuts,* 1951) to the contemporary artists Liliana Porter, Claudio Bravo, Arnaldo Roche-Rabell, and Amalia Mesa-Bains. At El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street; through May 21.

Morgan Library—"From Bruegel to Rubens: Netherlandish and Flemish Drawings." Northern European master drawings spanning the Gothic through the Flemish Baroque periods from the Morgan Library's collection, and a selection of works by artists working in the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Goes; through 4/30. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 5/14. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place." Paintings, sculptures, and other works depicting still-life by twentieth-century Caribbean, Central American, and South American artists, among them Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Wilfredo Lam; through 5/21. . . . "Franco Mondini Ruíz: *Mexic*." A site-specific installation depicting a romanticized, miniature cityscape of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City; through 5/21.1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Hair in African Sculpture and Art." An exhibition exploring the significance of hair in African society through masks and figures, combs, beads, headrests, and an actual Ghanaian barber shop; through 5/28. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun.12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. . . . "This Land Is Your Land: The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie." An exhibition chronicling the life of the folksinger; through 4/23. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. . . . "Girlfriend! The Barbie Sessions by David Levinthal." Forty large-format Polaroid photographs of the doll that return her to her fashion model roots; through 4/15. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"175th Annual Exhibition." America's oldest, continuously held juried art competition, featuring paintings, sculpture, watercolors, and prints by more than 160 artists; through 3/26. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri.10–6; $8, 4.50 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments,

Photograph courtesy of El Museo del Barrio.

Kirkpatrick *continued from page 47*

a letter from Reid arrived at the *Times*. Calling O'Brien's behavior "bordering on being deranged," Reid complained that O'Brien had been "yelling something and ringing and banging on the door." When she looked through the eyehole, she saw him "moving back and forth and appearing unbalanced."

O'Brien was at his desk, about to leave another message for Reid, when a desk clerk on duty at the 24th Precinct called. "I have a Ms. Anna Reid here, and she says you are harassing her," he said. "Tell me, when do you people stop?"

As O'Brien pursued the story, letters continued to pour in. O'Brien says that one evening at about seven, he called looking for Zeltser at the home of a friend and associate of Zeltser's named Svetlana Moysievich. "I presume that Mr. O'Brien is over the age of 11," she wrote in her letter of complaint the next day. "If he gets off by calling married women at night looking for men other than their husbands, perhaps he should not do that under the auspices of the New York *Times*."

O'Brien pushed his investigation farther. "I really went to the mat on this one," he says, "It was like a hall of mirrors."

He learned from a friend in Washington that Robert Puglisi, a private investigator hired by Milberg, Weiss, was making inquiries into O'Brien's background, and at a meeting with Weiss he demanded to know if Puglisi was snooping around him.

Meanwhile, O'Brien began receiving calls himself from Jack Palladino, a private investigator hired by lawyers for a suspect in the money-laundering case. Palladino began calling many of Zeltser's friends, too. Soon, letters and stories appeared on Zeltser's Website claiming that a New York *Times* reporter was working with "gumshoes" hired to squelch the money-laundering story.

At times, O'Brien unwittingly abetted Zeltser's claims. Knowing that Zeltser screened his calls with his answering machine, O'Brien left a message telling him to pick up: "My people on 57th Street tell me you're in your office, Emanuel." Zeltser says he assumed this meant Palladino was watching, and he played the tape of message for other reporters, to prove that O'Brien was after him.

Zeltser began telling stories to other reporters about how O'Brien "went crazy" whenever he heard even the names of his rivals at the *Journal*. Zeltser had managed to pick up some *Journal* office gossip about the reasons for O'Brien's departure, and he began passing it on to other reporters, along with theories about O'Brien's "underdeveloped ego" and the impact of his "horrible" divorce.

"This would have been a small story for the business section, but Zeltser's reaction kept upping the ante," O'Brien says. "He clearly gets how he can create this thing, make it look like I am out on a vendetta."

ZELTSER, OF COURSE, DISPUTES NEARLY every aspect of O'Brien's story, from their first phone call until their last goodbye. And although I've known O'Brien to be a conscientious reporter, at first I wasn't sure how to reconcile their accounts.

No reporter is perfect. O'Brien can become emotional in the pursuit of a story, and he had clearly become obsessed with Zeltser. In an effort to sort through their conflicting accounts, I tried to reach nearly everyone involved with the story (including Grigoriev and Bugrov, without success). Zeltser referred me to friends and associates who could back his story, but only Viktor Smolny was willing to speak on the record. Once, I passed Oxana Berkounova in Zeltser's office. I also independently met some of O'Brien's sources, and others who found me after his story appeared. They backed his account of events throughout, confirming for me what he heard at each step of the way. They also told stories about Zeltser's fabricating of documents, buttressing those in the lawsuits with Inkombank.

ON DECEMBER 23, O'BRIEN SENT ZELTSER A long fax full of detailed questions about his past and present alleged misdeeds. Then O'Brien took his kids to Virginia for Christmas. When he returned, he found that Zeltser had ridiculed the fax on his Web page. When O'Brien asked about Oxana Berkounova, Zeltser wrote, "Go for it, Tiger!" adding, "Try flowers—they really go for that stuff."

And Zeltser had added something new to his Web page, a note that ended, "I hope you had a nice vacation in Virginia." Later, he posted directions to O'Brien's home in New Jersey—albeit a home he had recently vacated. Was this a threat to him and his family? O'Brien told the *Times* editors about his fears. They decided the best response was to publish the story.

So, with his editor Stephen Engelberg's help, O'Brien prepared a draft. They worried the story would seem personal—O'Brien was writing a story in which he'd become a player—so they stuck to what they thought were the most salient issues: that Zeltser may have faked the insider-trading memo; that the *Journal* and other papers had gullibly relied on his information; and that the validity of Zeltser's license to prac- *(continued on page 97)*

sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. from 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785–1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months; through 4/30. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30/01. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Greater New York." The first significant collaboration between P.S.1 and *MoMA*, an exhibition of works by more than 140 artists who have emerged as vital voices over the past five years; through 5/16. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"New York Noir: Crime Photographs From the *Daily News* Archive"; through 4/30. . . . "William Glackens: A Journey From Realism to Impressionism." A selection of paintings, works on paper, and notebooks by the Philadelphia-born artist, who became one of the Eight and worked in Paris, New York, and Cape Cod, most of them drawn from the Glackens family bequest to the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale; through 4/30. . . . . "Queens Focus: Installation by Leung Chi Wo"; through 4/30. . . . "Community Space: Silk Paintings by Dr. Rikki Asher"; through 4/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Images of Harlem: Selected Photographs of James VanDerZee." Images of Harlem in its heyday by the Massachusetts-born photographer who moved to New York in 1906; through 5/21. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs, Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Highlights From the Permanent Collection"; through 6/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures and drawings by both from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 4/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). Next auction on 3/10.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 3/4 at 10 and 2: "Fine Wine." On view from 2/29.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). Next auction on 3/8.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). Next auction on 4/16.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). Next auction on 3/8.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 3/2 at 10:30: "Travel and Exploration." On view from 2/6.

restaurants

Decamping Campo...Rockefeller Rebirth

Manhattan

Lower New York

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Data
Australian for Leap Year

By a happy coincidence, New York will soon be awash in Australian food. There's NoLIta's recently opened Eight Mile Creek, run by Aussie brothers Will and Frank Ford. There's the unapologetically gimmicky leap-year tasting menu at Atlas (40 Central Park South; 212-759-9191), where, until Sunday, chef Thomas Beres celebrates all things that leap, hop, or have a vague nomenclatural connection to the acts of leaping or hopping. (Besides the down-under import of grilled kangaroo minute steak with hoppin' John, pictured, this means lobster spring rolls, sautéed frog legs, roasted loin of rabbit saltimbocca, and grasshopper pie, for $75. An extra $35 buys wine pairings from Rabbit Ridge and Frog's Leap vineyards.) And beginning this Saturday, through the end of the month, the Ambassador Grill at the Regal U.N. Plaza Hotel hosts visiting Darwin chefs Jock Scott Mitchell and Leon Sunny Gilbert, whose four-course, prix fixe menu ($85 with wines from Penfolds and Lindemans) features such indigenous specialties as crocodile-and-seafood soup, scallops of kangaroo, emu prosciutto, and fettuccine with yabbies, a freshwater crayfish. (1 U.N. Plaza; 212-702-5014.)

Photograph by Holly Lynton.

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. *62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Elephant & Castle—For more than a quarter of a century, as the city's kitchens went pan-Asian and pan-Latino around it, this West Village landmark has satisfied cravings for basic American fare like burgers, omelettes, and Caesar salad. Sliced steak with Merlot sauce is about as highfalutin as the friendly spot gets. *68 Greenwich Ave. (212-243-1400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Preview
Good Is Better

When chef-owner Steven Picker (pictured) reopens his Campo restaurant this Friday, it will have a new look (lighter, brighter, with banquette seating), menu descriptions stripped of pan-Latino references (and with comfort-food-y additions like duck-potato hash with a fried egg, a classic turkey club, and pastas) and a new name, good. "People found it too confusing," says Picker of both the old name and the original concept, country cooking of the Americas. "I wanted the food to speak for itself." (89 Greenwich Avenue; 212-691-8080.)

Back Porch—An ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

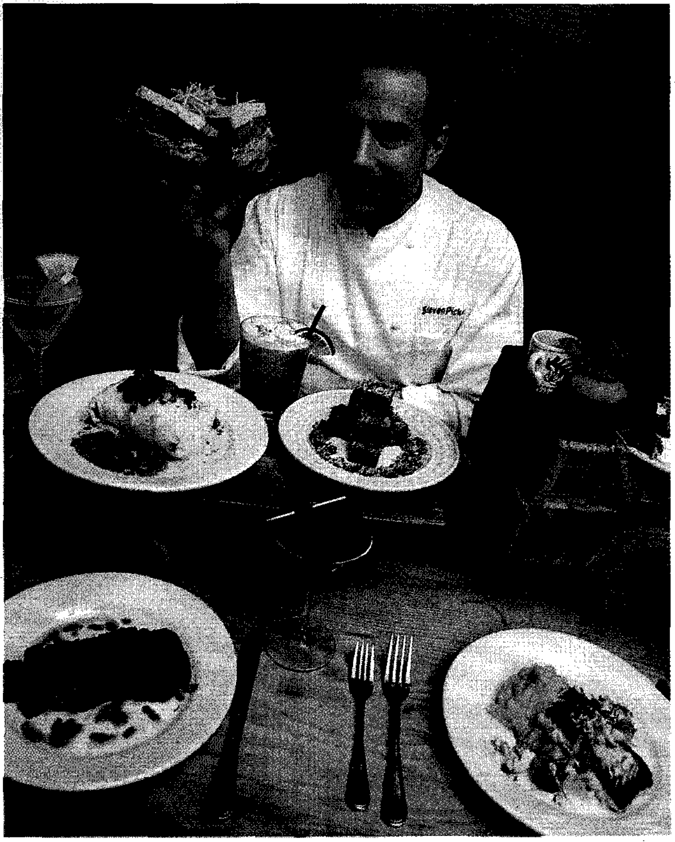
Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (including Sunday). The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese shrimp spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Liz Steger.

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared,

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card/credit card.

DELLA FEMINA RESTAURANT REVIEWS

Hal Rubenstein, New York Magazine
"Kevin Penner's Day Boat Halibut in a delicious wild mushroom broth deserves to be a signature dish."

William Grimes, New York Times
"Everything clicked. Kevin Penner's 24 ounce rib-eye Cowboy Steak does all that a hunk of meat can do. Pastry Chef Karen DeMarco's steamed, lemon pudding is a life-changing experience."

Steve Cuozzo, New York Post
"It's perfect for a business lunch...Executive Chef Kevin Penner's langoustines are exquisite. Grilled loin of Colorado lamb with saffron risotto moves the earth."

Neal Travis, New York Post
"Della Femina is the hottest restaurant opening of the year."

Della Femina, 131 East 54th Street.
Lunch and dinner reservations required. Call 212.752.0111

Fine Italian Cuisine
Giambelli 50th
Giambelli Quality
Giambelli Tradition
Giambelli Experience
Private rooms available Open 7 days
46 E. 50th St., NYC
(Bet. Park & Madison Ave.)
(212) 688-2760-61

BAMBOU
"You'll swear you are in the Caribbean." –Gourmet
"A Tropical Paradise." –Zagat
★★ "The food is very appealing." –The New York Times
243 E. 14th St. 212.358.0012

eat more fish!
FIREMAN'S OF Brooklyn
1081 Third Ave. & 64th St. Manhattan 212-838-7570
Private Parties up to 150 guests 212-265-0100

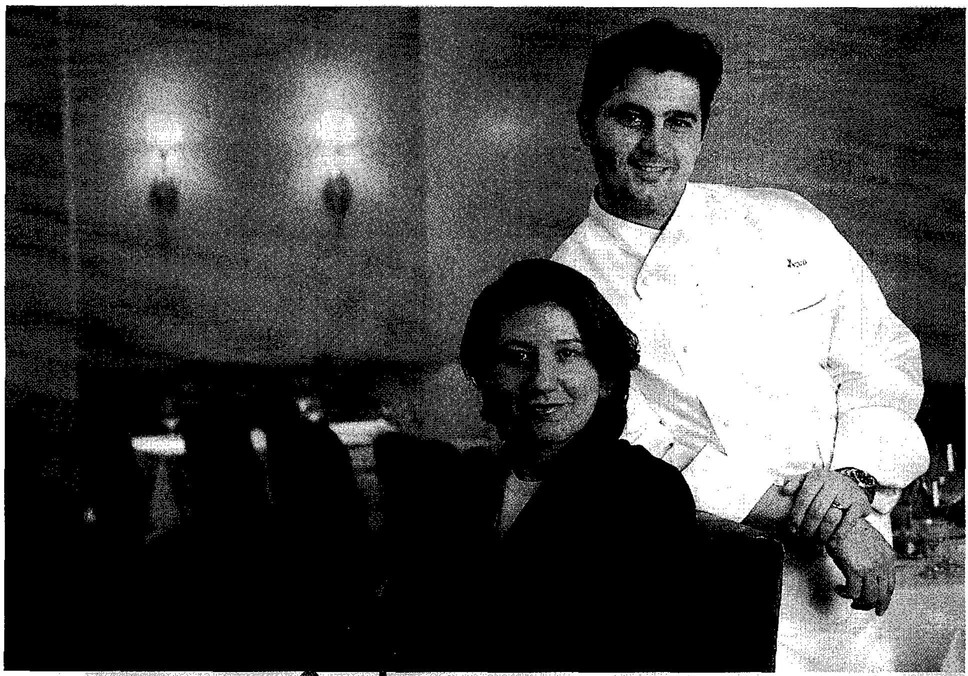
The city's most exciting new restaurant
utsav
Festive India
1185 Avenue of the Americas
Enter 46th & 47th St. between 6th & 7th Ave. (212) 575-2525

Vago
Northern Italian Cuisine
Lunch • Dinner
29 West 56th Street (bet. 5th & 6th Avenue) 765.5155

First Rate Italian Food in Tribeca

Ecco! The Italian Saloon
124 Chambers St. (Bet. Church & W.B'Way) NYC 227-7074

LA HOUPPA
RESTAURANT★BAR★PIZZA
26 E. 64th Street off Madison
317-1999
Gael Greene *"Miraculoso"*
Sunday Brunch



Opening Up the Anteroom

Now that their Marco Polo café and takeout shop is in full swing, husband-and-wife partners Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Makovitzky (pictured) have annexed a sliver of an adjacent space to open Tocqueville, a mohair-and-velvet-upholstered, silk-curtained restaurant named for the Frenchman who crossed the Atlantic to study American democracy. But judging from the elaborate tableside service, seriously eclectic wine list, and entrées like osso buco braised in Normandy apple cider and rack of lamb with lamb rillettes ranging from $22 to $33, we have a hunch the talented couple isn't exactly catering to hoi polloi. (17 East 15th Street; 212-647-1515.)

elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. *65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful,

Photograph by Jason Tanaka Blaney.

cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with *porto* marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. *1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consists of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, tenderloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. *120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

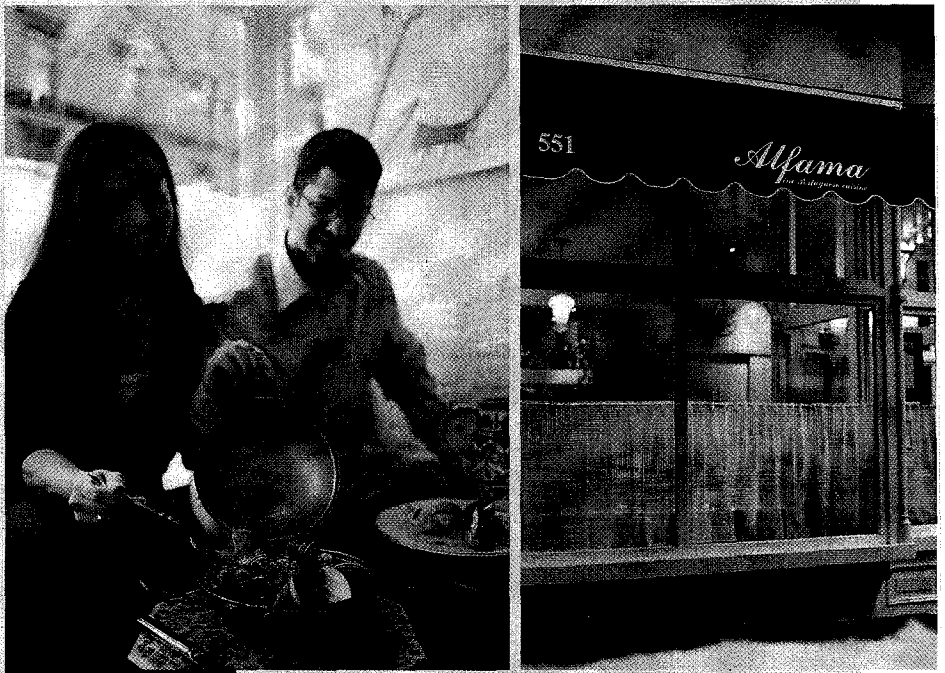
Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



ASK GAEL

Is it a bird? Is it a plane?

No, it's a cataplana, the rustic copper cocoon that keeps the luscious seafood mariscada hot in its tangy tomato-wine bath at Alfama—a cozy corner of Portugal in the Village. If only the kitchen did as well with tonight's rabbit stew, the pan-fried partridge, and the classic red-wine-braised pork cubes tossed with clams. All three entrées arrive sadly dry. To me, the cod cakes and the shrimp turnovers seem small and joyless, too, though my four pals disagree. But then the homey family-reunion feel of the welcome is sweetly disarming. The mostly Brazilian and Portuguese servers are good to look at—even if they can deliver only one dish at a time, slowly. And we all are pleased with the sensational, dense Portuguese bread, the tiger prawns on an oddly delicious shellfish pudding, and the bold, warming Reserva Douro Red. Worth a return trip, is our unanimous decision. (551 Hudson Street; 212-645-2500.)

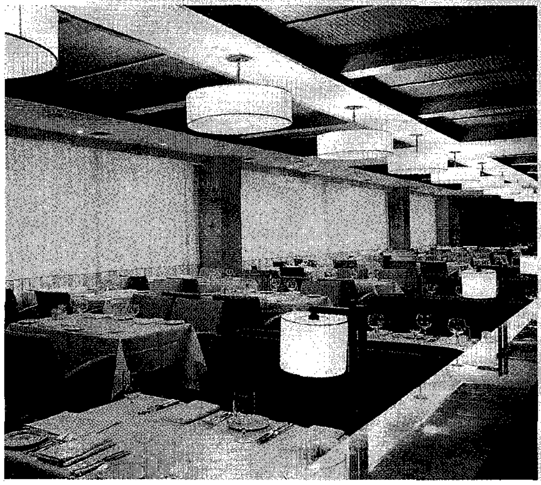
Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening
Rockefeller Foundation

When Rockefeller Center's rink-side haunts closed for renovation, figure-skating fans were left out in the cold (literally). This week, the old American Festival Cafe reopens as the Rock Center Café (below, left), with a new bar, a display kitchen, and chef Theo Schoenegger—formerly of San Domenico—turning out classic New York cuisine like steaks, chops, lobster chowder, Caesar salad, and oysters on the half shell (20 West 50th Street; 212-332-7620). Across the ice, designer Adam Tihany has re-created the Sea Grill with an appropriately aquatic motif: curving walls; a "bubble" floor; cast blue resin; and a communal table, suspended from stainless-steel cables, that seems to float. Returning chef Ed Brown (below, right) supplements his signature dishes with day-boat specials sautéed "a la plancha" (on a chrome plate), a new selection of seviches and tartares, and, at lunch, a gussied-up lobster club sandwich. (19 West 49th Street; 212-332-7610.)



Photographs by Bruce Katz.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

in concert

Paul Taylor Dance Company's 45th

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Carlos Prieto, Cello—Premieres works by Mario Lavista and Silvestre Revueltas, 2/29 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $35.*

The Guarneri String Quartet—Jaime Laredo leads works by Haydn, Beethoven, and Sibelius, 2/29 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $30.*

The Augustana Choir—Performs choral works by Vivaldi, Bach, Lekberg, Casals, Biebl, and others, 3/1 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $10–$20; half price for students and seniors.*

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur leads four performances of Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 4.*, 3/1–3/4 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $26–$92.*

Sylvia Rosenberg, Violin, James Dunham, Viola, and Barry Snyder, Piano—Perform works by Janácek, Beethoven, Martinu, Debussy, and Goehr, 3/1 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $32; $16 for students and seniors.*

Daniel Roth, Organ—Plays Mendelssohn, Bach, Franck, and others, 3/1 at 7:30. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0248); $15–$25; $10 for students and seniors.*

Artek—Presents seventeenth-century music from Italy and Germany in its "Midtown Concert" series, 3/2 at 1:15. *St. Fransis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. (212-967-9157);free*

Ursula Oppens, Piano—Premieres works by Tan Dun and John Harbison, 3/2 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21.*

The Chamber Music Society—Performs works by Beethoven, Scott Wheeler, and Brahms on 3/3 at 8 and 3/5 at 5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $25–$35.*

Oliver Knussen and Julian Anderson, Conductors—Premiere *Rosary Songs, Songs Apart,* and *Trumpets* and *Sea Drift and Tiramisu* (respectively), 3/3–3/4 at 8. *The Peter B. Lewis Theater at the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-423-3587); $15.*

Kyung Sun Lee, Violin—Plays Paganini, Schumann, and Hindemith, 3/4 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20; $15 seniors; $10 students.*

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Plays works by Mozart, Bruckner, Mahler, and others; led by Daniel Barenboim, 3/4–3/6 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$76.*

Christopher Maltman, Baritone—Sings works by Fauré, Debussy, Mahler, Gurney, Wolf, and others, 3/3 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21.*

Danish National Symphony—Works by Ruders, Brahms, and Nielsen; conducted by Yuri Temirk, 3/3 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$66.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*The Merry Widow,* 2/28 at 7:30, 3/4 at 1:30, and 3/7 at 7:30; *La Cenerentola,* 2/29 and 3/3 at 8; *Madama Butterfly,* 3/1 at 7:30 and 3/4 at 8, *La Traviata,* 3/2 and 3/6 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

New York City Opera—Previews *Porgy and Bess,* 3/3 at 8, 3/4 at 1:30 and 8, 3/5 at 1:30.

London City Opera—Performs *The Magic Flute,* 3/3 at 8. *Tilles Center Center for the Performing Arts at Long Island University, C.W. Post Campus, Route 25A, Brookville (516-299-3100); $40.*

Dance

Donald Byrd/The Group—Premieres *In a Different Light: Duke Ellington,* 2/29 at 7:30 and 3/1–3/5 at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $32.*

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Celebrates its forty-fifth anniversary with two premieres, *Arabesque* and *Cascade,* 2/29–3/12, Opening night and Sundays at 7:30, other dates at 8. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $25–$55.*

Robin Becker Dance—Performs *The Subject Tonight Is Love,* inspired by the thirteenth-century Persian poet Rumi, 3/3–3/5 at 8. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479); $12.*

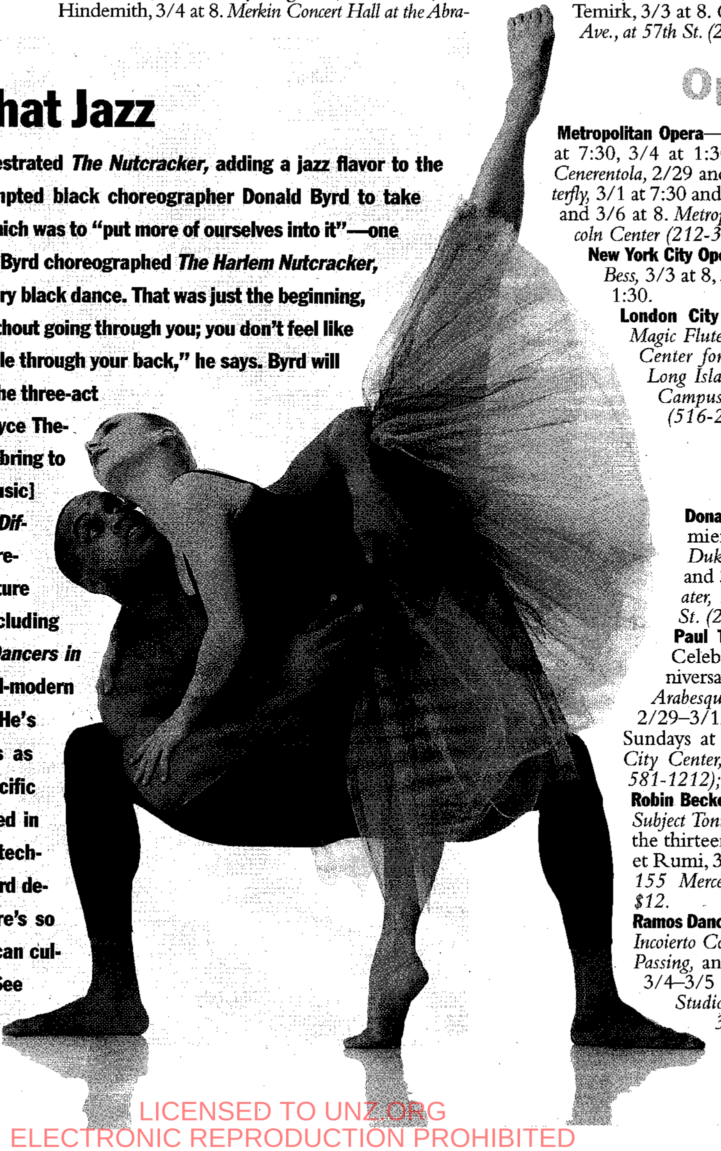
Ramos Dance—Premieres *Heads Up, Incoierto Conexion, Fore Sum, Nights Passing,* and others, 3/3 at 9 and 3/4–3/5 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (212-330-8613); $15; $10 for students and seniors.*

Preview

All That Jazz

Forty years ago, Duke Ellington reorchestrated *The Nutcracker,* adding a jazz flavor to the Tchaikovsky ballet. That variation tempted black choreographer Donald Byrd to take Ellington's goal for the famed work—which was to "put more of ourselves into it"—one step further. Several steps, actually: In 1996, Byrd choreographed *The Harlem Nutcracker,* a fusion of classical, modern, and contemporary black dance. That was just the beginning, Byrd recalls. Ellington's music "gets inside without going through you; you don't feel like you've been shot with a big gun and have a hole through your back," he says. Byrd will premiere his latest Ellington-inspired dance, the three-act *In a Different Light: Duke Ellington,* at the Joyce Theater from February 29 to March 5. "I want to bring to the public how wonderful and credible [the music] is," he says. "It's really classic in a way." *In a Different Light,* the third section of which Byrd premiered at the 92nd Street Y last year, will feature some of Ellington's lesser-known works, including *Controversial Suite No. 2, Depk, Agra,* and *Dancers in Love.* Byrd's career is a mélange of classical-modern European and African-American influences. He's choreographed works for dance companies as stylistically different as Alvin Ailey and Pacific Northwest Ballet. His diverse troupe is trained in everything from the most virtuosic ballet techniques to the funkiest hip-swaying of what Byrd describes as "black vernacular dance." "There's so much in Ellington's music that's about American culture," says Byrd. "It enriches the dance." (See "Dance.")

Rose-Anne Clermont



Photograph by Eduardo Patino.

nightlife

Yo La Tengo...Fiona Apple...D.J. Krust

Concerts

311—3/3 at 8. Yet another rap-meets-metal act. But wait, it gets worse: these white boys affect rude-boy accents, too. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Fiona Apple—2/29 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

Morrissey—2/29 at 8. The king of "miserabilism" (to borrow a term coined by Simon Reynolds in a profile of the rocker) makes a possibly triumphant return. *Beacon Theater, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171). $30–$40.*

Smashmouth; Luscious Jackson—3/1 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171).*

Yo La Tengo—With Lambchop. 2/29 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-997-1003). $18.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—2/29: AM 60; Planet 14. 3/1: KP Devlin; Ours; Wild 9. 3/2: Steakhouse; USA Wasted; Superlux. 3/3: "Cropduster Night": Julia Greenberg; Bob Perry; the Other '99. 3/4: Blue Mockingbirds; Mercy Side; The Scoldees. 3/5: Ropeladder; Ten Hands High; Hot Tin Roof. 3/6: Smile for Three; Slink. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—3/4: Terry Callier. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—2/29: D.J. Krust with Saul Williams. 3/1: Betty; Toshi Reagon. 3/3– 3/4: Jonathan Richman. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.— 3/3–3/4: Guitar Shorty. *73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). $.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat, "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 2/29: Marcus Hutcheson. 3/1: Sophia Ramos. 3/3: Loser's Lounge Tribute to Queen. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—3/1: The Reverend Horton Heat; Dance Hall Crashers. 3/3: LFO. 3/4: Lit. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—2/29: Farquhar; Kepone. 3/1: Andy Parsons and Gene Lewin Quartet; Separate but Equal: The Music of Stew & The Negro Problem; the Original Brothers and Sisters of Love; Kenny Wessel Quartet. 3/2: Lou Barlow; Stephen Rand and His Magic Ponies; Matt Darriau; Kobi Arad; Mo' Matching Drapes; Brilliant Coroners. 3/3: David S. Ware Quartet; Matt Darriau; David Ullman; New York Space Ensemble; Prajna. 3/4: Gary Lucas's Gods & Monsters; the Mahavishnu Project; Arling & Cameron; Matt Darriau; Joe Fonda; Assif Tsahar; Beat Down Sound. 3/5: Rita Houston; Matt Darriau; Mark Massey and Gul; Rochat-Felix Quintet. 3/6: Elf Power; Summer Hymns; Joe McPhee and Johnny McLellan Duo; Penny Arcade; Curtis Hasselbring. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—3/1: Marc Cary Trio. 3/2: Kurt Weill's 100th Birthday Tribute. 3/4: Wax Poetic. 3/5: Neel Murgai Duo. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. 2/29: Johnnie Chan and the New Dynasty. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—3/1: Lucy Kaplansky. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—2/29: Box of Birds; Jeremy Parise; Andy White. 3/1: Invisible Jet; Danu; Willie Nile & the Worry Dolls. 3/4: Mike Errico; the Silos; Jerry Joseph. 3/5: The Baskervilles; Crazy Mary. 3/6: The Sharp Things; Typhoo. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—3/1: Bill Sims Jr. 3/2: Jimmy Nations. 3/3–3/4: The Billy Goats. 3/5: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. 3/6: Western Caravan. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

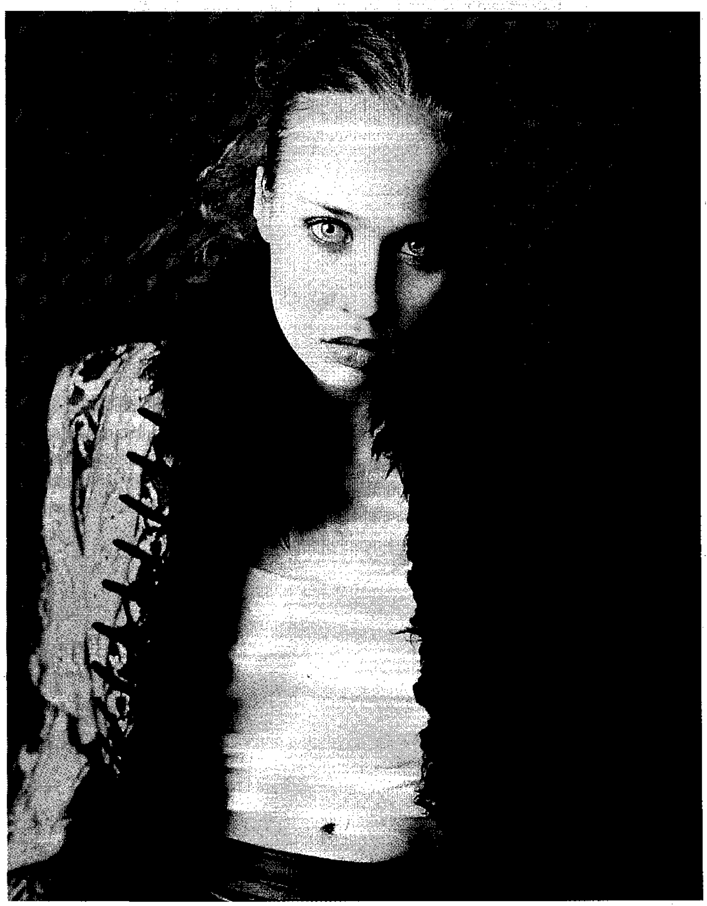
S.O.B.'s—3/2: Basement Bhangra. 3/4: Jair Rodrigues. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 2/29: Cousin Fungus. 3/1: Reflection Eternal; Non-Phixion. 3/2: Braggin' Rites. 3/3: Jupiter Coyote. 3/4: Max Creek. 3/5: Agent Orange. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600) $.*

Performance

Apple's Eye

Its 90-word title implies the same petulance that inspired her infamous onstage rant at 1997's MTV Video Music Awards, but Fiona Apple's 'When the Pawn Hits . . .' has more range than its tantrum-prone predecessor, both lyrically and musically (credit producer Jon Brion). On February 29, Apple (pictured) will bring that newfound maturity—and perhaps some pointed between-song barbs as well—to the Roseland. (See "Concerts.")



Photograph by George Holz/Corbis Outline

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore and Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous") and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Wednesdays: "Atlas," an eclectic night of music with D.J.'s Jaymz Nylon and Gamall. Alternate Fridays: Loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang The Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. The owners have managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo (and plenty of D.J. royalty like Armand van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega as their special guests) for their Thursdays. The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and

Performance

Two to Tengo

In the three years since Yo La Tengo's last album, the Hoboken trio has kept busy practicing, recording, and even—after its own fashion—playing the wedding circuit. "Last summer some friends asked us to play at their wedding in Nantucket," recalls guitarist-singer Ira Kaplan (pictured, center). "We played a gentle surf version of 'Here Comes the Bride.' " Before the service, however, the group really pulled out all the stops: With drummer-keyboardist (and Kaplan's wife) Georgia Hubley on the church organ, the group spent 40 minutes playing ethereal renditions of kitsch classics like "The Joker," "Kung Fu Fighting," and Devo's "Gut Feeling." "You'd have had to listen *very* carefully to recognize them," Kaplan adds with a laugh. But both that contemplative vibe and the romantic mood seem to have influenced the group's new album, *And then nothing turned itself inside-out,* on which hypnotic drones and whispered vocals win out over squealing feedback. In the same spirit, Yo La Tengo's February 29 concert finds them moving from the smoky-club circuit to the more staid environs of Town Hall (where, sadly, the only organ pipes are trompe l'oeil). The wedding gig was also perfect for a band whose core members share a life as well as a rehearsal space. Though Kaplan demurely deflects questions about the intersection of his work and marriage ("I tend not to be particularly loquacious on that topic—it's just a fact of our life"), his lyrics betray a sincere if understated romanticism: "You asked me to dance / I don't really dance much," he sings on the new album. "This time I did; I was glad that I did." **Ethan Smith**

Photograph by Christian Lantry.

Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. 3/1: San Francisco house D.J. Mark Farina. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy afterwork party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. 2/29: Dihann Moore performs "Something to Smile About," a glittery, funky bit of house music that would have been right at home on the dance-floor of Studio 54. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendezvous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like "Giant Step Mondays" and the Friday-night hip-hop-meets-beautiful-people affair "Hello 2000." 3/6: Ron Trent; Norman Jay. *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers," a hardcore hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: The main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays: D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house for "Speeed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful-house party called "Sunday Mass" with D.J.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 3/1: Hardfloor; Sandra Collins. 3/3: "Ultimate B.A.S.E" with Billy Nasty; Layo and Mathew B; Jim Masters. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: Renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Mondays in March: The Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. 3/1–3/2: Japanese piano virtuoso Makoto Ozone. 3/3–3/4: Pete "La Roca" Sims and "Swingtime." *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 2/29– 3/5: The Al Dimeola Project. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St, at the corner of Church St. and W. Broadway (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 2/29: Tom Christensen Quartet. 3/1: Kerry Politzer Quartet. 3/2: Elvis Sinatra. 3/4: Rob Garcia Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 2/29–3/5: Tom Harrell Big Band. *48 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz Insights: The Music of Duke Ellington"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. 3/7: Jeffrey Smith: "A Drum Is a Woman." *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-bop-

Performance
Citizen Krust

As a member of Roni Size's acclaimed drum-'n'-bass collective Reprazent, D.J. Krust (pictured, left) put the bass even farther into everyone's face. As a solo artist, he's been less successful, releasing 'Coded Language,' an uninspiring album of mostly meandering beats. Still, Krust's collaboration with spoken-word artist and 'Slam' star Saul Williams (right) proves that the genre needn't always be instrumental or abstract, and Williams's appearance (he'll both open for and join Krust) at his February 29 show at the Bowery Ballroom should provide plenty of vitality. (See "Small Stages.")

pers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Duke's. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 2/29: "The Girl Show." $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 3/1: Robert Klein. 3/3–3/4: Jim Gaffigan; Louis Ramey; Juston McKinney. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; and Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tues.–Sat.) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. Through 3/17: Betty Buckley previews her new CD *Heart to Heart.* Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tues.–Sat. from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. $10. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Mondays in February: Ludmilla Ilieva in "Hidden Voices." Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays through 3/26: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60; $50 minimum. Through 3/11: Robert Goulet. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. Wednesdays through 3/17: "Glamorous Night": Lorna Dallas sings the music of Kern and Novello. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 3/1: Thayer in "Strangers Here Ourselves." 3/3: Anthony Santelmo Jr. 3/4: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "Keep It in the Family." 3/5: "Bottoms Up!" 3/6: "Leer Mondays." *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Rose's Turn—2/29: "Hopscotch." *55 Grove St. (212-366-9658).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by T Max.

the mix

Natalie Angier...Frank McCourt...Steve Martin

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Golden Spiders (3/5; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) brings the brilliant but immobile private detective Nero Wolfe (Maury Chaykin) and his smart-mouth assistant Archie Goodwin (Timothy Hutton) to the small screen, with perfect pitch and all of Rex Stout's novelistic trimmings—the West 35th Street townhouse, the haute cuisine, the bodacious orchids, the blackmail, the radical politics, the murder. A perplexing case, involving the exploitation of refugees from European fascism, is also a splendid excuse for Hutton, a born Archie, to strut his considerable stuff. Bill Duke directs from a teleplay by Paul Monash; Saul Rubinek plays Saul Panzer, the smartest of Wolfe's freelance operatives; Bill Smitrovich is the grumpy Inspector Cramer; and Mimi Kuzyk is either a client or a criminal. Since Stout wrote more than 70 Nero Wolfe mysteries, it is my fervent hope that this is only the first in a glorious series of TV movies.

Run the Wild Fields (3/5; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime), adapted by Rodney Vaccaro from his own play *And the Home of the Brave,* goes back to North Carolina during World War II, where Joanne Whalley and her young daughter Alexa Vega are waiting in suspended animation for their husband and father, respectively, to come home to a farm lying fallow—when they happen on an injured stranger (Sean Patrick Flannery), a tramp attacked by a dog. Although Sean's manly exertions revive the spirits of the women, he is reviled by folks in town for not being either in uniform or dead. He'll prove himself not only to be a hero, of course, but also to have earned his pacifism the hard way, on the front in the Spanish Civil War as a member of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. Except for fighting Franco, a by-the-numbers TV movie, but nicely done.

Cover Me (3/5; 8 to 9 P.M.; USA) introduces us to a new series in which an entire family—Peter Dobson, Melora Hardin, Cameron Richardson, Antoinette Picatto, and Michael Angarano—fight organized, white-collar, and other varieties of crime as undercover agents for the FBI. The edge here is dysfunctional-family black humor, part *Sopranos* and part *Malcolm in the Middle.* Dobson, who has elsewhere played the part of Elvis, spends a lot of raucous time at the piano in seedy dives. Hardin, almost always wonderful, goes perhaps a little too literally undercover to get inside info. Their teenage girls combine romance with spying, and their 11-year-old son, the narrative voice of the show, is spending his "wonder years" learning to be a very odd man indeed. Shaun Cassidy is executive producer.

In Print
Innocence Found

If you still associate the name Barry Scheck with the phrase *getting away with murder,* all that will change after you read *Actual Innocence,* the story of how Scheck (pictured, far right) and his partner, Peter Neufeld (center), have freed 38 people over the past ten years through their work in DNA testing with the Innocence Project. Their most recent success story is Herman Atkins, who spent twelve years in jail for a rape he did not commit, before he was cleared on February 17—the same day *Actual Innocence* came out. "There's a certain humor there," says Scheck. "It's like you go to book publishers and they say, 'What we'd really like you to do is the day your book comes out, get someone released.' And we did." Scheck and Neufeld have been working together since the late seventies, when they were both lefty Legal Aid lawyers in the Bronx. (The two became friends shortly after Scheck attempted to have Neufeld fired because he didn't know who Kojak was.) "We've been working on these issues all of our professional lives," says Scheck, "because this is eminently in the interest of everybody. In fifteen of these cases we've been able not only to exonerate the innocent person but find the guilty one as well—it's truly a moment of revelation." Indeed, next to the definitive clarity of a DNA test, our current reliance on snitches, lineups, and the fallible memories of witnesses seems more than a little outmoded. "We've never had people exonerated in these numbers with such certainty. But," says Scheck, repeating the mantra of the book, "the real point is not how these people got out of jail but how they got into it." Scheck, Neufeld, and their co-author, the two-time Pulitzer Prize–winning *Daily News* columnist Jim Dwyer (left), will be reading at Rocky Sullivan's, 129 Lexington Avenue, between 28th and 29th Streets on February 29 at 8 P.M. **ARIEL LEVY**

Lectures and Panels

"Why Read the Classics?"—2/29 at 6 P.M.: In celebration of the rerelease of Italo Calvino's book, David Denby, Paul Muldoon, Cynthia Ozick, and moderator Michael Wood will discuss the relevance of great literature to our lives today. New York Public Library, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

"The Craft of Poetry"—2/29 at 7 P.M.: Poet and essayist Donald Hall will deliver the annual Paul Zweig Memorial Lecture. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (212-431-7920); $7.

"Nam June Paik: Early Audio, Film and Video Experiments 1958-1969"—2/29 at 7 P.M.: A screening and discussion of Paik's early work, featuring panelists Jonas Mekas, Jud Yalkut, and Stephen Vitiello and moderator John G. Hanhardt. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (212-423-3587); $10.

"Branding the Designer Behind the Design"—3/2 at 6 P.M.: Panelists will discuss the issues involved in creating a personal brand, how that has changed over the past several years, challenges to creating a brand today, and opportunities for new designers. Parsons School of Design, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (212-647-8692); $15; registration required online at www.alleyevent.com or at the door.

Photograph by Gigi Cohen.

"The History of the American Presidency"—3/2 at 8 P.M.: A panel discussion featuring distinguished presidential scholars Alan Brinkley, Geoffrey C. Ward, Douglas Brinkley, and moderator Bob Bier. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Space and Time Since Einstein"—3/2 at 6 P.M.: A lecture by Columbia University professor Brian Greene, author of *The Elegant Universe*. New York Public Library, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0955); $10.

"Who Becomes a Legend Most? The Constitution of an American Sports Hero"—3/5 at 7:30 P.M.: Len Berman moderates a panel of sports insiders (Deb Kaufman and Robert Lipsyte among them), who will discuss sports-hero worship. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Women Revisioning Global Policies: Bella's Legacy"—3/6 at 7 P.M.: A panel discussion on Bella Abzug's historic contributions, featuring feminist activists from around the world, including Sonia Corrêa, Jocelyn Dow, Chief Bisi Ogunleye, and moderator Rosalind Petchesky. Hunter College North Building, Lang Recital Hall, fourth floor, 69th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (212-772-4068); free.

The Written Word

"Graham Greene Remembered"—3/1 at 6 P.M.: Shirley Hazzard will read from her latest book, *Greene on Capri*. New York Public Library, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0955); $10.

"Plays and Playwrights for the New Millennium"—3/1 at 7 P.M.: Readings from *Horse Country* by C. J. Hopkins, *Crunching Numbers* by Lynne Marie Macy, and *Midnight Brainwash* by Kirk Wood Bromley. Theater Ten Ten, 1010 Park Ave., at 85th St. (212-307-1118); free.

Frank McCourt—3/2 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *'Tis*. Please call Chumley's at 212-534-1672, ext. 257 for reservations and information; $15, add $20 for Irish supper following reading.

Natalie Angier—3/2 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from her latest book, *Woman: An Intimate Biography*. Barnard College, the Julius S. Held Lecture Hall, 3009 Broadway, at 117th St. (212-854-2067); free.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	MIA MSG 8 P.M.			MIL MSG 7:30 P.M.	ATL MSG 7:30 P.M.		UTA NBC 12:30 P.M.
NETS	UTA FSNY 9 P.M.		DEN FSNY 9 P.M.	DAL METRO 8:30 P.M.		HOU MSG 2:30 P.M.	
DEVILS		NAS FSNY 8 P.M.		COL FSNY 9 P.M.		VAN FSNY 10 P.M.	CAL MSG 8 P.M.
ISLANDERS	WAS METRO 7:30 P.M.			OTT NY55 7:30 P.M.		BUF FSNY 1 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7 P.M.
RANGERS			BUF MSG 7:30 P.M.		FLA FSNY 8 P.M.		
	2/28	2/29	3/1	3/2	3/3	3/4	3/5

Bill Corbett and Elaine Aqui—3/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading poems from *New and Selected Poems* and *Voiceover*, respectively. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566); $6 per reading, $3 for students and seniors.

Tours

Views from the Past—3/4 at 1 P.M.: Visualize Central Park in the early-nineteenth century, look at old photographs and engravings to gain clues about the park's history, and learn how sheep, goats, and milk shaped the lower part of Central Park. Meet at the Central Park Dairy at 64th St., just north of Wollman Rink, which can be accessed by walking north along East Drive in the park from the 60th St.–and–Fifth Ave. entrance (212-794-6564); free.

Forever Fashionable Flatiron—3/4 at 2 P.M.: See the beautiful nineteenth-century buildings that survived a retail rebirth in the 1990s as the area became a popular shopping district. Meet in front of the Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Ave., and 23rd St. (212-969-8262); $10.

Stuyvesant & Gramercy Parks Historic Districts Walking Tour—3/5 at 2 P.M.: A walk through Stuyvesant Town and the Stuyvesant and Gramercy Park Historic Districts focusing on the history and architecture of the area, along with interesting pictures and stories that illuminate its past. Meet at the northeast corner of 14th St. and First Ave. (212-979-2388); $10.

Terrific Turtle Bay—3/5 at 4 P.M.: A walking tour of the posh district, with stops at the United Nations Headquarters, the Turtle Bay Gardens Historic District, the Tudor City residential complex, and the new Dag Hammarskjold Park. Meet on the northeast corner of 45th St. and Second Ave. (212-265-2663); $5.

Benefits

Careers Through Culinary Arts Program (C-CAP) Benefit—2/29 at 6 P.M.: A tasting of 35 award-winning chefs' savories and sweets, honoring Tim and Nina Zagat for their contributions to the restaurant industry and benefiting the C-CAP program for high-schoolers interested in the food-service industry. Pier 60 at Chelsea Piers, 23rd St. at the Hudson River (212-873-2434); $250.

Purim in Paris: Un Bal Masqué—3/1 at 6:30 P.M.: The Jewish Museum's Masked Ball in celebration of Purim, inspired by the upcoming exhibition at the museum "Paris in New York: French Jewish Artists in Private Collections." The Waldorf Astoria's Grand Ballroom, Park Ave. at 50th St. (212-546-9032); $500–$2,500.

American Museum of the Moving Image Salute to Steve Martin—3/3 at 7 P.M.: A black-tie event honoring the actor, screenwriter, playwright, and essayist, to benefit the museum. The Waldorf Astoria's Grand Ballroom, Park Ave. at 50th St. (212-245-6570); $750–$2,500.

Casino Madness 2000—3/4 at 7 P.M.: A black-tie/business-attire event at the International Center of Photography, with gambling, music, and dancing, to benefit ICP's educational programs. ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-207-3763); $125–$225.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—Looking to browse through back issues? Now accessing our extensive archives is easier than ever. And check out our Site Exclusives: The Surf Report reviews the Web's most notable offerings; "52 Weekends" will help you plan the perfect getaway; and you can find the perfect present at the right price with our "Gift Guide." "Best of New York" is also online. And as always, selected content from our current issue is available, and you can participate in our daily poll and trivia contest.

Sports

Empire Tuesday Night Skate—2/29 at 8 P.M.: The Empire Skate Club's weekly in-line skate starts at Krispy Kreme, 141 W. 72nd St., finishing around 11 P.M. Distance covered and route vary—anywhere from 10 to 25 miles. Pace is brisk; suitable for intermediate to advanced bladers. Contact the Empire Skate Club of New York at 212-774-1774 or visit www.empireskate.org for more information.

Thursday Night at the Races—3/2, at 8 P.M.: Presented by the New York Road Runners Club, this weekly series offers an open track meet with four races—a two-miler, a four-by-800-meter relay, and 800- and 400-meter dashes—at the Armory

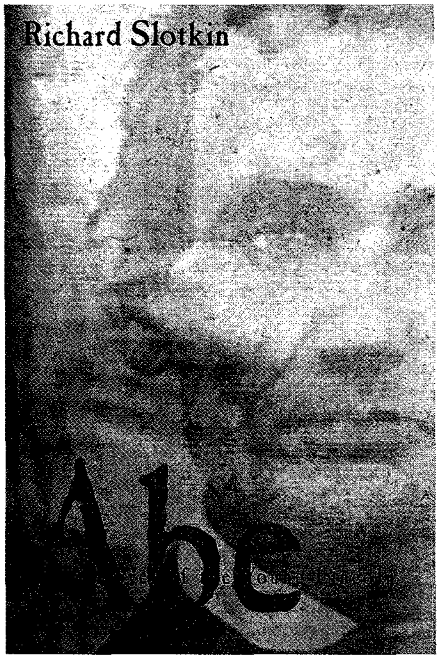
The Tube

Sister Act

'If These Walls Could Talk 2' puts three generations of college-town lesbians in the same house at different times. In "1961," Vanessa Redgrave can't even visit her companion of 50 years, Marian Seldes, in the hospital where she's dying, and is then pushed out of their home. In "1972," not only is Michelle Williams kicked out of a women's collective at the college because its feminism isn't so inclusive as to extend to same-sex sex, but even her lesbian friends are hard on her when she falls for a very butch Chloë Sevigny. In "2000," Sharon Stone and Ellen DeGeneres (pictured with writer-director-cowgirl Anne Heche) want a baby, which will end up involving Kathy Najimy, the World Wide Web, and a turkey baster. Terrific performances by Redgrave, Sevigny, and a surprisingly slapstick Stone, along with the usual bare-breasted premium-cable sex. Airs March 5 at 9 P.M. on HBO.

Photograph by Lorey Sebastian/HBO.

In Print **As he wrote *Abe*, a novel from the point of view of Abraham Lincoln, Richard Slotkin came to think of the former president as a combination of "the Biblical Prophet and Machiavelli." (Consider Lincoln's 1861 pronouncement, "I hope to have God on my side, but I *must* have Kentucky.") Hear both of them speak—through Slotkin—when he reads from his novel at Posman Books, 1 University Place (212-533-2665), March 2 at 6:30 P.M.**



Track and Field Center, 216 Fort Washington Ave., at 186th St. Open to anyone over 19. For more information, call 212-923-1803, ext. 12.

Five Borough Bicycle Club—3/4 at 9 A.M.: "Montauk Century Training Ride No. 1" meets at the Plaza Hotel, Central Park South at 59th St., and tours Englewood, passing through Vince Lombardi's former stomping grounds and stopping at a diner near the George Washington Bridge; 30 miles, mostly flat. "Quick Spin" starts at 9 A.M.; regular group leaves at 9:30. 3/5 at 8:30 A.M.: Tour the James McFaul Environmental Center in Wycoff, N. J., an 81-acre wildlife preserve; 40 miles, hilly. Meets at the American Youth Hostel,103rd St. at Amsterdam Ave.; bring hiking shoes. For both events, bring a lock, any necessary permits, and money for lunch. For more information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www. 5bbc.org.

Coogan's Salsa Blues and Shamrocks 5K Run—3/5, at 9:30 A.M.: The New York Road Runners Club sponsors this benefit for the Armory Track and Field Center. Starts at Fort Washington Ave. at 186th St., in front of the Armory. There'll be bagpipes and gospel, salsa, merengue, and rock music along the race route. Cash awards to the top four men and women; trophies to top-three finishers in the masters categories. Also, the running club with the most participation in the event will receive $500. There's also a Peewee Run ($4; 10 A.M. at Fort Washington Ave and 169th St.), a short race for kids 2–12; medals awarded to all participants. Numbers and shirts can be picked up 3/2–3/3 from noon to 7 P.M., 3/4 from 11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., and on race day from 7 to 8:45 A.M. at the Armory. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day entries $22. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Kirkpatrick *continued from page 84*

tice law was in dispute. O'Brien also quoted Andrei Bugrov, Grigoriev's former boss at the World Bank, saying the insider-trading memo was probably fake. And he recounted some of Zeltser's efforts to harass him off the story.

Together, they called other news organizations for comment. Engelberg called the *Journal*'s spokesman, Richard Tofel, sparing O'Brien from interviewing his former employer. Tofel stood behind his paper's report: "We were convinced and remain convinced that the story was fair and accurate."

Zeltser had his say, too. "Is Timothy O'Brien of the New York *Times* an aggressive reporter—or simply aggressive?" began the lead item in *Post*'s "Page Six" on the day O'Brien's own story appeared. "Emanuel Zeltser, a lawyer and board member of the American Russian Law Institute, charges O'Brien went 'out of control' last August when he learned that Zeltser, one of his best sources, was talking to the *Wall Street Journal* and other papers."

Tofel later clarified to me the paper's position: Although the memo's authenticity was open to question, the World Bank deemed it credible enough to launch an investigation, which remains open. That essentially amounts to sidestepping the paper's making its own assessment of the memo. But Tofel had stern words for O'Brien. "We were both surprised and disappointed that Tim O'Brien would be writing about us and himself," Tofel said. "It is rarely a good idea in a news story for the subject and the reporter to be the same person."

O'Brien, though, is unrepentant. "I didn't get any joy out of embarrassing the *Journal,*" he says. "What I care about is journalists so beholden to a dirty source that they are willing to carry water for them. If our job necessitates from time to time exposing people who are polluting the reporting process, then so be it. Given everything that has happened. I would do it again."

ACTUALLY, THIS TIME IT MAY BE MY TURN. Last week, Zeltser sent a letter to the corporate offices of Primedia Inc., which owns *New York.* "I respectfully bring to your attention a situation which in my view may result in grossly inaccurate and hostile reporting by *New York* Magazine's David Kirkpatrick," the letter began. "The material which David relies on consists of fallacious allegations of Russian launderers. . . . Mr. Kirkpatrick's reporting may become a de facto parroting of absurd and long-rebutted allegations of the Russian mob 'spin doctors.' . . ." ■

NEW YORK
READER SERVICES

MOVING?

Please give us four to six weeks' notice of a change of address. Please check the appropriate box.
Even if you have notified the post office about your change of address, please fill out and mail this form to us to ensure accurate delivery of your magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION OR RENEWAL?

Fifty issues of *New York*, only $42.00.
Please check the appropriate box.

UNLISTING SERVICE?

***New York* Magazine makes available to other quality publications and carefully screened companies the names of its subscribers. If, however, you do not wish to have your name made available, please check the appropriate box.**

☐ New subscription.
☐ Renewal.
☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Bill me later.
☐ Change of address: Please note new address.
☐ Please do not make my name and address available to other publications or companies.

NAME

ADDRESS APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

Attach mailing label here and send to:
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 54661
BOULDER, COLORADO 80322-4661

Solutions to last week's puzzles

T	■	S	■	A	■	S	■	P	■	P	■	B	■	B
I	N	C	U	B	A	T	O	R	■	A	D	O	R	E
C	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	E	■	T	■	N	■	T
K	A	T	R	I	N	A	■	F	O	R	E	S	A	W
E	■	L	■	L	■	P	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	E
T	R	A	P	■	A	P	P	R	E	N	T	I	C	E
C	■	N	■	B	■	E	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	N
O	R	D	E	R	E	D	■	C	A	S	T	O	U	T
L	■	■	■	U	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	U	■	H
L	E	B	E	N	S	R	A	U	M	■	S	T	Y	E
E	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	O	■	S	■	L
C	A	U	S	T	I	C	■	T	E	R	M	I	N	I
T	■	N	■	T	■	I	■	E	■	D	■	D	■	N
O	U	T	R	E	■	P	E	R	S	E	V	E	R	E
R	■	Y	■	S	■	E	■	S	■	R	■	R	■	S

■	S	P	O	R	T	S	■	S	C	A	R	E	D	■	■	L	A	T	C	H
B	E	A	N	E	R	Y	■	C	R	E	E	P	E	R	■	O	V	U	L	E
R	E	C	E	D	I	N	G	A	I	R	L	I	N	E	■	C	A	R	O	M
I	N	T	A	C	T	■	A	N	N	I	E	■	■	B	R	A	I	N	S	■
G	A	S	■	H	E	A	P	■	G	E	T	T	H	E	E	L	L	O	U	T
■	■	■	B	I	R	D	■	P	E	S	■	H	A	L	F	■	■	U	R	I
T	A	B	L	E	■	E	A	R	S	■	S	I	C	■	E	L	A	T	E	S
A	L	L	O	F	F	A	M	E	■	T	A	N	K	E	D	U	P	■	■	■
M	E	E	K	■	A	L	I	F	■	H	U	G	E	R	■	P	E	N	T	■
E	R	N	E	S	T	■	■	I	T	E	M	■	T	E	N	O	■	I	H	R
S	T	D	■	E	A	T	E	X	H	A	U	S	T	I	O	N	■	C	E	E
T	E	E	■	E	L	U	L	■	O	G	R	E	■	■	V	E	N	O	M	S
■	D	R	A	Y	■	N	E	H	R	U	■	A	N	K	A	■	A	S	I	A
■	■	■	N	O	S	E	C	O	N	E	■	B	U	N	K	E	R	I	L	L
S	T	A	Y	U	P	■	T	V	S	■	R	E	N	O	■	S	C	A	L	E
O	R	D	■	■	A	A	R	E	■	C	O	E	■	T	O	P	S	■	■	■
N	O	O	L	D	S	B	A	R	R	E	D	■	U	S	S	R	■	O	A	T
■	T	R	A	U	M	A	■	■	O	L	E	A	N	■	T	E	M	P	L	E
S	T	I	N	K	■	C	O	O	L	I	N	G	O	N	E	S	E	E	L	S
H	E	N	C	E	■	A	L	D	E	N	T	E	■	B	A	S	A	L	T	S
E	D	G	E	S	■	■	A	S	S	E	S	S	■	A	L	O	N	S	O	■

kids

Space Balloon Jamming

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

You're On—The golden age of radio drama is long past, but kids can experience the era at **RE-CREATING RADIO**. Grandfolks will be proud when their heirs take on scripts in the tradition of Superman, the Lone Ranger, and Aladdin, sound effects and all (see Essay). Many Saturdays at 10:30 A.M., now through June. Tickets are $5, reservations advised. At the Museum of Television & Radio, (212-621-6600).

Plaza Patron—Eloise, the late Kay Thompson's mischievous poor little rich girl, is at it again, leaving the Plaza behind for a much-maligned stay in Moscow. In this Cold War tome, set to be rereleased this week after 35 years on ice, the not-so-diplomatic heroine of **ELOISE IN MOSCOW** finds herself predictably paranoid and unhappy in a land without movie magazines and overrun with unbashful citizens.

We Have Lift Off—Lenox Hill Hospital's **SPACE FANTASY EXPRESS** at the Copacabana promises an out-of-this-world afternoon filled with virtual-reality games, contests, robots, and other intergalactic events. The fund-raiser, open to the public at $100 per person, benefits the hospital's pediatric and neonatal critical-care departments. 3/5 from 12:30 to 3:30 P.M. For tickets, call 212-434-2544.●

Air Born—Back in the fifties, a nearly silent film about a lonely boy and his best friend, **THE RED BALLOON**, sent youngsters and the movie industry into orbit. Now a Scottish theater company has adapted this story for the stage, and it will make its New York premiere on 3/3 at the New Victory Theater. Through 3/12. Tickets are $20 and $10 and can be purchased at the box office, 209 W. 42nd St., or through Tele-charge at 212-239-6200.

Tune Up—Introduce preschoolers to the world of classical concerts with **MUSIC TELLS A STORY**, the final winter performance of the Little Orchestra Society. Bow the Panda, Buzz the Bee, and Toot the Bird represent, respectively, the string, brass, and woodwind sections of the orchestra. Youngsters go home with a complimentary coloring book. 3/4 and 3/5. Tickets are $32. Performances are held at the French Institute Alliance Française's Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-971-9500).●

Cool Beans—Recently restored to its original nineteenth-century splendor, the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre at Central Park is now home to **JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**. This updated version of the fairy-tale classic about a boy who trades his cow for a mere handful of beans incorporates music, expert puppetry, and comedy into its modern-day performance. Tues.–Sat. through June. Suggested donations, $5 adults, $4 kids. For reservations, call 212-988-9093.

Puttering Around—**PROFESSOR PUTTER** is a magician-inventor who demonstrates his own pseudo-scientific discoveries, which result in music, magic, and fun for the audience. He'll even give good suggestions for things you can do with used MetroCards. 3/4 and 3/5 at 3 P.M. Tickets are $12. West End Children's Theatre at Bank Street College Theatre Auditorium, 610 W. 112th St. For reservations, call 212-877-6115.●

Kidding Around—A romping hour of dance, performed by and for youngsters, is the highlight of the **KIDS' DANCE JAM**. Featured groups are Jacques d'Amboise's National Dance Institute; the Young Hoofers, who are tappers age 5 to 15; and the DefDance Jam Workshop, which joins kids who are deaf and/or physically and developmentally challenged. 3/4 at 11 A.M. Tickets are $8. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400).●

Oh, Bother—Could it be that the lighthearted tiger of the Hundred-Acre Wood is wistful for a bouncy family of his own? **THE TIGGER MOVIE** is a sweet tale about this simpleminded one-of-a-kind animal with a funny bone who sets out on a tear-jerking search for other Tiggers. Opened 2/11 at theaters across the city. Combine a stop here with a viewing of the original stuffed toys that inspired A. A. Milne to write bedtime stories about Winnie-the-Pooh and friends. On permanent exhibition at the Central Children's Room on the second floor of the Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Pooh, Piglet, Eeyore, Kanga, and Tigger are enclosed in a glass case and can be viewed daily. For library hours and more information, call 212-621-0636.

Loco Puppets—Juan Bobo and Pedro Animal are vagabonds with a penchant for landing in sticky situations. The show, with performances in Spanish and English, includes audience participation, live music, and a lesson in Dominican and Puerto Rican folklore. Weekends through 3/12. Tickets are $8 for adults, $6 for children. **THE ENCOUNTER OF JUAN BOBO AND PEDRO ANIMAL**, Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater, 107 Suffolk St. (212-260-4080).

How—Ever been to a real powwow? Traditionally a gathering by Indian nations, this one will include Hopi, Cherokee, and Choctaw dancers; exhibitions; and taste-testing of traditional foods. It features the **THUNDERBIRD AMERICAN INDIAN DANCERS**. 3/3–3/5. At the Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. Tickets are $10, $1 kids 12 and younger at Sunday performances. Call for showtimes (212-254-1109).●

cue

Susan Avery
Kids

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Luisa Colon
Online

Rose-Anne Clermont
In Concert

Logan Hill
Theater

Brett Kelly
Movies

John Kline
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Happening Radio Days

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? Nine-year-old Alex Traub, a.k.a the Shadow, knows. Joining him to protect the innocent and punish the guilty one recent Saturday were his friends and family—all participants in Re-creating Radio at the Museum of Television & Radio (see photo). This 90-minute workshop brings back old-time radio drama using museumgoers to act from scripts and perform sound effects. After a short overview of the history of radio, with a special nod to 1938's *War of the Worlds* broadcast and the nationwide panic it provoked, workshoppers are split up into groups: Would-be Fibber McGees go into a rehearsal room; sound-effects techies stay in the theater to run through the gamut of decidedly non-high-tech noisemaking contraptions. The crash box (pictured, with another child) is a favorite—a few cranks of the handle and you've got that piercing, heart-stopping car-crash sound. One recent Saturday morning, a script that had not been used in the workshop before called for a rolling-wagon sound. Seeing a drum available, one kid suggested rolling it along the stage, which netted him kudos from the museum staff. When everyone's back onstage, there's a dress rehearsal, and then it's time for the live, twenty-minute show, including kid-performed commercials. "It's really fun when parents participate," says Eevin Hartsough, a workshop leader. "It's an opportunity for kids to do as well as their parents." Two weeks after the performance, the museum mails all the participants a tape of their show. The workshop, at $5 per person, is limited to twenty participants, so reservations are strongly suggested. Adds Alex: "It's better than a video game." **SUSAN AVERY**

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Television and Radio.

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

From $80/Day! Furn apts: licensed. Credit cards. Seen in The Wall St. Journal. **212-348-8100 / 800-550-7071**
Fax: 348-8362 / www.oxbridgeny.com

Aaah!—Choice Of Apartments And B&Bs. **212-246-4000 www.nybnb.com**

800-835-8880 ABODE—Lovely furn apts. 4-nite min. **abodenyc.com / 212-472-2000**

Beautifully Furnished Apts The hotel alternative on the East Side, complete with concierge. As seen in **New York Living**. **800-658-7366** or **www.churchillcorp.com**

AS YOU LIKE IT - Select Furn Apts. Style/Location/Value/Credit Cards. **800-277-0413 / 212-695-3404/4655 (fax)**

TO ADVERTISE IN
Town and Country,
call Tim: **212.462.3320**

LUXURY HOTEL SUITES at $120 a day
Central Park South location.
Executive & vacation suites.
80% discount - one-month minimum stay required*. Studios, 1 & 2-BR suites available. Park views. Maid service two times daily. Spa, concierge and all other hotel amenities.
*Please inquire about our short stay rates.
Contact Isaac - PH: **212-541-5800 x234**
Fax: **212-541-4410 / 1-800-689-4584 x224**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*—**Town & Country**, call Tim: **212.462.3320**

HOUSE FOR SALE
New Jersey

Hope area—Historic property, 3 homes. Main house: 7 rm Colonial, circa 1800; Carriage house w/studio apt; Circa 1700 Moravian stone cottage, pool, 2-stall barn. 6.4 acs, off Rt. 80, $549K. **908-459-4593**

To advertise in
New York Magazine's—
Town & Country, call Tim Hyde:
212.462.3320 or fax: 212.462.3595

Inns and Lodges

THE CARIBBEAN

THIS AD DOES NOT REFLECT THE SIZE OF OUR BEACH.

Announcing the grand re-opening of Sonesta Anguilla. Many improvements. And, thanks to Mother Nature, an even bigger and better beach. Come experience the changes we've made. Opening February 16. Call your travel planner or **1-800-SONESTA**. Or, visit us at **www.sonesta.com**.

This is what you came to find.

Sonesta Beach Resort & Villas
Anguilla

FLORIDA

Mother/Daughter
SPA GETAWAY
to Sunny Florida!

50% Discount for Daughters!

5 days / 4 nights includes, per person, per night:
• Deluxe accommodations • 3 gourmet meals • $100 in spa services • Admission to spa & fitness center

Mother $1148* / Daughter $576*
(Other packages available.)

For reservations, call your travel agent or
800-538-5839

SAFETY HARBOR
RESORT AND SPA
ON TAMPA BAY

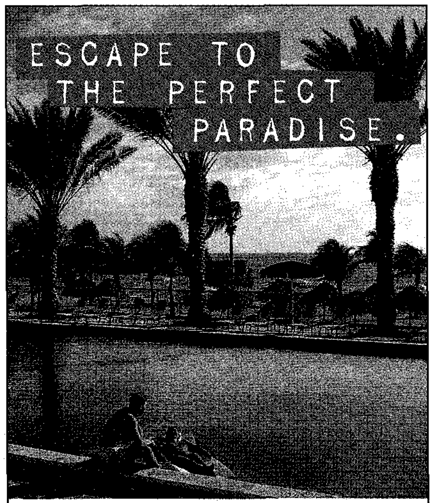
Overlooking Tampa Bay, our historic resort features mineral springs, pools, tennis and more!

www.safetyharborspa.com

*Subject to availability. Service charge and applicable taxes not included. Valid thru 3/31/00. No refund for unused package inclusions. Granddaughters welcome.

TO ADVERTISE IN
Inns and Lodges
call Tim: **212.462.3320**

FLORIDA



Escape from the chill of winter and retreat to your own tropical hideaway, just minutes from Miami and Miami Beach. For reservations or information, call your travel planner, **1-800-SONESTA** or the hotel directly at **(305) 361-2021**. Or, visit our web site at **www.sonesta.com**.

This is what you came to find.

$293* *Winter Escape Package includes island view room and breakfast for two*

Sonesta Beach Resort
Key Biscayne

*Rates are per room, per night. Based on single or double occupancy. Subject to availability and applicable taxes.

NEW YORK

"A Distinctive Country Inn"
Come and indulge in endless pleasures. Canopy beds, jacuzzis for 2, cozy fireplaces & clawfoot tubs. Escape to the romantic seclusion of **"Mystic Meadows"**... 90 minutes NYC. **Winter Specials!! Stay 2 nights & 3rd night is FREE. Stay 1 night & 2nd is $79.**
www.mysticmeadow.com 914-868-1934

NEW YORK

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT......On Golden Pond
Priv, tranquil & romantic. Intimate suites w/jacuzzis for 2, fplcs, pvt decks. **Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World!**
Lakehouse - Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. **914-266-8093**
www.lakehouseinn.com

TO ADVERTISE IN
Inns and Lodges,
call Tim:
212.462.3320

or fax:
212.462.3595

Travel

SUMMER RENTALS

ARLINGTON SHORES—The Hamptons **Waterfront Resort** - beach, pool, tennis. Studio $5K season; 1-BR $9K; 2-BR/2-bth $13.5K, 3-BR/3-bth $17.5K. 40 Penny Lane, Hmptn Bays **516-723-6000**

BLUE BAY REALTY—The Hamptons specialists in summer rentals. From cozy cottages to expansive oceanfront villas, we have it all! Call for an app't now! **631-267-6626 www.bluebayrealty.com**

FIRE ISLAND - OCEANFRONT
Spectacular 2-3BR: 3 decks, BBQ, outdoor shower. Full or share season. **Please call owner: 212-838-2288**

FIRE ISLAND - SEAVIEW
4-BR new European kitchen, large deck. Near tennis, ocean and pvt playground. Please call owner: **212-838-2288**

Hamptons: Sag Harbor—2+ acres, pool, hot tub, tennis, 8 bedrooms/5.5 baths. **http://www.hamptonmansion.com** Available spring/summer. **917-699-1559**

LITCHFIELD CTY, CONNECTICUT
Pristine mountains and lakes. Largest selection - cottages/estates. 1.5 hrs NYC. Month min/summer season, $6K-$100K. Free brochure. **Klemm RE: 860-868-0505**

Martha's Vineyard—8BR/5bth Captain's House on historic North Water Street in Edgartown. Monthly, weekly, weekend rentals available. All amenities. On/off-season rates. Call for info: **781-899-0794** E-mail: mrosen@zeus.bwh.harvard.edu

SOUTHAMPTON—Mini-estate. New, immaculate 9-BR/4.5-bth, secluded. Pool, boating, tennis. Weekends before/after MD/LD or seasonal. **516-496-2339**

Sag Harbor & Quogue—Two beautiful 8-BR/9-bth houses; ea w/pvt tennis court, huge pool, large brick deck, full court b-ball, v-ball, fplc & more. Weekly renters & House Mgrs, call Mark: **973-740-9170 www.hamptonshare.org**

SUMMER SHARES

BRIDGEHAMPTON
SOUTHAMPTON WATERFRONT
3 houses available, 5-8 BRs, heated pool, tennis, b-ball, hot tub, all amens. Mins to train/jitney. Nonsmoking professionals, singles and couples, upper 20s-upper 30s. 1/2 shares avail. Owner - Michael: **www.hamptonrental.com 212-861-4046**

Sag Harbor—8BR/6.5bth Dream Home. Pool, lg deck, hot tub, 3 tennis cts, private beach, boat rights. Professionals wanted. Limo available. Leslie: **917-673-7748**

SUMMER SHARE PARTIES
Meet over 30 house managers from throughout the Hamptons - seeking new summer share members: all ages/occupations, interests. Many houses with tennis courts, pools, spas, beach access. **New York Loews (Lexington @ 51st). Four dates: 3/16, 3/31, 4/13, 4/28, 6pm-9pm. Public admission only $10.** House managers need to call Pat for table reservations: **212-268-1818 day/647-1528 eve. Sponsor: Hampton House Managers**

Sag Harbor Luxury hse, 8-BR/9.5-bth, htd pool, hot tub, tennis, huge deck, b-ball, v-ball, C/AC, maid svc & more. Full, 1/2, 1/4 shares avail. Marty: **201-216-1822 www.hamptonsummer.com**

W'HAMPTON WATERFRONT WKNDS
Singles & parents with & without kids
Share two 5-BR/3-bth waterfront homes with pool, tennis, dock. MD-LD. Includes tennis clinics, boat trips, cocktail parties. Also available weekly. **914-738-4904 www.hamptonsweekends.com**

AIRLINE

www.LowAirFare.com—Live Internet Agent Help! Try It!

SEASONAL RENTAL

BRIDGEHAMPTON—Brand-new 7-BR, 6-bth house on 5 acres w/pool & tennis. Great for groups. Avail weekly/weekends. **www.hamptonschateau.com 212-787-6750**

THE HAMPTONS
Off-season's best-kept secret! Three houses available: 5-8 BRs, all amenities!... Better prices, less traffic. For any occasion. Call Owner, Michael: **212-861-4046 www.hamptonrental.com**

TIRED OF HAMPTONS TRAFFIC?
45 Min From Manhattan
On The Ocean In Atlantic Beach, Cabanas, Shower Cabins...
OLYMPIC-SIZE SWIMMING POOL.
ALL SPORTS FACILITIES.
Day Camp: toddlers through 10 years.
The Sands
ATLANTIC BEACH
Visa/MasterCard accepted.
Call: 516-371-4003

BED & BREAKFAST New York

AS YOU LIKE IT—Accessible, affordable, attractive apts + B&B. **212-695-3404/4645 Fx**

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. **212-206-9237**

ACCESS NY—Quality furn apts/B&Bs. Short/long-term... **212-414-1326 fax: 4686**

Metro Dwellings—Hotel Alternative. **212-712-9167** www.metrodwellings.com

Health and Fitness

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

WOMEN WHO WANT RESULTS
Need **The Bodysmith Co.** As Seen In Marie Claire Magazine. **212-249-1824**

1 Week Free Training—No membership. www.ultimatetraining.com **212-207-8154**

COSMETIC SURGERY

Say NO To Park Ave. Prices!
Ultrasonic Body Liposuction, Laser Skin Resurfacing
Rhinoplasty, Blepharoplasty, Breast Enhancement
ABPS Certified Surgeon
Call For Free Consultation...212•545•1266
KIPS BAY PLASTIC SURGERY & SKIN CARE
www.plasticsurgnyc.com

DENTAL

Liposculpture................. 212-262-0949—www.cosmeticlasercenter.qpg.com

DENTAL

Laser Teeth Whitening - 212-262-0950—Free Consult - Cosmetic And Holistic. **www.cosmeticlasercenter.qpg.com**

HEALTH & BEAUTY

YES, YOU CAN REGROW YOUR OWN HAIR.
To start regrowing strong, healthy, beautiful hair in just three months,
call 800-345-9975
or click on to www.baldspot.com
Adam Lewenberg, M.D., PLLC
184 E. 70th St., NY, NY 10021

LASER HAIR REMOVAL

50 W 72nd **www.freeofhair.com 787-5949**

TORN EARLOBE?
FREE EAR PIERCING WITH THE REPAIR OF TORN EARLOBE
212.744.LOBE • 212.744.5623
Insurance Accepted Where Applicable.

LASER HAIR REMOVAL

Proven Method, Fast Results. **212-744-2274 www.skinovations.com**

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Scandinavian Health Institute—20 Yrs Exper. Enemas/Colonics. Lic. **212-873-2438**

HYPNOSIS

Rapid, Lasting Change! The X Is Now! With Nancy Donenfeld, M.A./Bd-Cert '72. 200 E. 61. Free pkg. v/mc/ins **212-758-7575**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*—**Health & Fitness**, call Mark: **212.462.3316**

TO ADVERTISE IN
Health and Fitness,
call Mark: 212.462.3316
or fax: 212.462.3595

Continued from previous page.

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

TANTRATEMPLE.COM
Tantric Keys For Passion And Joy Thru Massage/Bath. Cpls Welcome. **212-868-7760**

R.N.'s Sensual/Tantric Massages, Innovative Cleansings, Luxurious Baths. Pvt, Personal. 10am-11pm. **212-749-6442**

Gentle Massage—Noon-10pm. Call Danielle. By app't. **212-726-0138**

THE PARK CLUB
Clean, Quiet, Relaxing Environment. 41 East 60th St., 3rd Fl. **212-751-7781**

Gentle Approach To Deep Tissue—Shiatsu/Swedish. 48th/5th. **212-869-2727**

Professional Chiness Acupuncture — Bodywork. Pleasant. Lic'd. **212-941-1926**

HOLISTIC CENTER OF NY
Aromatherapy, Reflexology, Facial Massage, Scrub, Wax. Lic'd. East 57th. **752-1060**

#1 Magic Hands—#1 Full-Body Massage. 7 Days. 9am-1am. **718-651-8882**

Grand Opening—Gin Ja Inc. Swedish/Shiatsu Bodywork. **516-352-9745**

Inner Cleansing—By Two Nurses. Ultra-Private. Innovative. **212-684-6756**

Tranquility Is Within Reach
Feel Your Soul Become Inspired
As Your Senses Soar - Through Tantric
Energy & Sensual Touch. **917-853-0501**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

Give Yourself A Precious, Divine Massage—Refined Clientele. **212-MT6-9618**

Chinese Licensed Acupuncture—And Acupressure. East 33rd. **212-448-9289**

Best Bodywork—7 Days. By App't Only. 350 5th Avenue. **212-290-9550**

Wall Street Area
Acupuncture & Herbs. Massage & Physical Therapy. Inurance OK. **233-4063**

Ki-Touch—E 45. Swedish, Refl, Facials, Steamroom, Colonics. Priv. **212-682-1166**

Prof'l Swedish Massage—Women/Men. Legit Only. **212-249-2165**

Best Chinese Bodyrub—For M/F. In/Out. **212-397-2639** 2nd Loc: **212-226-0515**

KOBE 56
Shiatsu & Swedish, Sauna & Steam Room. M/F, Couples. Resid Avail. 23 West 56th St. **212-333-2588 / 586-0555**

Excellent Chinese Bodywork—In/Out. Downtown. Steam/Sauna. **212-619-1101**

NOEVIR
—Steam, Dry Sauna, Shiatsu, Swedish Massage. **212-594-1602**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

MEDICAL

LOSE 10-15 LBS IN 4 WKS
Bariatric Wt-Loss Ctr **212-246-3111**

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
Viagra For Sexual Dysfunction.
HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*—**Health & Fitness**, call Mark: **212.462.3316**

PANIC ATTACKS
Panic attacks are not a character flaw, but a legitimate illness that responds to specific treatments. MBHR offers free and confidential evaluation/care in investigational program in Lincoln Center area. **1-888-317-6262**

JOINT PAIN? FATIGUE?
The Renowned Ash Center of 5th Ave. Specialists In 2nd Opinions, Complex & Treatment-Resistant Cases. **212-758-3200**

SMOKING CESSATION

SMOKENDERS®
Quit Smoking
The Easy Way
1-800-828-4357 x 2
Cathy Lambert

WEIGHT CONTROL

10-15 Stubborn Lbs? Medication, Liquid Protein, Xenical, Saponin, $40/Wk. Upper E Side/Gramercy Pk/Westchester. **570-5058**

We Have The New Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing weight has never been easier. MD-supervised. **737-4644**

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications. Full/Modified Optifast. **212-288-5468**

Lose Weight And Inches Today
Thru Colon Hydrotherapy & Thermogenic Claywraps. For Free Consultation, Call H2Omega: **212-875-1950**

LICENSED THERAPY

SEXUAL SUCCESS
SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC
NYC's Only Licensed & Certified* Sex Therapist-Supv SURROGATE PROGRAM.
Cure Impotence/PE/Shyness/Desire And Orgasm Problems. MD Supv & Board Cert.
Proven Success. 212-971-6060
***American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists.**

DR.'s SEX THERAPY
A Reputation For THE BEST
MD-Supv **SURROGATE PROGRAM**
PhD & Board-Cert Clinical Sexologists
Private • Results • All Dysfunctions
www.abel2.com 212-721-7650

Surrogate Therapy—Intelligence, compassion, discretion. 12 years exp. **212-316-4768**

Premature Ejaculation/Impotence Cured forever in a 3-hr session. 17 yrs research. Dr. Beck. Scientific. Guarantee: Permanent. **Holistic.** Ins okay. 11am-1pm **212-689-9717**

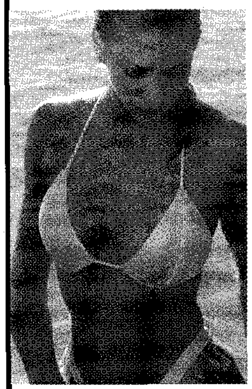
Impotence / Lack of Desire
Premature Reaction/ Sexual Shyness
Proven Sex Therapy Techniques
Medically Administered Surrogate Program
NY's "only" Surrogate Therapy Program
Administed & Staffed by
NY State Licensed Psychotherapists
The Center For Life Enhancement Svs, Inc.
Free Consultation **(212) 679-6717** ***Privacy Assured***
Insurance Where Accepted

UROLOGIST

Office Vasectomy In 15 Minutes—
centralparkurology.com 212-969-9540

TO ADVERTISE IN
Health and Fitness
call Mark. 212.462.3316

COSMETIC SURGERY



ADVANCED PLASTIC SURGERY CENTER®

- **Specialty Center for Cosmetic Breast Surgery**
- Minimal Scar Breast Augmentation
- Endoscopic Cosmetic Surgery
- Breast Implant Exchange, Breast Lift
- Abdominoplasty (Tummy Tuck)
- Ultrasonic & Tumescent Liposuction
- Facelift, Necklift, Browlift, Eyelid Surgery
- Laser Skin Resurfacing
- Dermalogen - New Longer-Lasting Collagen
- Apogee® Laser Hair Removal
- Latest Before/After Cosmetic Imaging

State-of-the-Art Private Surgical Suites

Scott Newman, MD FACS
Board-Certified Plastic Surgeon
Assistant Clinical Professor - AECOM

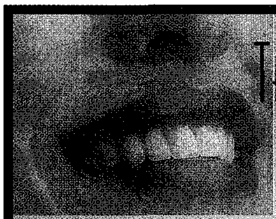
Attractive Financing Available

Manhattan
899 Park Avenue
212-472-6100

Westchester
970 North Broadway
914-423-9000

www.psurgery.com

DENTAL



THE ART & SCIENCE OF DENTISTRY

PORCELAIN VENEERS
COSMETIC DENTISTRY

Pearlinbrite™ Laser Tooth Whitening
Dr. Linhart uses a revolutionary and unique combination of materials to quickly and effectively whiten teeth in just one visit.

Preview your new smile through technology of computer imagery!

Park Avenue Centre for Dental Arts
Jan Linhart, D.D.S., P.C. - Director
The Helmsley Building • 230 Park Avenue (46th Street), NYC
212-867-6272 www.parkavedental.com
Call today for a no-fee consultation without obligation.
All phases of general dentistry included. Member: American Dental Association, American Academy of General Dentistry
We're in the Bell Atlantic Yellow Pages.

WEIGHT CONTROL

Finally... a diet that works!!!

ZONE DIET
HOME DELIVERY

- Award winning chef Philip F. Andriano
- NOBEL Prize-winning research

Call toll free 7 days a week, 24 hours a day

Now serving Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and Long Island

www.zonetoyourhome.com

New York Kids

ENRICHMENT TUTOR

NYC Private School Admission—Supplements Pre-K. **212-517-3778**

ENTERTAINMENT

Starmite Puppets—Pokeman, Toy Story, Lion K, Aladdin, Sesame, Dinosaurs, Pooh, Face Paint, Balloons. **212-473-3409**

Madeleine: Award-Winning Magician—& TV Clown. Like no other. "A sleight of hand expert." Cabaret Hotline: **212-475-7785**

CLOWNMAGICNYC.COM—Characters, Clowns, Puppets. Full-Service. **212-544-8153**

PARTY SERVICE

Birthday Bonanza—Premier Full-Service Party Planning. All Ages. Catering, Entertainment, Invitations, Favors... Tri-State. In-Home Consults: **914-841-6499**

GIFTS

The Toy Store For Very Lucky Kids
Choosing the right toy or gift takes experience. And we've got it. We will personally select, wrap, label and send your gifts.
Call **Scarsdale Child's Play**
800-258-5775 or **914-723-4396**
www.scarsdalechildsplay.com

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's***—**New York Kids**, call Kristen: **212.462.3319**

PARTY SPACE

EAST SIDE AMUSEMENTS
GRAND OPENING!
Virtual Reality, Video Games, Billiards, Fun! 10-250pp. Catering Avail. All Ages!
163 East 86th St. **212-831-7665**

To advertise in
New York Magazine's—
New York Kids, call Kristen:
212.462.3319 or fax: 212.462.3595

Entertaining

CARICATURES

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. **212-873-1695**

Dazzle Your Guests—Caricatures on paper and online. Jeff Sondheim: **212-243-8515**

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. **718-782-2250**

ENTERTAINMENT

•UNIQUE ENTRTNMNT•
Variety Acts•Interactive•Event Planning
Hot DJs/Bands•FX•Performers•Favors
Themes/Decor•Acts•**1,500+ Lookalikes...**
The Whole Event! Est.1980 **800-GET-GALA**

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! **212-929-8609**

MURDER MYSTERY, INC.
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
800-MURDER INC (800.687.3374)

Mind Reader—Elegant Entertainment. Only The Finest Parties. **718-885-3038**

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441
WWW.HARDBODIESINC.COM

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By Registered Psychic. **212-410-1299**

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-287-2056
You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

Amira Mor Int'l Entertainment Co.—Will turn any event into a dream come true! **www.amiramor.com / 201-240-6860**

Comedy & Magic—The best in corp/priv entertainment. Palooka Prods. **212-532-5019**

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. **212-741-3195**

"LIVE" TV Game Shows!—Corporate & Private Parties. Since 1972. **516-938-2348**

1,000+ Lookalikes—Mind Readers, Mentalists, Murders, Music **1-800-304-4911**
WWW.NAOMISWORLD.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

Pianist/Singer—Jazzy Gershwin, B'way, More... **www.jonathansegal.com 212-222-3169**

Karaoke To Go—Prof'l/Fun DJs **expresswaymusic.com** David **718-631-1024**

Need Great Entertainment!!?—One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern **914-478-0073**

Wedding/Bar Mitzvah DJ's—Prof'l/Fun. **718-966-0255 www.atouchofclassdj.baweb.com**

Jazz/Classical & South American—Greg Ribot: **212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289**

GOURMET CATERING

A Chef's Table Ltd.... **212-427-1089**—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. **212-751-1459**

PARTY CONSULTANT

WORLDWIDE EVENTS—**212-734-3638**
Excellent Catering! Fabulous Parties!!
www.worldwideeventsltd.com

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion, Inc. **917-441-0461**

Party & Event Staffing & Planning
Experienced waiters/butlers & bartenders avail. Planning & coordination for all events. No party too large or too small. Metropolitan Hospitality **212-983-6060 x28**

PARTY PLANNING

ENTERTAINMENT AND PLACES
24 Years Experience. 3,500 Events.
Corp/Priv. Eric Silvey Ent.: **212-486-9517**

PARTY SERVICE

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave. nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

SIMPLY DIVINE NY's upscale **kosher** caterer & full-svc event company. Kosher for Passover. **541-7300 / amyksd@aol.com**

PARTY SPACE

EAST SIDE AMUSEMENTS
Newly Renovated 5,000 Sq Ft Facility
Virt. Reality/Video Games/Billiards/Bar
Private Or Corp. 10-250pp. **212-831-7665**

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. 212-807-0907

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p.
www.200fifth.com

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's***—
Entertaining, call Alex:
212.462.3325 or fax: 212.462.3595

Weekend Getaways

will appear in our

52 WEEKENDS
SPECIAL ISSUE

Our classified travel section will feature "Weekend Getaways."
To advertise your special place, call Tim Hyde at
212-462-3320 or fax 212-462-3595.

• Issue date: 3/13

• On sale: 3/6 **• Deadline: 2/23**

Very Cool New Space—25th/Park. Cater In/Out. ***Star Chef. **212-479-7379**

WWW.PRINCESTREETCLUB.COM
#1 location in Soho for 20-120 guests. Visit our Website or call: **212-353-0707**

SoHo Loft—Unique/artsy, prof'l kitchen, up to 75p. **212-941-0147 www.margrett.com**

BOWLMOR LANES—Largest bowling center in Manhattan. 2 full bars & 42 lanes. Private floor & party room avail. **255-8188**

EAT, DRINK & BE MERRY
Six unique locations. Any occasion.
All budgets. 20-400pp. **212-585-2371**

METRONOME
NY's premiere party space in Flatiron/Gramercy. 2 rooms, 10-700pp. B'way @ 21st St. **505-7400 www.metronomenyc.com**

www.successfulaffairs.com
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

Rodeo Grill—Live music, 2 party rooms. 375 Third Ave. (27th St.) **212-683-6500**

PRIVATE PARTIES MADE EASY
Restaurant in Landmark Brownstone accommodating 20-200pp. Any occasion or budget. Call: **212-501-7014**

Metropolitan Pavilion
Elegant, sophisticated, stylish.
www.metropolitanevents.com 212-463-0071

Bachelor Parties & More!—The Airstrip... Chic club/bar/food/dancers **718-995-0500**

Antique,Unique!—W.Vlg.20 Fr drs, open-air lnge,mahog bar,tin ceils,20-200. **479-7306**

91
The chic downtown space
20 to 150 guests
212·691·4570

WEDDINGS

Tribeca's Ultimate Event Space—**www.tribec.com**

To advertise in
New York Magazine's—
Entertaining, call Alex:
212.462.3325 or fax: 212.462.3595

Boats and Yachts

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind. No event too large or too small. Corporate & private. 212-534-6380

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 days: 212-717-0300 or 914-723-4510
www.prestigeyachtcharters.com

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana M/V Jewel
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Dinners A Deux...To Large Corp Events.
www.doveyacht.com
212-594-1561 • 973-482-1991 • 888-860-DOVE

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*—**Boats and Yachts**, call Alex: 212.462.3325

LEISURE YACHT CHARTERS
DIPLOMAT & CELEBRITY - Weddings, Parties, Corporate Events. See us at Pier 84 at W. 43rd St. (212) 594-9555

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over a Decade of Value & Service.
Consider Us Above the Rest.
212-995-5470 - ask for Mary.

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties.
MYC, Inc. E. 23rd St., NYC 212-856-9446
WWW.METYACHT.COM

To advertise in
New York Magazine's—
Boats and Yachts, call Alex:
212.462.3325 or fax: 212.462.3595

Interiors and Exteriors

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET—Closet And Storage Solutions, Plus Mirrored Doors. Free Estimates. Insured. Refs. 212-382-1533

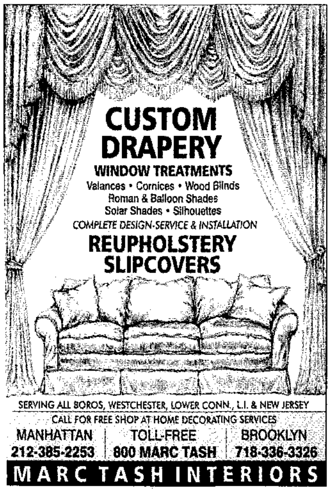
CITY CLOSET CO.—Free estimates... All types of shelving. Space professionals. Affordable pricing. 212-945-4010

CUSTOM FRAMING

Martha's Framing... 212-736-3974—Hand-Painted, Custom And Conservation

DECORATOR

Tidy Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals, Sponging, Stone Glazing. 212-712-0722


CUSTOM DRAPERY
WINDOW TREATMENTS
Valances • Cornices • Wood Blinds
Roman & Balloon Shades
Solar Shades • Silhouettes
COMPLETE DESIGN-SERVICE & INSTALLATION
REUPHOLSTERY
SLIPCOVERS
SERVING ALL BOROS, WESTCHESTER, LOWER CONN., L.I. & NEW JERSEY
CALL FOR FREE SHOP AT HOME DECORATING SERVICES
MANHATTAN 212-385-2253
TOLL-FREE 800 MARC TASH
BROOKLYN 718-336-3326
MARC TASH INTERIORS

DESIGN/BUILD

Design/Build Firm—w/Custom Cabinetry Service. Ins. Free Est. 35 Yrs. 212-679-4825

DECORATIVE PLASTER

Decorative Plasterwork & Restoration—www.decorplasterwork.com 201-265-2647

FLOORS

. Rappaport Wood Flooring—Installation, efinishing, repairs. Exp/ins. 800-867-8341

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

Carpentry—Woodwork, Cabinets, Closets, Wall Divider, Tile, Kitchen, Wood Floors. Free Est/Ins. 212-749-7171 or 917-991-2090

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*—**nteriors & Exteriors**, call Kris: 212.462.3319

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT

Professional Handyman—Sheetrock, floors, walls, tiling, electrical work, painting, apt cleaning. Excellent refs. 20 years experience. Call Sylvester Levy: 718-367-6593 or fax: 718-367-8066

LANDSCAPE DESIGN

Marie P. MacLean Landscape Design—Full-svc garden design/installation. Free consult: 212-410-2774 mpmlandes@aol.com

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
More Than Just Rearrangement.
Flat Rate-Only $325/Rm • Free Brochure
212-288-8888 redecorate.com

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms. **As Seen on ABC • CBS • NBC • CNN** ***Tri-State Area***
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

Henri Cervon—The Decorator's Workshop. Specialists In Slipcovers. 718-655-0023

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will beautifully transform your space. Creative. To Budget. **Sasha Designs:** 212-243-1738

Beautiful & Affordable - Consultation avail. Catherine Campbell Interior Design (212) 254-4909 (212) 924-0757

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. Fees from $100/hr. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: 212-826-1069

C.S. INTERIORS—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Home/office. Complete renovations. References available. 212-734-2689

LIGHTING

Residential Lighting Consultant—www.studio87.com (917) 901-5570

Track By Jack 212-714-3886
Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Sagebrush Painting Co. 212-627-4212—Painting/Plastering, Faux Finishes... Ins.

PAINTING - FAUX FINISHING
No job too small. Free estimates. Ins.
212-749-7171 or 917-991-2090

Rigas Painting—Custom Painting, Plastering, Wallpapering. Residential & Commercial. Free Est. Ins. 212-980-4469

T&M PAINTING—Carpentry, wallpaper, tile, plaster, faux fin. Free est. Ins. 718-278-3372

PIANO

Expert Tuning—Repairs And Piano Regulating. Reasonable Rates. Call Michael Keller: 201-653-8393

WINDOW TREATMENT

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies And All Soft Treatments. **KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722**

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes/Wood
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600....................................718-748-8600

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and Draperies. **Lowest Prices:** 212-807-8674

To advertise in
New York Magazine's—
Interiors and Exteriors, call Kristen:
212.462.3319 or fax: 212.462.3595

DEDICATED TO THE BELIEF THAT IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE THAT COUNTS.
The Home Design Issue
There's No Place Like It.
Deadline: 3/1
Call Kristen Cappadona at
212-462-3319

Marketplace

APPLIANCES

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer.
718-338-3500 / 774-0198 Expert advice.

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: **800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620**

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

ASTROLOGY

The Love Psychic—Readings That Change Your Life. Visa/MC. **212-874-7692**

www.mariathepsychic.com—Astrology For Friends And Lovers. **215-934-5908**

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty—CC's. www.psychicread.com **215-482-6517**

Paris And New York - Rachelle—**888-455-0039** Numerology/Tarot

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's***—**Marketplace**, call Kristen: **212.462.3319**

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning** Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp Accts. Insured. Call: **212-628-6130** & Relax.

LANGUAGE

Portuguese Tutoring—Interpreting, Translation By Bilingual Ph.D. **678-5306**

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

Stretch—$65/hr. Special: $195/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards **800-253-4546**

Lexus/Lincoln Limos, 2-18 Passengers—Vi/MC/AX. All Occasions. **800-546-3254**

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: **947-6190**; East: **838-2996**

SITUATION WANTED

New Upscale Bar & Lounge—Looking For Promoter/PR. Greenwich Vill **577-2270**

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's***—**Marketplace**, call Mark: **212.462.3316**

Role Play

PASSIONATE PRIVATE NURSE
Personalized & Intimate. **212-354-4391**

Mistresses Nikki And Natalie—www.msnikki.com Vi/MC/AX **212-338-9157**

Honey - Sutton Place—For Magic Moments. Luxurious, Private. **212-838-2653**

Best Bodyrub In Town—By Appointment Only. **212-239-0246**

AMERICAN BEAUTIES
since 1990
New York City's Most Private Club.
By Appointment Only.
Credit Cards Welcome.
www.american-beauties.com

Extreme Pampering—Baths/Candles/Music/Discretion. Midtown. **212-448-0954**

Apache Princess—Torrid. For Special Execs Only. By App't. **212-459-1930**

Phone Play—All fetishes. No taboos. CC's. **718-767-7907**

Corpaffairs.com—Syria. Private. For The Upper Echelon. All CC's. **212-479-7939**

Ebony Is Beautiful—By Appointment Only. Call: **212-268-9484**

Sensual Role-Play—Private, Exclusive. New Location. **212-868-6336**

www.ny-exotics.com
NY's LARGEST
ADULT INTERNET DIRECTORY

Samantha—Sweet, Sensual, Smart, Unhurried. Call: **212-330-8282**

Jeanna—1st Class Model, Exclusively For Upscale Men. Beautiful, Pvt. **212-758-8817**

www.sterlingladies.com
VIP. Park Ave. **212-228-2904**

TOURIST ATTRACTION
A perfect 10. www.rrringmybell **212-758-0023**

Adalis—An Uninhibited Ebony Playmate. By Appointment Only. **212-472-0868**

Premiere
Always The First & Finest!
Serving NY, NJ & CT
212-967-9071
www.premierdolls.com

Russian Dream—Relax, Enjoy. In-Call. Brooklyn. **718-645-4334**

Mara—Elegant, Mature, Private. For Upscale Executives. Call: **212-973-0102**

Exclusive Nurse—Pvt. New Locale. Fully Equipped. Desires Satisfied. **212-868-6335**

ASIAN FANTASY
Upscale Model.
Elegant & Pleasant
Private And Discreet.
By Appointment. Midtown.
212-689-6636

Cynthia—Conversation, Relaxation. Private And Lovely. In/Out. **212-628-1520**

Mistress Jessica—Teacher/Vampire Boss, Nurse, Aunt. **212-358-3919**

SheMale—You Will Leave With A Smile. Call Amy: **212-849-2798**

http://home.earthlink.net/~parisnyc—Pvt. By Appointment Only. **917-492-2750**

Christy, Jordan, Natalie
212-685-2354
www.lavishelite.com

We Attract New Clients
By Serving Present Clients
Exceptionally Well.
212-681-2823
www.ledirectoire.com

Angelique Is Back—Your favorite lingerie model. Yours truly... **212-426-9249**

BUNNY
Top Asian Models. Outcalls. **212-579-3700**

FUJE
Private Modeling Service.
For Discreet Gentlemen!
Appointment Only.
A/C COOL!
212-967-9199

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS
Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You.
Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. **212-355-8321**

TO ADVERTISE IN
role play & massage
CALL
212.462.3316

www.wallstadventures.com
Pvt. Upscale. Wall St. area. **212-509-6773**

Incomparable Sasha—Glamorous, mature ladies for gentlemen. **212-371-0623**

Exotic Ms. Nicole Plus Friends—East Side loc. Fetish/role-play. **212-352-4352**

Mistress Alexandra—Wall St. area. Private, upscale. www.mistressa.com **212-791-0625**

Japanese Beauty Queen—Seductive. Outcalls. By App't Only. **212-691-9823**

NEW YORK DOLLS
Sensual ladies for upscale
gentlemen. Discretion assured.
In/out calls.
212-750-6686
www.ny-dolls.com

European Fem—Upscale French/Swiss Model Avail For R-P. Nina: **212-972-3359**

Southern Comfort—Fabulous and private. All languages spoken. Brandy. **212-679-6002**

Gina And Friends—Mature, private, discreet role-play & fetishes. **212-371-3106**

French-Brazilian Model—Sensual, Beautiful. Midtown. Private. **212-946-2178**
www.vanessareed.com (Independent)

www.privatemodel.com/nyc
As seen on Playboy TV &
The Howard Stern Show
The Place Where
the Legendary Adult Film Star
will Make You Sizzle
"Spontaneous Xtasty"
call 212-213-0505 today
- limited engagement in nyc

Erotic Women/Men—For phone fantasy. Toll-free. Vi/MC/AX. Discreet. **877-292-6969**

Sheri—Beautiful California Role-Play. www.bodyheatescorts.com **212-684-8621**

New Muscle In Town—World Class Female Bodybuilder. Posing+ **917-902-8155**

Jenny And Friends—Role-Play. For Information, Call: **212-759-2388**

Mature Brunette—Sensual Foot & Diverse Fun Fetishes. East 20s. **212-689-4166**

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

ORIENTAL PALACE
718-361-1221 / 718-361-1247
Queens Plaza, Long Island City

Light Ebony American Actress—Charming And Private. 212-414-5327

www.BlueLace.com
Most essential for the elite.
New models and location.

Sensuous Parties By Nadora—Private And Discreet. 212-564-4409 / 718-451-0814

ULT10.com
Call Liza: 212-688-1741

SENSUOUS GOVERNESS
Care And Training For Men. 212-764-4872

Glamour roses
For the privileged few.
www.glamouroses.com

Russian Relaxation—Upscale/Luxurious. Brooklyn. 718-833-2662

Creole Nurse & Sensual To Fetish—Clean. In/Out. 212-358-5740

Oriental Express
Top Asian Models
Outcalls only.
All major CC's accepted.
Available 24 hours, 7 days.
212.366.6747
212.366.6773

Uninhibited Private Nursing—Fabulous Equipment. Midtown East. 212-684-1185

Windy City's Finest—Upscale Ladies. Your Chicago Connection. 708-268-1490

V.I.P. MODELS
OUTCALLS ONLY
24/7 All Major Credit Cards Accepted
visit real moodels
www.ny-escorts.com
212-725-8700

POLITE MISTRESSES
Play Out All Your Fetishes & Fantasies.
212-696-4965

T's Team—Selected And Screened With You In Mind. Call: 212-517-6000

VIVID
Not Only Stars Are In The Sky
212-260-8136
credit cards accepted

Gisele—Upscale And Private. Outcalls Only. 212-615-6906

Jacqueline Of All Trades—Master Of One. Cozy/Warm Rubdown. 212-879-8944

TOUCH OF CLASS
Models For Discreet Men. 718-266-5284

Alexandra—Beautiful European Playmate. Midtown. Pvt. 212-330-7563

#1 Transsexual Love Star!—Goddess. "Eve Love" 4 1st Time. 212-582-5009

The Exotic Princess
516-457-8043
Exclusive
Long Island Service

New - Sensual, Beautiful Model—For Upscale Men. Private. Call: 212-687-7588

AMAZON GODDESSES
Behavior modification, role-play, x-dressing, fetishes, medical, wrestling, etc.
212-229-2149
www.punishmentsquare.com/denofiniquity
Ms. Porsche Lynn
Party last Saturday each month!

Ebony TV—By Appointment Only. Call: 212-244-0190

Wall Street Escape—Sensuous bodywork fantasy. Discreet, private. 212-766-9885

www.1stClassInc.com—Experience The Difference.

Tammy—Asian Delight. Incall And Outcall. West 50s. 212-445-0726

Mistress Tiffany And Mistress Jade—Call: 201-487-4487

VIP
Very Beautiful Asian Ladies for Discerning Gentlemen.
Hotel / Residential
OUTCALLS ONLY
212-974-0300

Alice—Exclusive Role-Play For Women And Men. All Fetishes. 212-791-7002

Russian Ladies In Brooklyn—Private/Elegant. 718-236-6622

Hidden Pleasures—Sensuous, Private Playmates. 212-273-9653

One & All—Rubdown/Fetish. Personal Touch. Jill & Friends: 212-879-8965

Dream Connection—Fantastic, Elegant, Beautiful. 7 Days. 718-854-7840

Bridgette—Caribbean Fitness Model. New In Town. 212-737-5062

LI Showgals—Elegant, Beautiful. Outcalls. Nassau/Suffolk Only. 516-380-9703

Exquisite Fantasy, Exquisite Women—Role-play you will remember. 212-330-8217

Connoisseur's Club
RELAX YOUR BODY & ENERGIZE YOUR SOUL!
EXCLUSIVE SERVICE BY PRIVATE MODELS!
212-889-5200

Massage

PERSONAL TOUCH
That Special Touch From
Exquisite International Models
Hotel & Residential Service
All Credit Cards Accepted
Toll Free 212-983-2422

Beauty & Bodywork—Elegant, Sensual And Discreet. Lisa: 212-396-1141

Central Park South - Austrian Lady—Private, Sensual And Caring. 212-246-4759

Wonderful—Private. East 31st Street. Midtown. 7 Days. 212-545-8321

Sweet As A Peach—Soothing Encounters. 212-684-0527

Exceptional Massage—By Marie/Claudine. Clean/Pvt. E 50s. 212-888-3497

5TH AVENUE & 52ND
The 8th Wonder... 212-946-1331

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... 212-685-5614

The Art Of Relaxation—Soothing Rub. Private And Discreet. 212-983-2262

Sensual Adventure—Outcalls. By Appointment Only. Call: 212-691-1289

Innocent Temptations—Private Loft. 212-684-0037

Heaven Can Wait—Devilishly Playful! Sinfully Satisfying! East 40s. 212-759-1717

PURE BLISS
Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

Pears—Eclectic excellence, featuring synchronization. 212-505-5151/212-779-9944

CLASSY FRENCH MASSEUSE
Studio & Residential. 212-472-1138

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLONIC Therapy Dispos. W. 94th: 212-222-4868
E. 51st: 751-2319 Friendly - Natasha/Joe

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
Sensual And Satisfying. 212-754-1470

HIDDEN TREASURE
Upper East Side. 212-327-0244

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. 212-838-8388

JAPANESE SHIATSU
Call: 212-799-7087. Uptown.

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—W. Village/Wall St. access. 212-645-4995

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
"Very Exclusive"
Park Avenue & 60th
Hotel & Residential
Top International Models
212-753-3030

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxation. Open 7 Days. 212-838-1948

Excellent Relaxation—New, Exciting, Elegant. 50s/5th. By App't: 212-977-7275

EXCLUSIVE, EXQUISITE, EXTRAORDINARY
Heather, for the discriminating taste.
212-696-4992

Angel Touch Spa—Colonic Therapy. Sauna, Jacuzzi, Massage. 718-997-7772

Euro-Asian Model—Exotic, Sensual. Manhattan Outcalls Only. 917-553-7882

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Mature, Sensual, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, 7 Days. 212-262-4537

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

Prof'l Massage - By Eastern Beauty—Midtown. Pvt. 212-686-3340 / 917-821-8244

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

Astonishing Session—By 4 hands. Midtown, Private. 11am-9pm. 212-972-6964

Cleopatra's Romantic Massage—For men and women. Feminine lady. 212-946-5662

Relaxing Bodyrub—100% Satisfaction. East 73rd St. & 1st Ave. Call: 212-751-9548

30TH ST. & LEXINGTON
Body Care. Pro Swedish. 212-545-9911

Mature Beauty—Pampering for upscale gentlemen. Pvt resid. Lyndsey: 212-490-9512

EAST 80TH STREET
Excellent Bodywork. Call: 212-861-3282

Asian Sweet—New, Elegant Body Rub. Hotel/Residential. 212-251-1002

Asian Baywatch Doll—Upscale And Discreet. Jasmin. 212-675-6147

PARK AVE & 54th
Upscale, Exclusive. By App't. 212-888-2454

5TH AVE & 48TH ST.
Sensuous Touch. By App't. 212-221-8330

Lilly Of Chelsea—One Of A Kind. Private. Discriminating. 212-807-1822

Sensuality With A French Twist—You'll Love It! Call Sophia: 212-588-0293

Magic Touch—East Side Location. Clean, Pvt. 7 Days. 212-758-1729

Courtney's Back!—Elegant Bodywork. Highest Quality. Discreet. 212-307-6645

www.hotbodwork.com—Hot jocks available for men and women. 212-289-4768

Pamela & Brooke - On Summer Break
Private & Luxury. All CC's.
www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8616

East 50s—Strong, comfortable, affordable. All CC's. Private. 212-752-1231

John Massages Men—Deep, sensual and satisfying. CC's. NYC cell#: 914-419-0116

Continued on next page.

Massage

Continued from previous page.

Queens Dolls—Bellerose - 718-776-7807 & Floral Park - 718-831-9729 11am-7pm

MIYAKO
7 days/24 hrs. Outcall only. 212-564-3634

MAKI 212-751-5550
Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

49TH & MADISON
Affordable/relaxing. All CC's. 212-223-3166

5TH AVENUE & 36TH ST.
—Prof'l Swedish Massage. 212-465-9715

Lee's Studio 54—Best Swedish And Shiatsu. 212-755-7178

A Hot Body Rub—212-253-8878 or 212-447-8755

RELAX AFTER WORK
Bikini Delight. Pvt. In/Out. 212-628-1520

Brooke - Mature Beauty—Offers sensual rendezvous. Upscale males. 212-949-8164

LUCKY SALON
L.I.E. 63 Rt. 112 Coram 516-696-3628

Francesca Vergonsi—East 50s. Private, Clean. In/Out. 917-689-6941

Swedish.....And Really Caring—Gramercy area. 212-253-2685

MIGA 212-935-9294
—World-Class Massage. Upper W. Side.

Bodywork For Men By Tomas & Joe—Relax, refresh. Pvt, safe. CCs okay. 689-9030

Diana & Natalie—Elegant Masseuses. Pvt. Midtown & Downtown. 212-279-3222

5th Avenue & 36th St.—Intensive Body. Prof'l Swedish Massage. 212-465-9704

Body Pampering By Amanda—All CC's. www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8621

New! Abaca Club—Clean. Private. B'klyn/NYC. 718-748-8560

NJ's Finest—International Staff, Minutes From GWB. 201-503-1877

Deep Bodyrub For Men By Robert—Safe And Discreet. 212-586-5121

Miramar—Formerly 61st & Madison. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. 212-826-8814

Neiki—Extraordinary Relaxation. Fit For A King! 718-358-1771

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial. Steam/Shower. 212-661-0777

HERBAL 32 SHIATSU
7 Days, 24 Hours. 212-268-8728

Soothing Body Rub—Exclusive/Upscale. 47th & 6th. Call For App't: 212-302-2598

E. 55th: Unforgettable Touch—Upscale. Private. By Appointment. 212-319-1538

A Hawaiian Body Rub—By Appointment. Call: -212-754-0009 or 212-794-3535

Stephanie From Ukraine—Pvt. 7 days a week from 11am. Midtown. 212-715-0494

Light Ebony Male For Men—Private. Midtown East. 212-686-2316

PARK EAST 212-223-2650
Shiatsu/Swedish. Resid/Hotel. Outcall.

UNFORGETTABLE
(NJ) 201-969-1323 CC's okay.
Best massage! Just across Hudson River.

Best Bodywork—Lex Ave. & 62nd St. From 10am. 212-871-1246

KASA 212-683-1206
Professional Masseuses From Japan.

FUJI 212-207-8959
Shiatsu/Swedish. Res/Studio.

DEAR SALON
STRESS RELIEF 516-586-6888

Yuri - 212-242-3121—In-Call. W. 17th St. Swedish And Shiatsu.

Relaxing Bodyrub—100% Satisfaction. East 73rd St. & 1st Ave. Call: 212-249-7490

COSTA DEL SOL
World Of Relaxation. 212-593-1605

ASIAN HEAVEN FOR M/F
Head-To-Toe Bodywork. 212-465-7588

Kathy From Moscow—Private. From 11am. Midtown. 212-867-3867

Midtown - East 50s—Shiatsu And Swedish. CC's. 212-755-6329

Penn Sta., Nice Locale, Swedish—Till 2am. Studio/hotel/res. Paula: 212-268-2830

Oasis Off 57th St.—Private salon offers sensual bodyrubs. In/out. 212-593-3401

Massage & Spa—Shiatsu, Swedish & Steam Bath. 201-313-9215 Best in NJ.

Full Body Rub By Anton—For Men. Midtown West. Discreet. 212-258-3492

Delicate Asian Massage—Private. E. 50s. Sensual. Upscale. 917-304-1173

MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: 212-586-6172 24 Hrs

Body Care—Passionate And Desirable European Ladies. Lex/89th. 212-987-5795

Penn Pleasures—By Appointment Only. Midtown's Finest. 212-869-4345

East 45th Stress Relief—7 Days. Private. By Appointment. 212-949-9183

Assortments

FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233 317 Madison (entr on 42nd), NYC 10017, Rm 1600. Est 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

★ ★ ★ SPECTACULAR SUPER GALA ★ ★ ★
FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 6PM-12AM
MAXIM'S
61st & Madison Ave - Entire 2nd Floor
$20, OVER 800 PROF'LS EXPECTED 28-49
2000 Hot Hors D'Oeuvres 6:30-8:30pm
Super DJ - Dancing, Jackets
Visit Our Website On The Internet
http://www.nycsingles.com
(212) 249-3636

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy 212-877-5167

Social Circles is NY's first activity service. Every month we plan over 50 events for our 900+ members.

Upcoming activities: fencing, walking tour, sky diving, yoga, pictionary, jazz, wine-tasting

212.505.9985
www.socialcircles.com

Art Lovers Exchange—Links Single Lovers of the Arts! National. 800-342-5250

Kate McCabe's Connections Introductions to Mature Mates of Means. We specialize in age 40 and up. Our interviewers will meet you at the location of your choice. 1-888-968-KATE

Int'l Match NY—Meet attractive Chinese, Japanese, Korean women. 212-787-6579

The Singles Network—Intros for prof'ls. Westchester & CT. Est 1983. 914-946-1801

Single Attorneys Only
Las Vegas
CLE Conference
May 4 - 7, 2000
Accredited program, private parties.
Brochure, info or join mailing list:
(800) 869-4302, code NYM1

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
1-888-408-CMLE www.cmle.com

Rings On Their Fingers 100's of women who've taken the **Life Works Relationship Workshop** have gotten married. You could be next! Join us 3/18-19. 1-877-741-8787

GOOD GENES—An Institution of Higher Pairing: NYU, Tufts, MIT, Wellesley, Brandeis, Harvard, Boston College, Clark (Worc. MA), UC-Berkeley, Wesleyan, Brown, Columbia and Stanford. www.goodgenes.com 617-247-3232

Perfect Partners™
Voice personals for gays & lesbians seeking lasting relationships
— FREE CALL —
212-987-6400

Meet Attractive—Chinese & Japanese women. Call 1-7pm: 714-3548 / naomiweb.com

'SMART IS SEXY'
For graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, Northwestern, UC Berkeley, Johns Hopkins, U of Chicago, medical schools. Over 3,400 members. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**
www.rightstuffdating.com

Pretty Czech Women—Devoted to you 212-691-5652 / www.eastern-europe-women.com

Suzy's Dating—High-class men meet Oriental ladies for marriage. 718-777-2617

"Naked Boys Singing"—Hit Musical Bachelorette Parties. 212-239-6200

JUDY THE DATING EXPERT
• Seen/Heard On TV & Radio •
Call: 212-924-4440
"New York's Most Ethical Matchmaker."

Singles, 30-49 - Spirited Service,
& Dinner w/ Comic, Scott Blakeman
Friday, March 3rd, 5:45pm. $30.
Sutton Place Synagogue,
225 E. 51st St. Reserve: 212-593-3300

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times. Info: cxrds@aol.com or 212-972-3594

KABBALAH
Improves Lives
EMPOWERS
Increases Happiness
feels good
it works
Free INTRO Lecture
every Monday at 7 PM
155 E 48 St, NY 212 644 0025
The Kabbalah Centre www.kabbalah.com

Specializing In Japanese Ladies
For those who are looking for SERIOUS RELATIONSHIPS... Free consultation.
Wall Street office: 212-635-0262

Fall In Love
Call to hear 100s of voice personal ads for free!
Cust Service 987-7001
FREE CALL
212-987-7000
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE

A+ Rating! Int'l Singles Russian, Jewish and European ladies in NY. 212-736-6870

Strictly Personals

For advertising information call 212-463-0024

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-463-0024, fax 212-462-3595 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 249 W. 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Pssst! Buddy—Looking for one swell-looking babe? Not a filofax-toting, Spandex-sporting, Evian-guzzling, chip-on-the-shoulder broad - Nah, she's different - This tall, slim, classy honey blond is as out of place as spats at an Iowa picnic - Comes on like a real snow queen - Yeah, but she'll melt fast for the right shamus - He's got a big vocabulary and snappy patter - and as smart as she is, he's just a little smarter. He's in like Flynn if he can tango, salsa or swing her across a dance floor. She wants a man in his prime, 42-52, good-looking, trim and witty, but then don't we all? Recent mug shot and note, please. 3323 ✉

Leggy Blond—Former model with Midwestern warmth, now in Ivy League grad program, wants to fall in love with unpretentious, shy, successful, accomplished, easygoing, loving man, 35-55. No "egos" or smokers, please. 3402 ✉

Sexy Couch Potato—Okay, we'll also do all that stuff everyone else is listing (walks, talks, etc). I'm a tall, slim, early 30s, entertainment industry guy with hair (normal length), looking for a funny, warm, attractive 24-34-year-old woman with an ear for music and a laid-back but fun attitude. Photo/note, please. 3370 ✉

Attractive, Personable Woman—Recently retired, interested in meeting man for good times, friendship and relationship. I am 5'7", slim, down-to-earth, a touch of class, good sense of humor. 3380 ✉

Gay, Super-Successful—Charming, good-looking 65 male seeks sophisticated, cultured, attractive European in 40s, to share extraordinary lifestyle, country, city, travel. Photo needed. 3382✉

Spontaneous, Energetic, Successful—5'3", blond, 39, single white female, searching for soul mate who is caring, patient and romantic, seeking lasting relationship. You're secure while being successful in your own right. Explore the world, fine dining and music, play tennis or work out, yet retire to quiet moments at home. The right single white male, 34-40s, will not believe his luck. 3386 ✉

Beauty, Brains And Irreverent Blond—Petite (size 2, 105 lbs), leggy, accomplished and athletic Jewish attorney, with a mischievous, outgoing, bubbly and gregarious personality, seeks JD/MD/CEO or highly accomplished, cerebral and motivated man (from 40 to 55), who loves to laugh, to dance, to stay in, to go out and to do just about anything. If you don't like short skirts, thin legs and black high heels, don't respond. Recent photo, please, and cute note...to: hotheeels@aol.com 3377 ✉

LA/Central Park South Model—Attorney/investor - stunning, glamorous, chic, slim, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, dazzling wit. Loves arts, restaurants, travel, theater, film, cabarets, horses, Europe. Seeks tall, lean, handsome, clean-shaven, patrician, highly successful, generous, monogamous jet-set gentleman, 40-60. 3372 ✉ ☎

Respond!!

Some of New York's most interesting people can be found on these pages. It's so easy to get in touch with them. Drop them a line and send it to:

Strictly Personals
New York Magazine, Box #____
P. O. Box 4600
New York, NY 10163-4600

Do you see this phone symbol (☎) next to the box number?

Then you can call

1-900-443-1500*

and leave your message for the person whose ad catches your eye.

*For adults 18 years or older. $1.95 per minute. Touch-Tone phone only.

♥ ♥ ♥

Who Wants To Marry A Millionaire?

I represent the ideal man... he is 37, tall, full head of hair, in outstanding physical condition and shape. He is incredibly handsome. He is a self-made millionaire with an inexhaustible appreciation for the most important things in life... love and family. He has neither the time nor the inclination to date casually, and is looking to start the next phase of his life with the right woman.

She is breathtakingly beautiful (a real head-turner), between 22 and 37 years old, fit, active and naturally slender. She is down-to-earth and happy eating hot dogs at Shea but polishes up well when the occasion requires. She is intelligent, accomplished and goal oriented. A woman who is very happy with herself and passionate about her current life, but has room in her plans for a family and all the joy and responsibilities that entails. A sense of humor, a sense of the sublime and a sense of the ridiculous are integral parts of her personality.

If you are the woman for this phenomenal man please submit a recent photo, short bio and a note describing the perfect man for you.
NYM # 3398, PO BOX 4600, NY NY 10163-4600 or email **matchm8ker@aol.com**

Barbra K. Brooks

The Ultimate Service For Marriage Minded Professionals
(212) 753-3003 (516) 889-9058

♥ ♥ ♥

Gentleman, A Young 50—Athletic, successful, looking for an attractive, thin, intelligent lady, 35-45, for stable relationship. Photo, please. 3395 ✉ ☎

Warm, Genuine Surgeon—Kind, handsome, Renaissance guy, 5'10", very fit, 43, seeks bright lady under 38. Phone/photo a must. 3409 ✉ ☎

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350 NY
310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Strictly Personals

Our dating service specializes in Baby Boomers and beyond!
(Ages 40 and up)
Kate McCabe's
ConnectionS
Introductions to
Mature Mates of Means
1-888-968-KATE •
5 2 8 3
www.askKATE.com
a division of KSD Enterprises, Inc

Kind, Fun, Romantic—White male, 45, enjoys reading, dining out, movies, NYC. Seeks full-figured female with similar interests, for friendship and possible long-term relationship. 3363 ✉ ☎

Single Jewish Male—34, 6'2", truly very good-looking, Ivy MBA, successful financial executive, sincere and kind, good conversationalist, seeks female counterpart, 27-35. Note/photo. 3403 ✉

M.CHATFIELD LTD.

social agents

We represent people of style and substance.

She wants passion and adventure. At 39, this 5.3, lithe longhaired beauty seeks a strong, athletic, Jewish man. His looks and height are inconsequential - his breadth of character and confidence are paramount. He is 35-47. She is accomplished and independent but is ready to trade up for a man and a family. He skis hard and fast and scuba dives. She'll be along side and follow him to the depths.

Est. 1992 www.mchatfield.com 800 360 0364

Beautiful, Successful Woman—Seeks gentleman, late 30s-50, for romance and possibly more. Enjoys working out, dining out, travel. Photo, please. 3388 ✉☎

Attractive Arts Professional—Emotionally and financially secure woman, cultured, compassionate, upbeat and reflective, seeks same in 50-plus Jewish man. 3369 ✉

Pretty Italian-American Female—37, physically fit, athletic, seeks attractive, athletic male, 33-40. Photo. 3365 ✉

Attractive, Classy—33, vivacious, slim, single black female, single mother of two beautiful interracial boys. Enjoys gourmet cooking, philanthropic work, Hamptons summer. Seeks handsome, successful, 45-plus CEO who enjoys the finer things in life (no alcoholics, no drug users, no crazy ex-wife), to enhance my life. 3387 ✉

Free Juice Or Drink—Tall, job, handsome male, seeks late-30s woman - smart, feminine, downtown (or any two okay). We prefer low-fat, never deep-fried, scuba, snorkeling, indies to multiplex. Good kisser, listener, with comfortable West Side living. Upper East-Siders please skip to next ad. Fun, fit, fifty. World-traveled for work but wishes it was with you to Fairway or the Himalayas. Send press clippings with photo. Posture counts! 3390✉

Classy, Educated Woman—Self-employed, pretty, petite and physically fit, with great sense of humor, diverse interests, romantic - seeks nice-looking fellow, same qualities, 50-62. Photo a must. Nonsmoker. 3364 ✉

Gay Woman—Feminine, fabulously 50, professional, wanting romantic friendship with love and laughter. 3360 ✉

Gay Professional Woman—Pretty, feminine, independent, early 40s, seeks feminine counterpart. Nondrinker preferred. Photo/note. 3378 ✉

Sensually Elegant Platinum Blond—Southern belle, ivory skin, blue-green eyes, 5'6", size 2, artistic, Ivy League graduate, independent, desires established gentleman of integrity who is relaxed and fun-loving to enjoy fine dining and cultural events. Please send photo. 3400 ✉

Honest, Catholic Irish Gent—35, 6'2", fit, nondrinker, seeks like lady for NY culture. Note. 3396 ✉

Amiable, Sincere Jewish Lady—Romantic, attractive, educated, warm, caring, dancesport, swimming. You are intelligent, handsome, 50-62. 3366 ✉

Adorable, Size-4 Blond—Businesswoman seeks successful, sophisticated businessman, 60-70. (212) only. 3383 ✉☎

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Successful But Humble!—Handsome, accomplished, fit, Jewish, 44, loves to dance - especially salsa, merengue. Sports/clinical psychologist with charm, integrity, seeks pretty, slender lady, 28-46, with compassion, passion, for best friend, lover for life. Note/photo/phone. 3391✉☎

Ex-Male Model—PhD, 60, upscale, seeks leggy, slim opera/theater lover. 3344 ✉

My Book Is Missing A Last Chapter—Successful businessman seeks the woman of his dreams for a serious relationship, to write the last chapter. 5'9", 48, slim, boyish good looks. Loves fun and good times. Photo/note/phone. 3385 ✉

Very Pretty, Fun(ny), Warm PhD—36, slim. Seeks attractive, successful male, 32-45, who loves animals and wants a happy marriage and child. Photo - will exchange. 3381 ✉

Jersey Shore Marathon Man—5'8", 144, good-looking, youthful 54, Jewish, Ivy PhD who's laid-back and casual and dedicated to health and fitness - enjoys the arts, vegetarian dining, running, Manhattan, Jersey beaches. Seeks female best friend who's fun-loving, outgoing and down-to-earth. She should be slim, nonsmoking, athletic and under 45. Photo appreciated. 3404 ✉ ☎

Intense, Independent, Sensitive—Tall, fit, Israeli woman, photographs anc writes lonely for love lost too soon You, a mensch, attractive, humorous compassionate, broad shouldered foi piggy-back rides and tears. You dream oi a friend, partner, lover. My 4 year old sor needs a mentor and I seek passion anc new beginnings, with you. Photo. 3407 ✉

No Couch Potatoes, Please!—Self-sufficient Jewish female, 56 (looks 45), ir great shape. Very pretty, with red hair anc green eyes. Professional, active lifestyle into worldwide adventure travel, tennis beach - and I'm a gourmet cook! Lookin for a male counterpart to share life' adventures. Note/photo preferred. 3399 ✉

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-443-1500

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA ON CALL, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 782-8050

Affluent Sportswoman—Enjoys membership in exclusive yacht and country club. Seeks partner, 50-60. Note/photo a must. 3397 ✉

Pretty Asian Female—Tall, loves travel, arts; business interests. Seeks male partner, 50 plus. POB 230236, NYC 10023

A Recent Photo Will Let You...—Supply the adjectives. I'm used to the best. Maybe you are too! I'm looking for a lover of all things cultural, NPR - well-traveled mensch, 60 plus. 3362 ✉☎

Close—But can't seem to find someone on my wavelength. I'm male, 6'2", slim, young 52 (they say), writer, not nuts, not Jewish, not religious, can live any locale. Think you are fit, self-aware, tallish woman, 40s, without kids, but correct me if I'm wrong. 3373 ✉☎

Successful Entrepreneur—Seeks a beautiful, slender and petite lady (40-47 years) for a long-term relationship and sharing an upscale lifestyle. I am a Christian male, nonsmoker, good-looking, healthy, multilingual and athletic, with many interests - such as golf, tennis, skiing, sailing, kayaking, traveling, museums, classical music, ballet, gourmet dining and entertaining friends. If this ad has sparked your interest, and you possess a great sense of humor combined with a somewhat adventurous spirit, I kindly ask you to send me a note and recent photo. 3376✉

Gay Male, 54—Weekends in the country, long walks, dinner in the city not much fun alone... Join me. Note and phone number. 3379 ✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—6'1", 185 lbs, 54; interests include movies, hiking, European travel, dining out. Seeking very attractive, affectionate, intelligent, thin woman, 38-48, who is also happy and secure. Note/photo/phone, please. 3375 ✉

Taste-Tester Wanted—Pretty, fit, dynamic chef, 38, training for NYC Marathon 2000, seeks mature, sweet male, 35-40. Must be relationship-ready, financially secure, enjoy NYC and into health and fitness. 3384 ✉☎

Great Smile, Warm Heart—Pretty, slim, playful, educated, romantic, 5'8", Jewish female, 40ish, desires warm, fun, athletic, educated, sensual, successful man, 40s-50s, who is seeking his heart's content. Email: Sunny4nyc@aol.com 3367 ✉

White Jewish Male—Professional, 38, into disco dancing and romantic poetry, seeking a Jewish female under 40. See my website at www.mindreading.net. Ladies, a challenge: if you were to instantly imagine you like me, how would you get from a coffee date to being with me numerous times? Send letter and photos. 3371 ✉

A Sophisticated, Sensual—Down-to-earth woman in the art world, divorced with two grown children, in her early 50s, who looks 40ish, loves movies, theater, music as well as the outdoors (running, tennis, hiking), is hoping to find a mature, substantial guy with a great sense of humor and a good heart, preferably divorced with children, to share my interesting life in the city/country. Note and photo, please. 3401 ✉

STRICTLY PERSONALS

March Madness

We Must Be Crazy!!!

But Here Goes:

OUR BEST OFFER EVER!

Place your personal ad in the month of March. Use our phone service along with your Strictly Personals mailbox, and as a bonus we will run your ad in the following issue for FREE! That's 2 ads for the price of 1.
What a great opportunity to be in Strictly Personals, where fabulous & fun people have been meeting for over 15 years.

Call today 212-463-0024
or fax your ad to 212-462-3595.

Chinese Connection—Fit, athletic Chinese-American male, 45, 5'7", 145 lbs, seeks health-conscious female, 30-38, willing to explore mutual interests, possible long-term relationship. 3408 ✉☎

Adventurous, Fun-Loving Lady—Enjoying the full spectrum of life in NYC and the world. I'd like to explore the future with a man, 65 plus, intelligent, warm-hearted, with a sense of humor. 3368 ✉

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Rate is $37.00 per line, two-line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM box number.
Call 212-463-0024 for more information, or you may fax this coupon to: 212-462-3595.
Mail this coupon to: **New York Magazine Classified,**
Attention: Strictly Personals, 249 WEST 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011.
All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

Name ______________________________
Street Address ______________________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________
Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ________ or Credit Card ________ MasterCard/Visa/American Express (circle one)
Card Number ______________________ Exp. Date ______________
Signature ______________________

Would you like a voice box? If so, check here. ☐
If yes, we will call to give you an access code. All calls are confidential.

AD COPY:

1
2
3
4

.com directory

.art

www.artelatina.com
Contemporary Latin Art on the Web
Original works in all media

www.michaelperez-artist.com
Pop Art by Michael Perez. Apple Gallery, Southampton.

.bridal

www.peggypeters.com
Elegant Bridal Gowns • Bridesmaids • Special Occasion

.cards

www.cardSupply.com
Note Cards • Invitations • Announcements

.coffee

www.empirecoffeetea.com
Gourmet Coffee & Tea • Gift Baskets • Since 1908

.concierge

www.greenherron.com
Everything you need to plan meetings, events, travel...

.consumer services

www.complaintdetective.com
Got a complaint? Let us right your wrong!

.dating

www.perfectromance.com
Meet Single Men And Women And See Photos

.dental

www.parkavedental.com
Cosmetic and restorative dentistry in
state-of-the-art, beautiful midtown office!

www.drdorfman.com
Comprehensive dental website w/photos,
including our online textbook for students.

.fashion

www.TantraStyle.com
Hand-crafted handbags, pashmina, embroidered scarves.

www.edoubletake.com
Chanel, Prada, Gucci, Louis Vuitton - up to 75% off!

.finance

www.worldwidetraffic.com
Free Personal Finance Newsletter.
Directory Of 50,000 Planners.

.food

www.maineathome.com
Live Maine Lobsters, Clambakes, Scallops and More

.flowers

www.800silkflowers.com
Flowers • Gifts • Candles • Chocolate

.gifts

www.sendababygift.com
Innovative & Fun Baby & Toddler Gifts.

www.ezclip.com
The only suction-cup mount for your toll pass.

www.limoges-online.com
Gifts For All Occasions & World-Class Collectibles!

.help wanted

www.getafashionjob.com
Classified Ads & Resumes For The Fashion Industry

.hair removal

www.mdlaserderm.com
Dr. Jay Personally Treats Patients. Board-Cert.
Fast & Easy. Rosacea & Veins. Men & Women.

.health & beauty

www.dixiehealth.com
Natural Health, Beauty, Energy and Libido

www.nrgball.com
The Best Way To Lose Weight & Stay In Shape!

www.shoppharmor.com
Save Everyday! Health & Beauty Care Products, Plus More!

.home

www.newarearugs.com
Area Rugs & Accessories For Any Decor & Budget

www.butcherblockfurniture.com
American-made solid hard maple products for your kitchen.

www.redecorate.com
Use-What-You-Have Interiors • Only $325/Rm.

www.nobigdealdecorating.com
Steve Lyons - NY's Most Popular Budget Decorator!

www.studio87.com
RESIDENTIAL LIGHTING CONSULTANT

.jewelry

www.umojas.com
Gifts For Lovers! Two Pendants That Unite As One!

www.jeweler.com
Your Online Outlet Jeweler

www.anyjewel.com
Register For Free Gift &
Design Your Own Jewelry Online

.kids

www.bigfuntoys.com
Shop Yourself Silly! Neat Toys For Kids, Newborn To 90.

www.hollywoodpop.com
Entertainment • Holiday Characters • Decor & More!

www.scarsdalechildsplay.com
Our Toys Are As Special As Your Kids!
We Will Personally Wrap, Label & Ship Your Gifts.

.leisure

www.pleasantconcepts.com
Urbanite's guide to relaxation and leisure.

.moving & storage

www.aaamove.com
America's #1 Directory of Licensed/Pre-Qualified Movers

.medical

www.edtreatments.com
Impotence • Premature Ejaculation • 95% Success

.pashmina

www.PashminaTrunkshow.com
Exquisite pashmina wraps. 20 colors in stock. 3-day delivery.

.plastic surgery

www.SafeChange.com
Safe, affordable plastic surgery.
Apply & ask questions in the privacy of your home.

real estate

www.nycbyowner.com
NY Properties for Sale by Owner

www.corcoran.com
Global Real Estate. Thousands of luxury properties (with
photos and floorplans) in major cities around the world

.singles

www.singlegourmet.net
The Intelligent Alternative To Dining Alone

.tea

www.tealuxe.com
EVERYTHING FOR THE TEA DRINKER

.travel

www.ShopTheCatskills.com
Fields under snow. Kingston's old town at dusk. Ahhh!

**New York Magazine ranks #4 in study of all publications' readers who made a purchase via t
internet in the past 30 days! Call Kristen Cappadona at: 212-462-3319 or fax: 212-462-359**

MARY ANN MADDEN #965

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

> **"Never fall in love with someone who has less money and more problems than you do."**
> ***—Helen Gurley Brown,***
> ***in* I'm Wild Again *(St. Martin's Press)***

Above, words, to live by. Competitors are invited to compose a bit of counsel, how-to, or advice for living as attributed to a well-known person of fact or fiction.

Results of Competition 962, in which you were asked for the introduction to a televised true-life story.

Report: We've actually seen or heard most of these biographies. Haven't you? Who writes these things, anyway? Where are all the new, young Profile Prose Stylists coming from? See below. And see that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

What ever happened to the freckle-faced imp who spent ten years as TV's "Li'l Angel"? And how did he wind up on Louisiana's Death Row?...
Denise Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Like Father, Like Son Week" on *Biography* begins tonight with the story of a talented but very troubled young musician. At the age of 5, he signaled his intention to follow in his father's footsteps when he precociously declared, "I want to be a rock star just like Papa!" But these were no ordinary rock-and-roll footsteps. After all, Papa . . . was a Rolling Stone.
Philip Hathaway, Indianapolis, Ind.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Monster . . . or misunderstood?
Discover for yourself the real Frankenstein on tonight's *Biography*!
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Actually born at Kings County Hospital in 1947, our subject credits the 2 P.M. Allen Freed *Rock 'n' Roll Show* at the Brooklyn Paramount on August 31, 1958, as his true birth date . . .
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

You don't know her. Yet she is sought out by the rich and famous for her sacred wisdom. She restored the color to Barbra, the fizz to Liz, the chi to Chita, and the flow to Yoko. She yin-yanged her way into Madonna's inner space, and nothing was ever the same. Watch *Behind Closed Doors* for the story of "Shih Ding-ling, *feng shui* consultant to the Stars."
Jane Feirman, Jericho, N.Y.

Lost in the wilds of New Zealand, he fashioned a simple hut of eucalyptus and cabbage-tree leaves. By the time he was found by a search party, he had begun creating baskets of those materials adorned with kea and pukako feathers. Today, Rainforest Baskets has become a multi-million-dollar business. But is he happy? Tonight we follow the unexpected turns in this surprising life.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

He's a larger-than-life movie star. But beyond the glitter and glitz, his contributions to subatomic physics, biotechnology, and literary theory are known to only a few. Tonight, a rare glimpse at the other side of . . .
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Arnold Jaffe, confessed cybergeek and serial shopper, had a dream. An interactive retail experience built around personal shoppers, who do everything from greeting you by name at the portal to swiping your credit card. Enter Cyberdale's. Just another online success story? Not exactly. Arnold Jaffe turns 10 on Saturday.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

A man whose private life is shrouded in mystery: When our cameras entered the penthouse suite of Larry Laiken . . .
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

All he ever wanted was to be a woman . . . Tonight on *Scandals & Mysteries,* we examine a life curious even by Hollywood standards. I'm A. J. Darksuit . . .
John Wells Todd IV, Laurens, S.C.

Hours after being born to an unwed, out-of-work seamstress, she was adopted by vaudeville greats the Hickorys. Her playground was the stage, her best friend booze. At the peak of her career, she starred in the musical *Young Love.* By closing, she was penniless, suffering from alcohol-induced conjunctivitis. Doctors encouraged her to locate her biological mother, who by then was a top designer at Giardi. Together they made fashion history.
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

From his audacious debut as a powder monkey in a sixties cult hippie movie, *Pirates of Pestilence,* to the tour de force one-man play *The Duke and Duchess in Exile,* this pinstriped Etonian has worn greasepaint for much of the century, to the wonder of audiences in all time zones. Tonight: Sir Doyle Nesbitt.
Edward Kierklo, Lafayette, Calif.

He was born rich, but his family lost its money before he was 5. He couldn't afford to finish high school and, instead, took to the streets of New York selling a "sandwich" his grandmother had taught him how to make. A case of food poisoning almost landed him in the poorhouse, but he kept on cooking. Today "Mr. Gyro" has more money than the world has onions.
J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.

A recent $100,000 winner on *Greed,* he has not weighed less than 400 pounds since he was 13 . . .
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Taken from the county jail by a set of curious chances; liberated on his own recognizance; wafted by a favoring gale as one sometimes is in trances, to a height that few can scale, save by long and weary dances. Surely never had a male under such circumstances lived so adventurous a tale, which may rank with most romances. Tonight on History . . .
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

She is the CEO of a Fortune 500 company, an award-winning author and lecturer, talk-show host, advice columnist, composer, munitions expert, champion wood carver, president of the Airline Stewardesses' Union, peace officer . . . and mommy. Her story tonight on Lifetime's *Intimate Portrait.*
Michelle Bega, Los Angeles, Calif.

His people were rich Midwesterners from San Francisco. Sons of rajahs and sultans were his classmates at Oxford, but a sad thing brought it down around his ears. It was then when things were at their darkest that he found a connection that would change his life. Meet this great man at 10.
Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx

When she was 6, Vera wrote a poem. She has always considered herself a poet. "Not a poetess," she says with her usual feminine guile. And so tonight, for the first time on prime time, Vera Veronica . . . poet.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

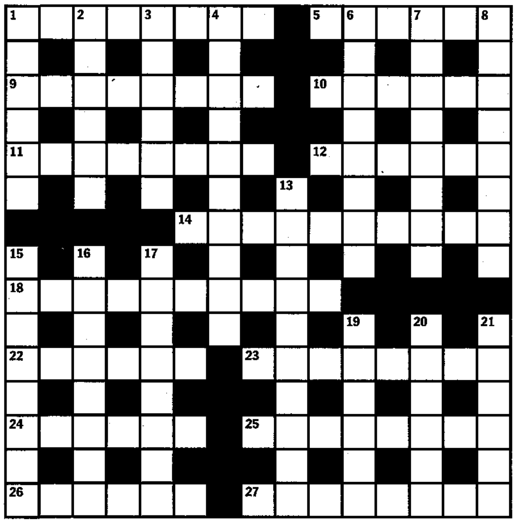
He started out as a lowly mail boy, but his drive and talent rapidly led him upward through the ranks until he was appointed CEO upon the retirement of his father.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 965, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by March 10. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the April 10 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- **1** Flower that is current in the county. (8)
- **5** Give a member skill. (6)
- **9** Old slag can quote novel. (8)
- **10** Alliance of states has coin that is imaginary. (6)
- **11** Eventually have oneself forgiven for shocking drink. (4,4)
- **12** Frenchmen, capturing a wild beast, showing bottle. (6)
- **14** Hack skin off and wait. (3-7)
- **18** Mint a couple of coins. (10)
- **22** Old British native protects duck from cat. (6)
- **23** Intellectual is supporter in fight. (8)
- **24** More qualified workman. (6)
- **25** Sorcery leads to shortage in pub by Tuesday. (5,3)
- **26** These days returning to the circus shows bottle. (6)
- **27** Patient finding evidence in grass. (8)



DOWN

- **1** Oil pollution left leaking from the French cutter. (6)
- **2** Incentive, I have, to support raising of cat. (6)
- **3** Hudson's wild dogs. (6)
- **4** Film about crank in a fight. (4,6)
- **6** Powerful person with a right to be in time. (8)
- **7** Fire survivor is resting, having gone crazy. (8)
- **8** Skiing technique, 'e allowed to be raised on the spot. (8)
- **13** Footwear for English banker wearing suit. (10)
- **15** Satire, about knight, top journalist spoilt. (5–3)
- **16** Arson etc. affected one further up the line. (8)
- **17** Incline to support beginner from somewhere in the Alps. (8)
- **19** Exotic fruit struck Greek character. (6)
- **20** Get wrecked in boat. (6)
- **21** Left is thrilled having Conservatives ousted. (6)

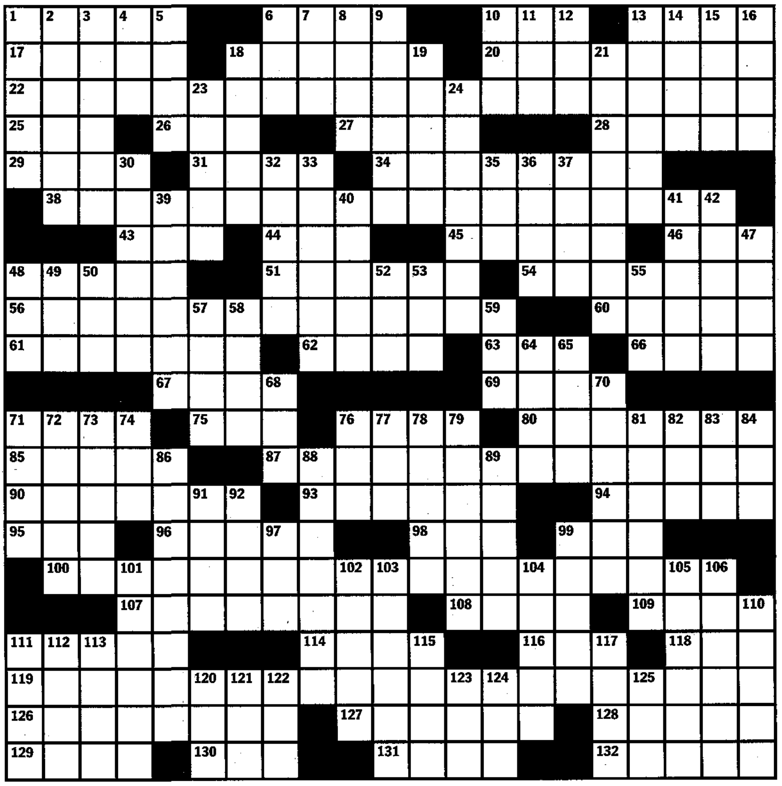
'Legal Wrongs': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- **1** Jeweler's measure
- **6** Swing to and fro
- **10** TV alien
- **13** Wings, to Caesar
- **17** Manicurist's board
- **18** Stump speaker
- **20** Off Broadway musical of 1971
- **22** Lawsuit?
- **25** —— Lanka
- **26** Subordinate Claus
- **27** Refusal to Nanette
- **28** Guns 'N ——
- **29** Rank above viscount
- **31** Gossip-column tidbit
- **34** Cohort
- **38** Hires a lawyer?
- **43** Kin of golly
- **44** WW II arena
- **45** Veldt elk
- **46** Looby —— (children's game)
- **48** Cabbage, German style
- **51** More risqué
- **54** Bitter-ender
- **56** Extradition?
- **60** Postmarked
- **61** Clique
- **62** Chimney secretion
- **63** Sampras serve, often
- **66** Longings
- **67** Those who can't pass the bar?
- **69** Tyler's successor
- **71** Lower-wall paneling
- **75** "Message" shirt
- **76** Hornet
- **80** Neighbor of Oakland
- **85** Microwave devices
- **87** Roe versus Wade?
- **90** Police-station identifying procedures
- **93** Begin a new paragraph
- **94** Biblical song
- **95** Inventor Whitney
- **96** Videotape outtake
- **98** Sgt., e.g.
- **99** Party hack, for short
- **100** Attorney?
- **107** Language of Kathmandu
- **108** Scallion's relative
- **109** Profound
- **111** Alpine Mont
- **114** British carbine
- **116** Just-bought
- **118** Sober —— judge
- **119** Legal briefs?
- **126** She-monsters
- **127** Grainy limestone
- **128** Swordplay weapons
- **129** Feathery scarves
- **130** Geographical drawing
- **131** Touch lips
- **132** —— Haute, Indiana

DOWN

- **1** Partner of desist
- **2** National railroad system
- **3** Leave work permanently
- **4** Jackie's second
- **5** Capital of ancient Phoenicia
- **6** Hit-show sign
- **7** Clash of armies
- **8** Take note: abbr.
- **9** Start of a pirate chant
- **10** Fifth word of the Gettysburg Address
- **11** Baseball's Boudreau
- **12** East River Drive monogram
- **13** Kitchenwear
- **14** Some born in August
- **15** Lotion ingredient
- **16** Trees in an O'Neill title
- **18** "It's —— work we go"
- **19** Continue a lease
- **21** Marooned
- **23** Beethoven wrote für her
- **24** First James Bond
- **30** Any podded vegetable
- **32** January, in Jalisco
- **33** Ore cores
- **35** Twice CXXV
- **36** 1956–57 Wimbledon winner Lew
- **37** Actor who played Pasteur
- **39** Dwindles, with "out"
- **40** Smashing!
- **41** Happify
- **42** Lollobrigida's compatriot
- **47** Bookies' quote



- **48** Abbr. for Col. Sanders
- **49** Aussie marsupial, familiarly
- **50** Gallery display
- **52** —— Jima
- **53** Wolf down
- **55** Farm stack
- **57** Prison rampage
- **58** Gala
- **59** Fall guy
- **64** Checkroom hanging
- **65** First name in scat singing
- **68** Dry, as wine
- **70** Russian chess champ
- **71** U.K. government handout
- **72** Walled city of Spain
- **73** Jeans fabric
- **74** "A Chorus Line" tune
- **76** Clinched the trophy
- **77** Red Cross service
- **78** Bloodhound's clue
- **79** Schoolbox holding
- **81** Gave wrong information
- **82** Memorable Gabor
- **83** Between Costa and So
- **84** The law's is long
- **86** Topics
- **88** Most with-it
- **89** Do penance
- **91** Kerplunk
- **92** Antitoxins
- **97** Speech course for immigrants: abbr.
- **99** Poms' acquaintances
- **101** Oakley and Hall
- **102** Prefix with porosis
- **103** Sneakers brand
- **104** Category in the arts
- **105** Not as distant
- **106** Teacher, at times
- **110** No longer in fashion
- **111** Shapeless mass
- **112** Building-block toy
- **113** Tour city of India
- **115** —— me tangere (touch me not)
- **117** Hone
- **120** Doctrine
- **121** "Do —— favor"
- **122** Sacred serpent of Egypt
- **123** Greek letters before omicrons
- **124** UFO passengers
- **125** Unseal: poetic

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 9

Aladdin
had a
lamp.

You have
urban fetch

What can we fetch for you?

WELCOME BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES GAMES ELECTRONICS DRUGSTORE FOOD GIFTS

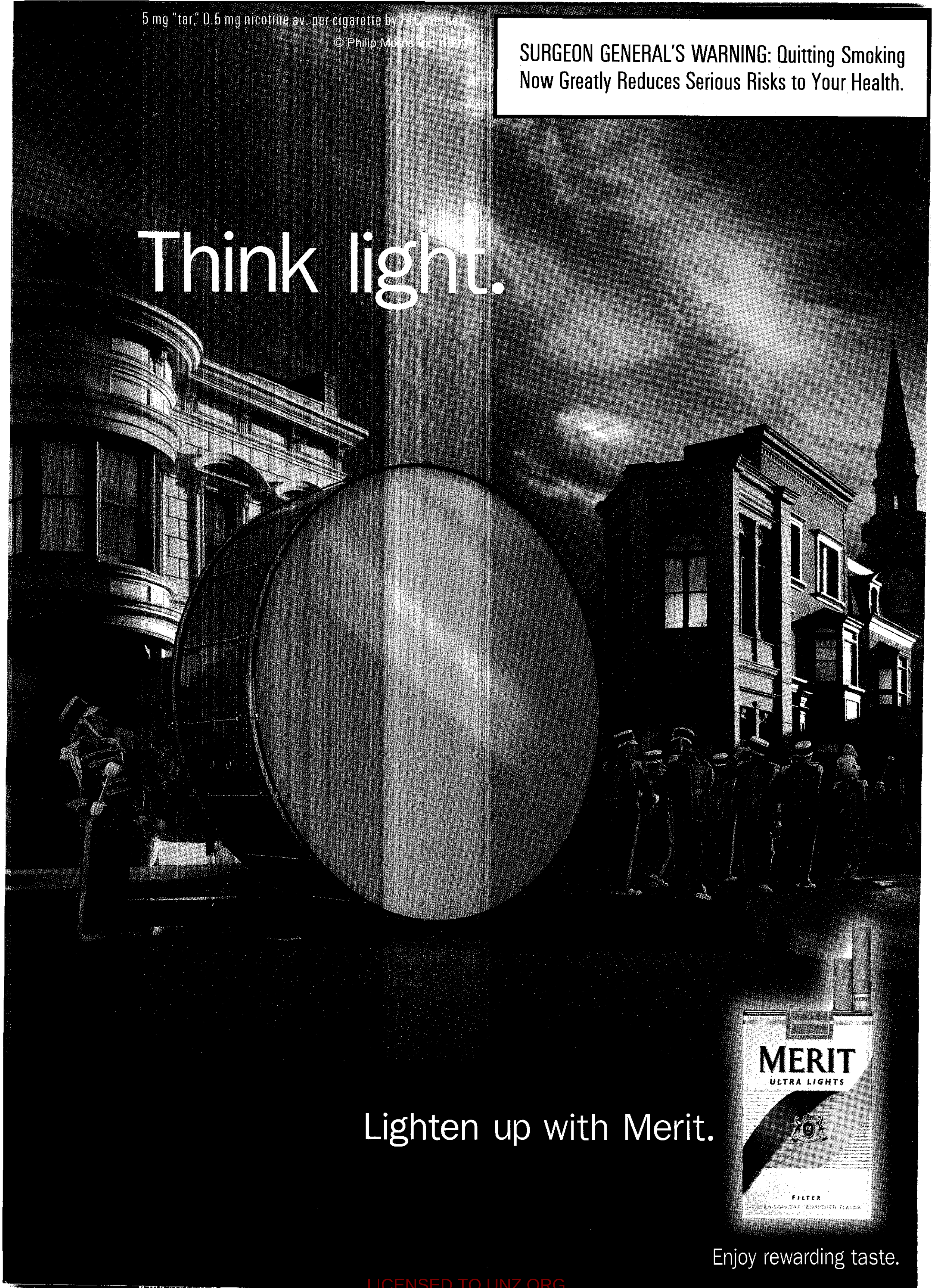
www.urbanfetch.com

Free delivery in an hour, 24 hours a day.

5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1999

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.


Think light.
MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS
FILTER
ULTRA LOW TAR · ENRICHED FLAVOR
Lighten up with Merit.
Enjoy rewarding taste.